Sam Sieney Joshua Clark Zachary Cox

from the ORBITAL BLUES universe

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PetroChem PetroChemical Corp.
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Rostovic
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Isharon.
zhang
foundry
HASUGIAN
INDUSTRIES

AFTERBURN

ORBITAL BLUES was created by
Sam Sleney, Joshua Clark and Zachary Cox

STARSHIP MANUAL by
Joshua Clark

THE STORYTELLER'S GUIDE by
Zachary Cox and **Connor Shearwood**

THE TENNESSEE FIVE by
Sam Sleney

ANDROID PLAYER CHARACTERS by
Sam Sleney

Editing by **Will Jobst**

Layout by **DAI Shugars**

Production by **Zachary Cox** and **Mol Joule**

CJ Shearwood wrote the **VAN KEER GATE** and
the **HOW TO ENGINEER A SPACESHIP** sections.

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ORBITAL BLUES
AFTERBURN

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ORBITAL BLUES
AFTERBURN

Afterburn. *The* Afterburn. It's a colloquialism that fills the gap for a lot of feelings. It's the white-hot glow on the hull of a racer after hurtling through an asteroid belt, flying just below warp. It's the sizzling heat that peels even the heavy-duty paint on the large-haul transporter after a Van Keer gate sends it hurtling halfway across the galactic frontier with its shipment. It's what the tech-heads at Armillory-Dyson call the build-up of nerve-wire energy in covert androids when the truth of what they are is revealed to them, and they overheat in the emotional processing. To live in the Afterburn is to open yourself up to all the joys, all the troubles, and all the dilemmas that the Frontier galaxy has to offer.

However you choose to utilise this book and its contents, we'd like to thank all our fans and supporters for helping us reach the milestone of a second major **ORBITAL BLUES** publication—we hope you find something within this book that lights a fire in your heart and puts fuel in your creative engine.

Saddle up, Spacefolk!

Sleney, Clark and Cox

WHAT'S IN THIS BOOK?

ORBITAL BLUES: AFTERBURN is the first sourcebook for **ORBITAL BLUES** and is split into three sections:

The Starship Manual: A fully-illustrated in-world spaceship brochure featuring a dozen classes of characterful spaceships, complete with adverts and flavour text. You might use this to generate a Crew Ship for your party of Interstellar Outlaws, or to add depth to your **ORBITAL BLUES** world by detailing the various types of spaceship you might encounter in the Outlaw Galaxy.

The Storyteller's Guide: Now the game has been out for two years, we've compiled tons of helpful tips, tricks and advice on running games of **ORBITAL BLUES.** This includes different methods of space travel and how to use them, manifests of useful crew equipment that will turn any aspiring cowboy into a chief engineer, and random tables for generating content at rapid pace.

The Tennessee Five: A sandbox adventure setting in a richly-storied system made up of the planets of Anchorage IV, Ediston, Gallatin, Ohrid and Rothcoe. It's a sprawling locale with each planet being filled with diverse locations and biomes for Crews to explore. This huge sandbox contains all manner of heists and opportunities for enterprising Outlaws to make their mark.

Finally, an **appendix** gives rules for Android player characters, with a selection of Troubles and Gambits. for them should you wish to include them in your games.

Starship Manual

The **ORBITAL BLUES** universe contains countless styles and builds of ships. From fresh-off-the-line builds from the biggest manufacturers, to second-hand vintage clunkers and even homemade craft of dubious origin. A great many of these vessels defy classification or blur the line between one type or the other.

ORBITAL BLUES

SHIP TYPES

What follows are the broad classifications of ship classes used by the **Bureau of Starship Certification (BOSC);** these classifications are intended to give approximate definitions and a roughly universal language for pilots and travellers alike. There are eight types of ships recognized by the BOSC:

- **Starfighters:** One or two seater, small interceptor crafts.
- **Jumpboats:** A cross between a starfighter and a small freighter, jumpboats are used in scouting, escort, patrol or personal transport roles.
- **Freighters:** Used to transport a small amount of cargo or a small number of passengers.
- **Haulers:** Primarily dedicated to ferrying large amounts of cargo from place to place.
- **Corvettes:** Usually around twice the size and crew of a freighter, corvettes are aggressive attack and patrol craft. They are often seen in the hands of security forces and government fleets.
- **Dreadnaughts:** Bristling with weapons and hangars of starfighter squadrons, these ships are mobile fortresses or shows of force for the rich and powerful.
- **Sector Runners:** City or continent scale interstellar transport ships that use Alcubierre fields to move between systems.
- **Void Cavaliers:** Top-of-the-line FTL-capable first strike warships deployed by corporations in their many wars.

Use these ships for flavour in your own setting, give them as options to your Outlaws to use as a model for your crewship, or just to fill out the world. Let's take a look at these ship categories in more detail, with a few makes and models for each.

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Starfighters are one- or two-seater, small interceptor crafts. Designed primarily for combat and security roles, they often act as part of a squadron, as escorts for larger craft or patrol forces around a planet or station. Starfighters don't tend to operate too far from a home base and their light frames make passing through a Van Keer Gate dangerous. To combat this, many larger ships have attachments where a starfighter can latch on for extended travel.

STARFIGHTERS

D10	NAME	MANUFACTURER	CLASS
1	*Liquid Light*	Reliant House	Moonshadow
2	*Red Shift*	Zhang Foundry	Neo Jet
3	*Fistful of Dollars*	Garador	Ulysses
4	*Did You Hear The Thunder?*	Hyde Creations	Vapour Trail
5	*Puddlejumper*	Teks Gal'ya	Glimmerstar
6	*Brave Zenith*	Centurion	Sparrow
7	*Arabia*	Manifold Thomason	Mandible
8	*Skadi Mons*	Willow Iron	Dragonfly
9	*Doradus*	Tilas Design Systems	Redwing
10	*Darathem*	Aurelius Production	Golden Needle

VALK FLYER

HAUER ELECTRONICA

A odd little starfighter, and Hauer Electronica's only foray into starship construction, the **Valk Flyer** was produced in limited numbers and a fully-operational original model is something of a rare sight today.

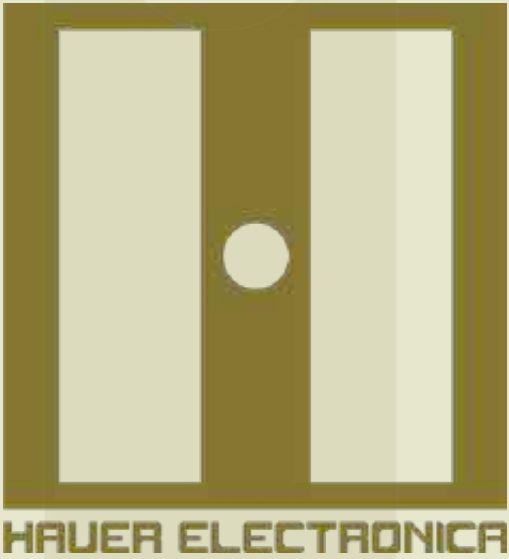
Designed by eccentric shipwright Jace Millar, the Valk Flyer was intended to operate as a long-range reconnaissance and scout fighter and was built from the keel up for that job. The ship boasts a narrow and tall profile, with its dual cockpits situated above one another. The section behind the cockpits houses the Valk Flyer's advanced complement of scanners, communications equipment and computer assistants. The ship is powered by a strip of proprietary Fuselron engines that work well both in and out of atmosphere.

In keeping with its purpose as a long-range fighter, the Valk Flyer's cockpits are more comfortable and roomier than contemporary ships and its systems are tested for durability over raw power. As standard, the Valk Flyer includes a pair of Rostovic light Lancer cannons, a rare example of Hauer turning to an outside company for parts.

The Valk Flyer, while a solid scout fighter, has its fair share of quirks. The ship's internals are a packed labyrinth of wires, cables and computer components, making repairs difficult for anyone not familiar with Hauer's unique systems. Additionally, decades of downsizing at Hauer Electronica have led to widespread unavailability of parts for the Valk Flyer. Still found in the hands of backwater security forces or outlaws with an eye for the unusual, the Valk Flyer is a testament to the rocky road of starship development by an untested company.

SUGGESTED NAMES

- *Sabre*
- *Constant*
- *Freefall*



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SAFONNE INTERCEPTOR

SAFONNE INTERCEPTOR

AL ILANI TECHNICAL ADVANCEMENTS

ORIGINALLY designed as a lower-budget knock-off of Riovada Starworks' Ulysses fighter, the **Safonne Interceptor** is that rare example of an imitation gradually surpassing the original. Built for Al Ilani Technical Advancements by several disgruntled ex-Riovada shipwrights, the bright yellow Safonne Interceptor is now a common sight in the fleets of security forces (and outlaws) all across the galaxy.

The single seat starfighter has a sleek, low-profile fuselage, resembling an angular arrowhead shape. A rear set pair of powerful Sigil fuse engines ensure an impressive acceleration speed, while a pair of side-mounted adjustment thrusters mean the Safonne is incredibly quick at manoeuvring. While the Safonne Interceptor's greatest asset is undoubtedly its speed, the small ship can also pack a punch if needed with its rapid-repeating, wing-tipped light railguns.

However, the Safonne's speed and manoeuvrability come at a price. The interceptor lacks the armour and shielding that is common on many other starfighters in its range, making the craft fragile. To free up space and weight, the Safonne also doesn't feature any machine aided targeting, navigational tools nor advanced computer systems, relying on the pilot themselves to make these calculations.

Easy to fly, difficult to master, the Safonne Interceptor can really sing in the hands of a confident and talented pilot, but even with a mediocre pilot behind the yoke, the Safonne is a dangerous enemy to face in a dogfight.

SUGGESTED NAMES

- *Lightning*
- *Fairway*
- *Sunbreeze*

ACTION ASSAULT FIGHTER

ROSTOVIC ARMS AND SAFETY

PERHAPS the most ubiquitous law-enforcement starfighter on the market today, the **Action Assault Fighter (AAF)** from Rostovic Arms and Safety is a dependable if unexceptional patrol ship. As one of the largest arms manufacturers in the Core, Rostovic has a number of exclusive contracts with planetary and sector governments and with the AAF, they sought to develop the most capable, effective and balanced starfighter that they could.

The ship's small triangular fuselage houses the cockpit, engines and support systems, which utilise Iron Core processing to save on space, allowing the small ship to contain the same computing power of a ship twice its size. The AAF features extended wings, permanently locked in a V configuration and also features a base-mounted, retractable stabilising fin that can be used for extra navigational assistance while in-atmosphere. The AAF is powered by a tightly clustered set of quad alloy thrusters, which while not the fastest engines available, are some of the most dependable and hard-wearing. To fulfil its function as a law-enforcement vessel, the AAF comes equipped with wing-mounted Rostovic Slam+ collector cannons and a chin-mounted flechette launcher, making the small craft a fearsome enemy to face.

To make the AAF the most balanced fighter in their line, Rostovic Arms and Safety had to downgrade some aspects. The ship's engines aren't the fastest, and in a pure chase, the AAF would likely lose to a number of other starfighters. The starfighter was also designed with an eye on the mass market, so it isn't the most capable vessel in specific scenarios or locations. The ship's simplified controls have also been known to turn off pilots who are looking for a ship they can really feel as their own.

In the end, the AAF's reliability, ease of use and solid construction won out and the jack-of-all-trades ship is now a common sight in security forces fleets, helped in a big part by Rostovic's frequent bulk purchasing discounts.

SUGGESTED NAMES

- *Huntress*
- *Marshall*
- *Razor*

"For a lifetime of piloting, buy a Rostovic."

D10	NAME	MANUFACTURER	CLASS
1	*Problem Child*	Solarfire Construction	Toreador
2	*Drinking Vacuum*	Isallon Group	Freefall
3	*Eight Days A Week*	Rar Kovaya	Starveil
4	*Conventional Wisdom*	Titus Designs	Longshot
5	*Father Figure*	Singh Conglomerate	Genesis
6	*When In Rome*	Armoured Divisional	Scimitar
7	*High Pass Filter*	Stormm	Midnight Runner
8	*Sargasso*	Bardulf Works	Canter
9	*Krakow*	Titaine	Chesnut
10	*Infinity*	Quiller Ince	Rochester

JUMP-BOATS

A cross between a starfighter and a small freighter, jumpboats are used in scouting, escort, patrol or personal transport roles. Due to their ease of use and versatility, jumpboats are a common sight across the galaxy. Just as likely to be the family ship as they are to be a security patrol vehicle, jumpboats can hold only three or four people and are not designed for extensive use but for short trips. They are produced in countless numbers and styles from dozens of different manufacturers.

X-170

ZHANG FOUNDRY

PRODUCED in huge numbers, the **X-170** is marketed as a "medium-duty" pickup jumpboat, built to handle towing, hauling, commuting, and a wide variety of other rugged activities without breaking a sweat. This tough jumpboat is a popular choice with smaller law-enforcement and security forces.

Currently on its 19th generation, Zhang Foundry's centrepiece vessel comes in a variety of configurations and options, from the lighter, more fuel efficient runabout of the X-170A, to the tougher, more powerful X-170C. There's dozens of customisation options on top of this, everything from engine mounts to seat material and from alloy trims to radio systems. One of the most unique customisable options is the "wheelset", four sturdy, foldable tyres that can be deployed with the flick of a switch and which transform the jumpboat into a ground vehicle. This drastically reduces the amount of fuel and power the X-170 consumes, allowing the vessel to go further for longer. This is a very popular modification for those operating far from galactic repair centres.

The latest X-170 provides powerful towing capabilities contained with a high-strength, military-grade aluminium-alloy body, and features state-of-the-art technologies and advanced pilot assistance features. People's parents owned an X-170, their grandparents owned an X-170 and now more people ever own an X-170.

SUGGESTED NAMES

- *Restitute*
- *Juggernaut*
- *Corebreaker*

RANGER

VALIANT

ONE of the most popular and ubiquitous jumpboats available today, the **Ranger** from Valiant is just as likely to be seen in the garages of families as it is in the arsenal of sector security forces. Venerable and versatile, the ship has a pleasant and stylish exterior, a comfortable four person cabin and first-class fuel economy.

Developed primarily for the short-travel market, the vast majority of Rangers are used for day-to-day commutes and running of errands. The Ranger comes in a vast array of colours, including cobalt blue, radiant sunburst, caramel core and racing green. These small ships operate just as well in space as they do in atmosphere. Though they are not typically built for long-distance journeys, they work fine as local planet hoppers. As standard, the four-door Ranger comes equipped with Valiant's own proprietary 4V thrust engine, a mini-Mahara II navigational system and a long-range communications suite. A standard Ranger doesn't come equipped with any armour or weapons, but security forces have been known to reinforce the whole vehicle with armour plating and mount light scatterguns to the front.

Because of their ease of availability and vast production numbers, Valiant Rangers often fall into the unlicensed black market, and it's common to find unregistered models of the jumpboat in all corners of the galaxy.

SUGGESTED NAMES

- *Hopper*
- *Ishtar*
- *Cannok Flare*

VALIANT

RANGER

forever first in class

'79.1
convention
SAKAEL IX
witness the future
of designgineering

PROVIDENT DELTA

CABOT

A sports jumpboat through and through, this sleek, wedge-shaped compact racer embodies Cabot's design philosophy of "better performance through less weight". This two-person jumpboat features a plush, steel-leather interior and lamas wood grain panelling. Inset controls and a discrete yoke allow for smooth operating of the vessel. The **Provident Delta** is powered by a Cabot 405 V engine, which is mounted behind the vessel's passenger seats. The engine connects to the four rear thrusters that keep the Provident Delta in the air.

The Provident Delta is lauded for its handling and steering, able to move in and out of atmosphere with very minor turbulence. However, it's underpowered compared to other racer jumpboats, with a slower top speed and acceleration. It also lacks any real storage space, with only a small storage locker behind the seats and a small glove compartment on the passenger side.

From its pop-up headlights to its small retractable guide fins, whether in solar orange or racing white the Provident Delta is one of the most stylish and handsome jumpboats on the market today, if not the cheapest nor the fastest.

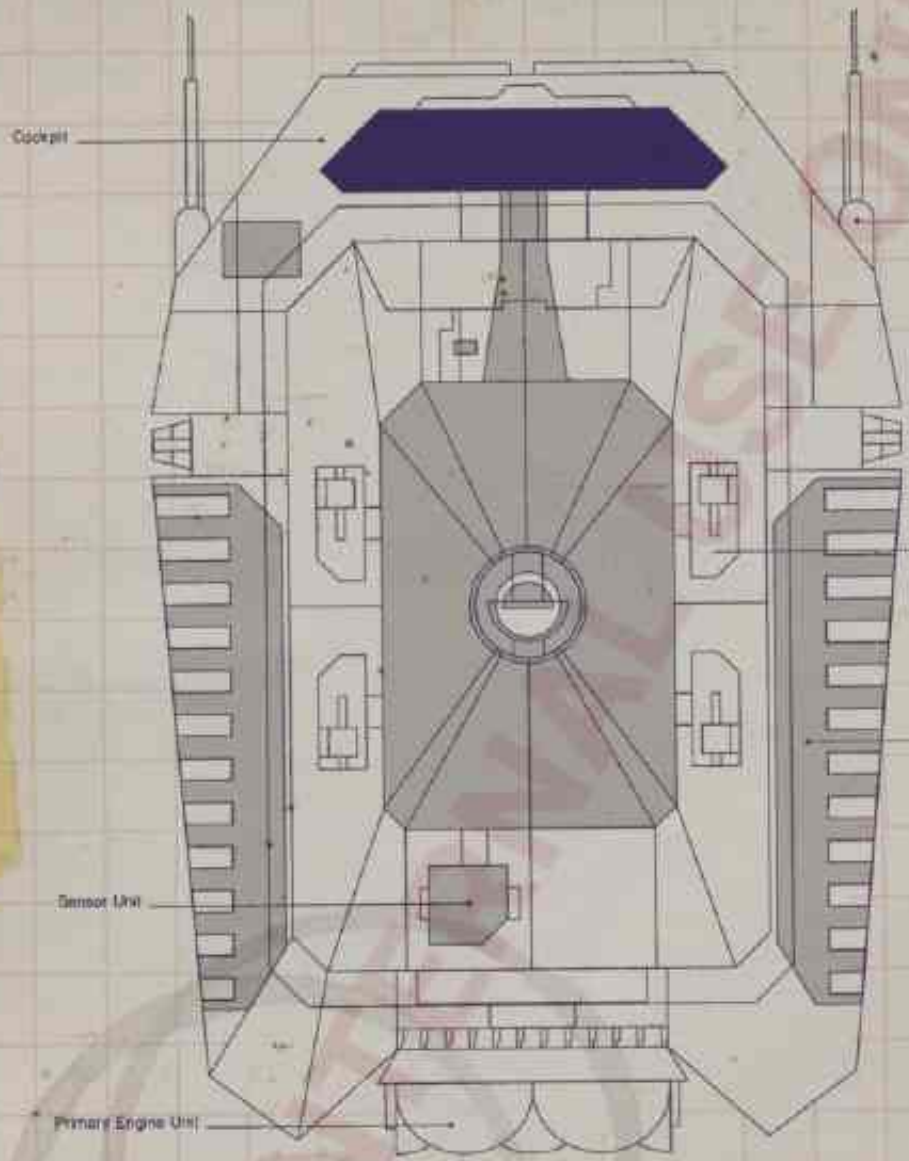
SUGGESTED NAMES:

- *Sunrunner*
- *Starveil*
- *Longshot*

FREIGHTERS

Mid-range ships that usually require a co-pilot to operate. Freighters are primarily used to transport a small amount of cargo or a limitedl number of passengers. Some of the most common ships in the galaxy, freighters often operate as home bases for crews or captains. They are usually designed with long-term travel in mind and as such are more comfortable than starfighters or jumpboats.

D10	NAME	MANUFACTURER	CLASS
1	*Shipping and Handling*	Macrofutures	High Rider
2	*Lost the Plot*	Warrant Industries	Bolter
3	*Plot Hole*	Astratech	Taurus
4	*Cinematic Universe*	Marshall Hold	Sunspot
5	*Asleep at the Wheel*	Hekabe Aerospace	Falconer
6	*My Fair Lady*	Zoi Talia	Kingsugi
7	*Masquerade*	Herald Industrual	Cattleman
8	*Equality*	Al Ilani Technical Advancements	Scarab
9	*Scorpio*	De Vesser	Idaho
10	*Akbar*	Horizoneer	El Paso



GENERAL ARRANGEMEN
" EXADOR XII "

EXADOR XII

SILVERADO

Proudly described by Silverado as "the ship that built the Reach", the **Exador XII** is the latest in a long and distinguished line of freighters from one of the last trans-galactic, family-owned shipwrights. Available at purchase in passenger or cargo configurations, the versatile Exador XII has long been a favourite of spacers.

In its passenger configuration, the freighter contains two passenger units, which each contain three small bunks and a wash unit, giving the Exador XII a maximum passenger capacity of six, with a recommended crew of three. The increased passenger space means that the ship's cargo hold is reduced, rendering it unsuitable to be a pure cargo freighter and meaning the space is mainly used for luggage and provisions. When set in its cargo configuration, the Exador forgoes any passenger units and instead opts for a large multi-sectional freight hold. This configuration is also internally reinforced to manage the extra weight and is thus slightly slower than the passenger configuration.

The Exador is an angular, compact ship, with a well-protected outer hull and reinforced armour plating over key areas. A bank of Silverado's proprietary Zeta Pulse engines give the ship some of the smoothest top-speeds of its class, perfect for passengers or temperamental cargo. An advanced communications and sensor suite ensures that the Exador XII is always connected and aware of any threats long before they

"THE SHIP THAT BUILT THE REACH"

become a problem. For defence, the ship has a pair of forward-facing Rostovic Slam+ collector cannons. As some of the most powerful light cannons on the market, even just the sight of them can deter all but the most determined of raiders.

Derided by many critics as yet another iteration with minor tweaks, the Exador XII is nonetheless popular with consumers, who are looking for the familiar and trustworthy build of a Silverado ship, with all the latest modern polishes and additions.

SUGGESTED NAMES

- *Pioneer*
- *Vigil*
- *New Bright*

KASTADOR

KONSTANTIN CORP

NICKNAMED the "Smuggler's Bird" by many pilots, this scarlet red freighter is designed and named after the **Kastador,** a swift bird of prey native to the remote world of Xorus III. Agile and lightweight, the Kastador looks fast even when sitting on a landing platform, with its sweeping, backwards facing wings and sharply-angled fuselage.

KONSTANTIN

Smaller than many other freighters, the Kastador's interior is slightly cramped but still comfortable enough to house a handful of crew members for extended trips. The ship's small, one-person cockpit more closely resembles that of a starfighter, with all functions and controls pushed together so they are all accessible with just a flick of the wrist. The ship features advanced Soto Circuits connecting the Kastador's cockpit directly to its engines, allowing for an unprecedented level of control sensitivity and response while in-flight. Behind the cockpit is the Kastador's living space, split over two levels, this includes four miniature bunk rooms and a shared mess area. Behind this is the freighter's engineering section and its powerful ROR engines, developed by engineer Shin Fyre. With almost every millimetre of the ROR engine locked up by proprietary patents and copyrights, the Kastador's engines always remain one step ahead of its competitors.

While the Kastador works best as a fast-moving home base, the vessel does have some small space for freight and cargo in its storage bay. For less-than-legal cargo, the ship's various crawlspaces, compartments, closets and airlocks are often utilised. The Kastador's primary defence is undoubtedly its speed, lightness and manoeuvrability, the ship's armour plating is actually rather weak and a direct hit from a heavy railgun has the potential to tear through the ship's hull. As far as offensive capabilities go, the Kastador comes equipped with a front-mounted heavy railgun and a rotating light railgun turret. While not terribly powerful in a straight-up fight, when combined with hit and fade tactics, these weapons definitely pack a punch.

With a quick and capable pilot behind the yoke, the Kastador is as beautiful and swift as its avian namesake, racing and dancing through the stars. The vessel has long been a favourite of hotshot outlaw crews and those looking to stay one step ahead of any others out there on the spacelanes.

SUGGESTED NAMES

- *Far Horizon*
- *Galatea*
- *Dawn Singer*

DAGMARA-CLASS

SINGH CONGLOMERATE

SELF-CLASSIFIED as a "freight shuttle" to get around regulations concerning freighters, the **Dagmara** is a solid budget freighter from the mid-level Singh Conglomerate. Seeking to push into an already-crowded market, Singh advertises the Dagmara as a complete home away from home for a spacer crew. The small but well-appointed interior comfortably houses a crew of four, with collapsible bunk space for two more guests. Every inch of the Dagmara has been designed to effectively utilise space, with foldable surfaces and multi-use units making the Dagmara a far more comfortable ship than many of its freighter contemporaries.

While providing a home in space is the primary selling point of the Dagmara, some efforts have been made to keep the freight shuttle competitive in other areas. The wide, angular ship features the offset cockpit common in Singh Conglomerate designs, a cockpit which features a well-designed yoke and control

“Trust the name. Trust Dagmara.”

system, keeping the Dagmara nimble and responsive. The ship is powered by a bank of rear set HirschEx engines giving the ship a good acceleration and a solid, if unremarkable top speed. For protection, the Dagmara comes equipped as standard with a top-mounted turret that can be operated by a gunner, or by the ship's rudimentary, proprietary targeting system. The freighter also features a rear-mounted flechette launcher that, in a pinch, can be fuelled by the Dagmara's own internal trash recycling system.

While not the fastest, most powerful or most dangerous ship on the market today, the Dagmara-class freight shuttle has nonetheless carved out a niche for itself as an affordable and comfortable home for a true spacer crew.

SUGGESTED NAMES

- *Shepherd*
- *Tantara*
- *Hawker*

STRYFE BRUTE

TEKS GAL'YA

TEETERING right on the freighter/corvette divide, many wonder how the near-military **Stryfe Brute** managed to be officially classified as a civilian freighter in the first place.

Designed and manufactured by the shadowy Teks Ga'lya Corporation, the Stryfe Brute was originally created for the security contractors Daceheed, but when that company folded suddenly, Teks Gal'ya stripped a few weapons from the vessel to get it up to code and began selling the ship as a civilian freighter.

The hard-edged and brutalist ship's surface is textured and panelled, giving the vessel a rough, ugly look. A small, front-facing window peeks out from the front of this blocky hexagonal ship, while the vast majority of the command cockpit is built safely inside the heart of the ship. Top-of-the-line pilot, navigator, and weapons specialist stations allow the Stryfe Brute to run smoothly with a small crew, but it can also be handled by a single pilot thanks to assistance from the rudimentary Corvus Remote Intelligence Program. The command cockpit gives way to a small storage bay, which can house cargo or even a pair of jumpboats. Behind this, at the centre of the ship is the open plan living area, which branches out to bunk rooms and small storage areas, that can accommodate six people with ease. Behind this, at the rear of the ship is the Stryfe Brute's engineering and systems compartment. Two powerful Venture drive engines allow the Stryfe Brute to travel faster for longer, and a set of four, smaller Hirsch engines allow the tanklike ship some degree of manoeuvrability. An engineer here can direct power to a level unheard of in a freighter, shunting massive amounts of power from one function to another, giving the ship's weapons a sudden surge or its engines a massive boost.

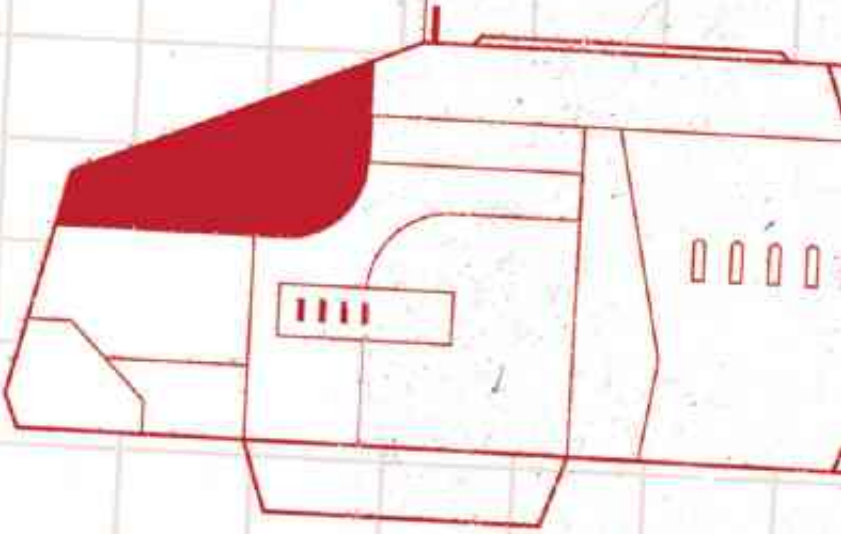
For weapons, the Stryfe Brute comes equipped with a pair of front-facing Torro light cannons, a pair of top- and bottom-linked heavy railgun turrets and a set of fast-targeting hinged light railguns. Most ships also maintain a healthy supply of mines which can be deposited into space from a number of different exit points scattered around the Stryfe Brute. All of these combine to make the vessel one of the most dangerous freighters on the market today. For defence, the Stryfe Brute relies on its thick quad-coated steel mesh hull to deflect incoming fire, protecting it from all but the heaviest of constant fire.

The Stryfe Brute is not the kind of freighter that crews use as a home, or even one that they use as a cargo or passenger carrier, it's a ship built for combat and other freighters in the spacelanes would be wise to be wary when encountering a Stryfe Brute.

SUGGESTED NAMES

- *Hanged Man*
- *Darkheart*
- *Shatterstar*

HAULERS



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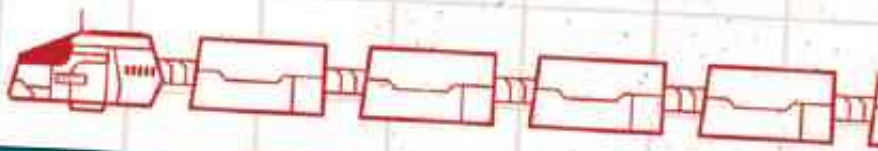
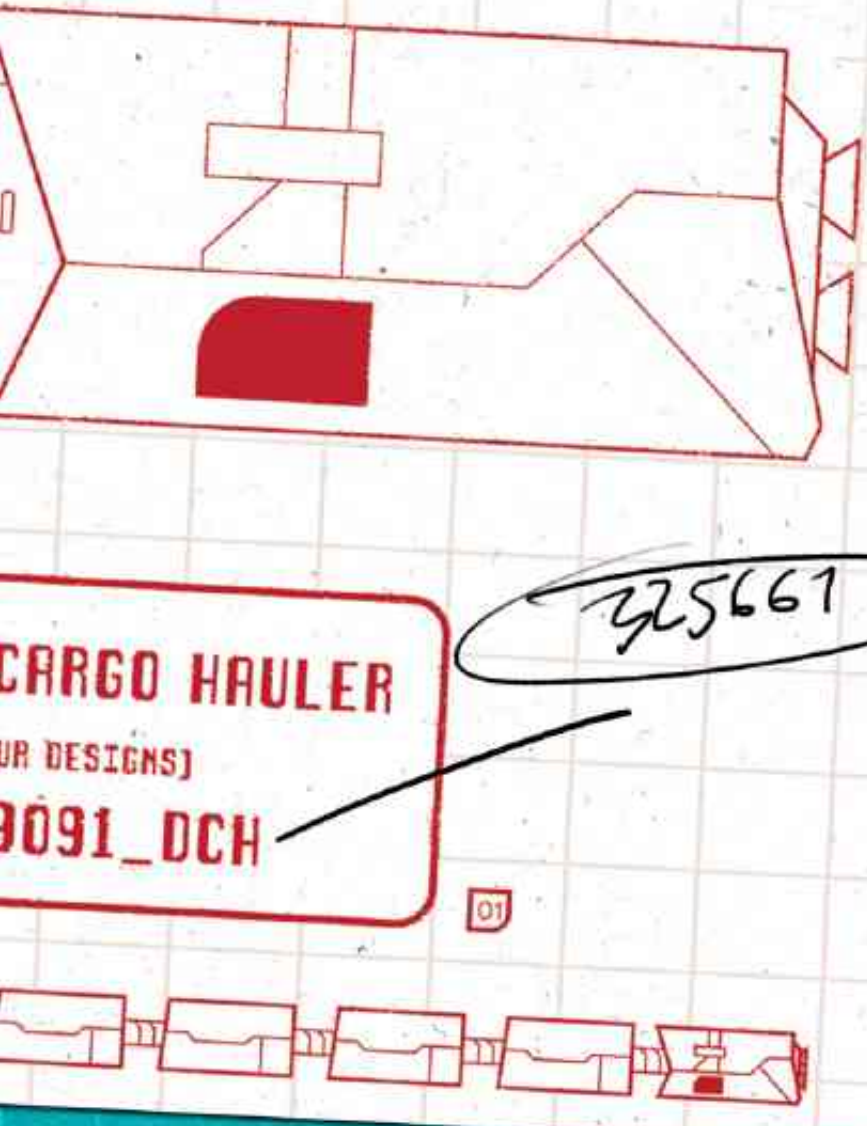


Larger freight and cargo ships, haulers come in a variety of sizes but are primarily dedicated to ferrying large amounts of cargo from place to place. Slower and more lumbering than freighters, but often with a similar crew complement, haulers are heavily armed and armoured to deter raiders. Safely protecting and ferrying freight is the ship's first priority and the comfort of the operator/pilot is a distant second. It's much cheaper for companies to pay a pilot to deliver their cargo by ship than it would be to send that same amount of cargo through a Van Keer Gate.



DIAMONDBACK

DIVISION FOUR

ONE of the most unusual haulers available today, the **Diamondback** most closely resembles a train operating in space. A rear engine module and a front command module are separated by a convoy of up to fifty reinforced cargo crates. A lumbering behemoth, once the Diamondback is set on a path, it is slow to manoeuvre or to come to a stop and its clunky and unwieldy controls are often the bane of many pilots' lives. The Diamondback has one great advantage as a hauler though, as it's essentially only an oversized engine and a cramped command module, incredibly cheap to buy and run.

The command module consists of a small two-person cockpit and a pair of tiny bunk rooms. The module also contains cramped terminals where the majority of the ship's non-piloting operations can be managed. The entirety of the ship's engines are controlled through the separate rear module. When the Diamondback is fully loaded up, this often means the rear module is separated from the command module by dozens of cargo crates stretching a great distance. To travel between the front and rear modules while in flight, the Diamondback comes equipped as standard with an underslung Atrox Flyer, essentially a one-person box with thrusters attached, allowing an occupant to quickly visit between front

and rear modules. Hated by many pilots for their cramped and flimsy feeling, the Atrox Flyer is often replaced by a standard starfighter as soon as the pilot is able. Because the rear engine module is relatively inaccessible, the Diamondback has a very solid and reliable engine unit that is rarely prone to failure, the Pierce 350.

For defence, the Diamondback relies on its reinforced hull armour and heavy-protected cargo crates. With quad alloy steel interfacing woven through its hull plates, the Diamondback is one of the toughest haulers available today and able to withstand quite a pounding. For offence, the Diamondback has a pair of linked quickfire light rail guns mounted on the top and bottom of both the front and rear modules. These weapons are designed specifically to quickly target and dispatch fast moving starfighters, though tend to fare worse against more heavily armed and armoured freighters or corvettes.

SUGGESTED NAMES

- *Cobra*
- *Habu*
- *Sidewinder*

CLAYTON-CLASS

TITUS DESIGNS

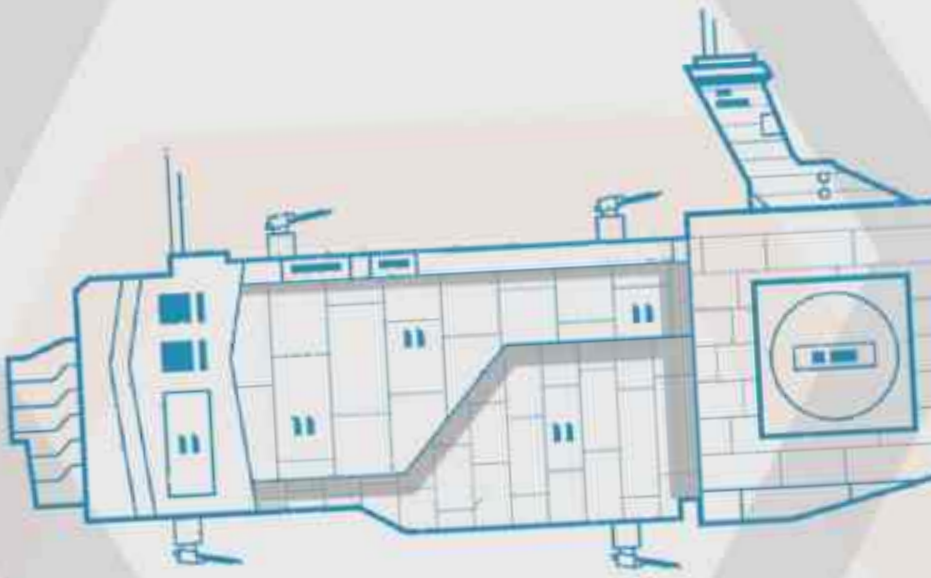
CURRENTLY under exclusive contract to Triumvirate Shipping, Titus Designs have been producing well-made cargo vessels for many years and their latest **Clayton-class** is no exception. Designed to be as modular and adaptable as possible, this hauler features a large front-loading deck, and a smaller rear-loading deck where massive cargo crates are placed and secured through magnetic vacuum clamping and old-fashioned physical locks. The ship's only usable human space is a narrow section in the centre of the fuselage which houses the ship's cockpit, navigation, life-support and personnel quarters. The Clayton-class is designed to be operated by a two-person crew, one pilot and navigator and one engineer and cargo specialist, though it is an open secret that Triumvirate Shipping has often flouted this rule and only had one person crew their Claytons.

Built for steadiness and reliability, the majority of the Hauler's power is set aside for securing the ship's cargo and ensuring a smooth ride from its slow but powerful engines. Like many haulers, the Clayton-class can become a prime target for raiders looking for a quick payday, but this is where Titus Designs' decades of experience really shine. The hauler comes equipped with a belly-mounted arsenal of light cannons and railguns to deter all but the most dedicated of pirates. But the Clayton's real protection is its sting pulse; with a push of a button, the Clayton can send out a burst of electromagnetic radiation, damaging or destroying many of the electronics of any other ships within range. With its own systems protected by Faraday cage circuits, the Clayton-class is free to slowly escape, while its would-be assailants drift helpless in space.

While the Clayton-class hauler is currently produced exclusively for Triumvirate Shipping, the company's exclusivity deal is shortly set to expire and it is likely that this hauler will soon be a much more familiar sight in the spacelanes.

SUGGESTED NAMES

- *Western Sky*
- *Carrion Crow*
- *Sweet Surprise*



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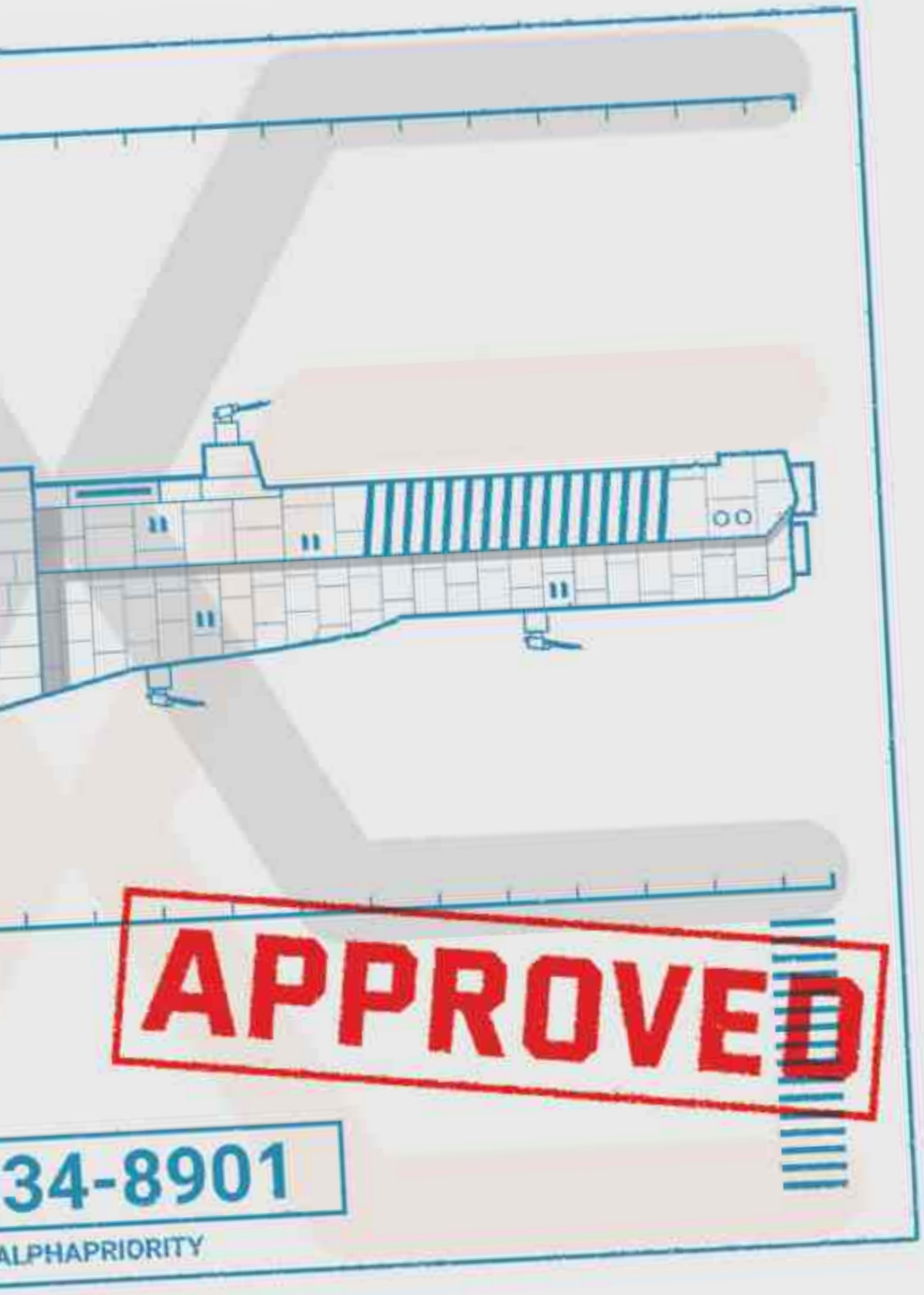
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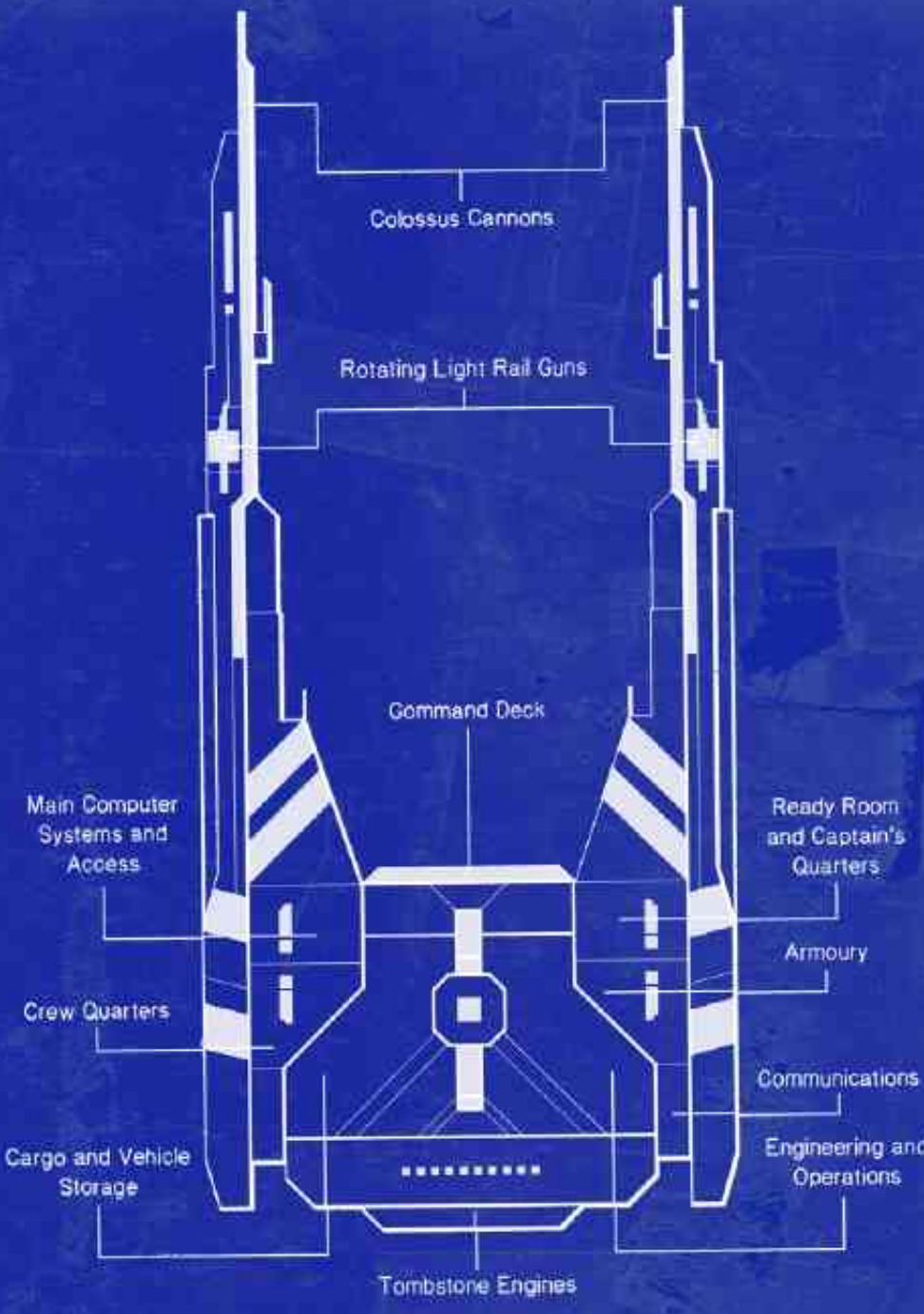
CORVETTES

D10	NAME	MANUFACTURER	CLASS
1	*Solidarity Forever!*	Far Hold Designs	Emmeline
2	*Good Heavens*	Ioccanis Inc	Elysium
3	*Eight Days A Week*	Silverado	Eagle
4	*My Foolish Heart*	Aegis Vault	Wanderer
5	*Stallion*	Tyson Dynamics	Supernova
6	*Lost On The River*	Calvania Corp	Ki
7	*Backseat Driver*	Rasslock Braun	Tomahawk
8	*One in the Chamber*	Justice Group	La Seine
9	*Rhea*	Factoria	Gibson
10	*Von Dryer*	Balthazarius	Arabia

Corvettes are the smallest ship that can be classified as a pure attack craft. On paper, these vessels are heavily regulated and their construction subject to strict standards. By law, they may only be produced for official governments or approved corporations; however it is something of an open secret that there are countless private corvettes operating on the spacelanes today. While they vary in configuration, corvettes usually require a crew of a dozen to operate and are often over twice the length of most freighters. Corvettes are usually well-armed with anti-ship weaponry and anti-starfighter measures, many smaller systems will often rely on only a single corvette and a starfighter squadron as their security force.



H.E.L
HEAVY ENGAGEMENT LANCER

TYPE: CORVETTE
LENGTH: 100 METRES
CREW: 15
PASSENGERS: 6

STARFIGHTER STORAGE: 4
SPEED RATING: 80 MGT
WEAPONS: COLOSSUS CANNONS, TWIN LIGHT RAIL GUNS

HEAVY ENGAGEMENT LANCER

RIOVADA STARWORKS

ONE of the less-common engagement corvettes operating today, the **Heavy Engagement Lancer (HEL)** was initially seen as a rare misstep by the venerable Riovada Starworks, but has now developed a reputation as quirky but effective ship in the right commander's hands. The HEL was devised as an all-in-one vessel and was originally marketed to remote systems and smaller corporations who were unable to afford a whole protection fleet. The HEL would serve as a powerful deterrent, a capable attack craft, a starfighter transport, a mobile operations centre and whatever else was needed of it.

The U-shaped HEL features a bulky central fuselage and a pair of forward-facing, reinforced vanes. The captain and a crew of fifteen operate out of the central fuselage section, on a slightly cramped, split-level command deck. The lower level of the command deck features the primary pilot and gunner teams, while the upper level features support and strategic stations. The central section also houses the crew quarters, captain's ready room, armoury, communications centre and small cargo area, containing as standard, a trio of Landon assault bikes. The rear of the central section features the engineering deck and is home to the bank of Tombstone engines that power the HEL. Tombstone engines are very effective over shorter distances and the HEL is far more manoeuvrable and nimble than many of its contemporaries, but does lack behind in straight ahead speed.

The front-facing vanes contain the bulk of the ship's weapons. A pair of good, but not top-of-the-range Colossus cannons sit in the tip of each vane. A pair of rotating light rail guns sit atop them, giving the corvette a good arc of fire. The bottom of these vanes feature small attachments, for up to four small standard starfighters, or six remote-operated machine starfighters. The HEL has the unique ability of being able to access these starfighter's systems from its main command deck and many a battle has been turned by the attached, unmanned starfighters' guns suddenly blazing to life and operating as an extension of the HEL. This feature is an incredible drain on the HEL's computer systems, so can only be performed briefly.

Upon release, critics derided the HEL as a jack-of-all-trades and master of none, lacking the pure firepower and defensive capabilities of offerings from Rostovic and Ionica while also not having the long range communications or stronger hull plating of a command corvette. However, as the years go by the HEL is looked at much more fondly by security forces looking for an effective attack craft that's not utterly useless in non-combat situations. Pirates and outlaws also seem to have a fondness for the HEL, as models have turned up on numerous security watchlists.

SUGGESTED NAMES

- *Glimmerstar*
- *Blade's Edge*
- *Dawn Cutter*

CINTA CYRUS

PALERMO & CO.

MASS produced and fairly ubiquitous, the **Cinta Cyrus** is the flagship product in Palermo and Co.'s Conquest range of starships. Known more so for their large space station designs, Palermo's first foray into the corvette market was a very safe bet. The Cinta Cyrus doesn't break new ground in any area, instead seeking to be the best and most efficient standard corvette it can be.

Designed by Palermo's Jorus Lee with special assistance from legendary shipwright Cara Romita, the Cinta Cyrus consists of a bulky triangular central section and a pair of top- and bottom-mounted wings. The central fuselage houses the ship's command bridge, which unlike many other ships, is buried and protected deep inside the hull. Mahara III systems allow the captain and 12-person crew to easily command every aspect of their ship. All other compartments and areas are quickly accessible from the command bridge, with a simple and easy-to-navigate layout. The rear of the central section features a large Torus engine, reliable and safety tested for decades—an obvious choice for Palermo's cautious designers. A pair of Junior Torus mini engines also sit on the rear of each wing, in a slightly unusual addition, giving the Cinta Cyrus an edge in open space. The central section is also where the ship's primary weapon systems are, an underslung, tri-battery Stinger cannon and a rotating top-mounted turret ensure that the Cinta Cyrus can take care of itself in a firefight against most starfighters and jumpboats and even a great many other corvettes.

“Palmero & Co. A Vision of Progress.”

The wings of the Cinta Cyrus allow the corvette to remain nimble and aerodynamic within atmosphere, though its awkward wing placement and its curious lack of landing gear mean the ship has little use planetside. The wings of the Cinta Cyrus also house sensor gear and communications systems, freeing up space in the central section. The tips of these wings feature mounting points for very light railguns or air-to-surface attack gear.

Beloved by many mid-size corporations for its solid build, reliability and ease of use, the Cinta Cyrus is also a popular choice for outlaws and raiders. Despite heavy regulation, Cinta Cyrus' frequently show up on black market ship lots. The ship is easy to modify, leading to many unusual looking and operating Cinta Cyrus' in the hands of outlaws.

SUGGESTED NAMES

- *Darkstar*
- *Rising Sun*
- *Drifter's Ransom*

SANCTUARY-CLASS
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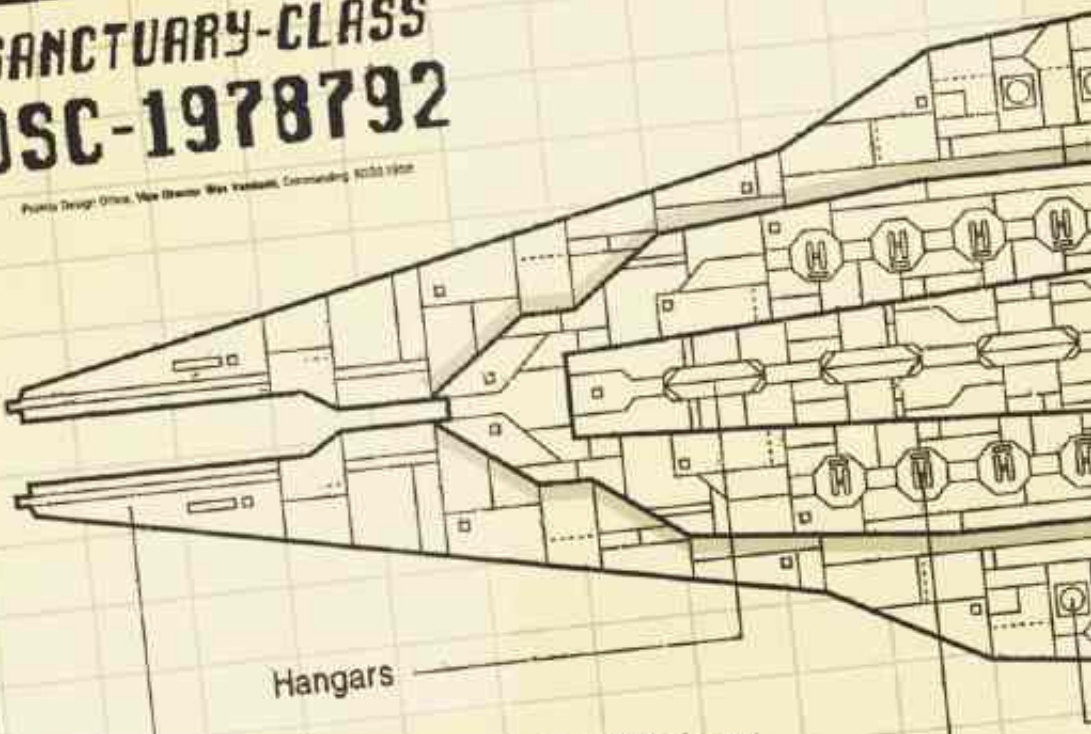
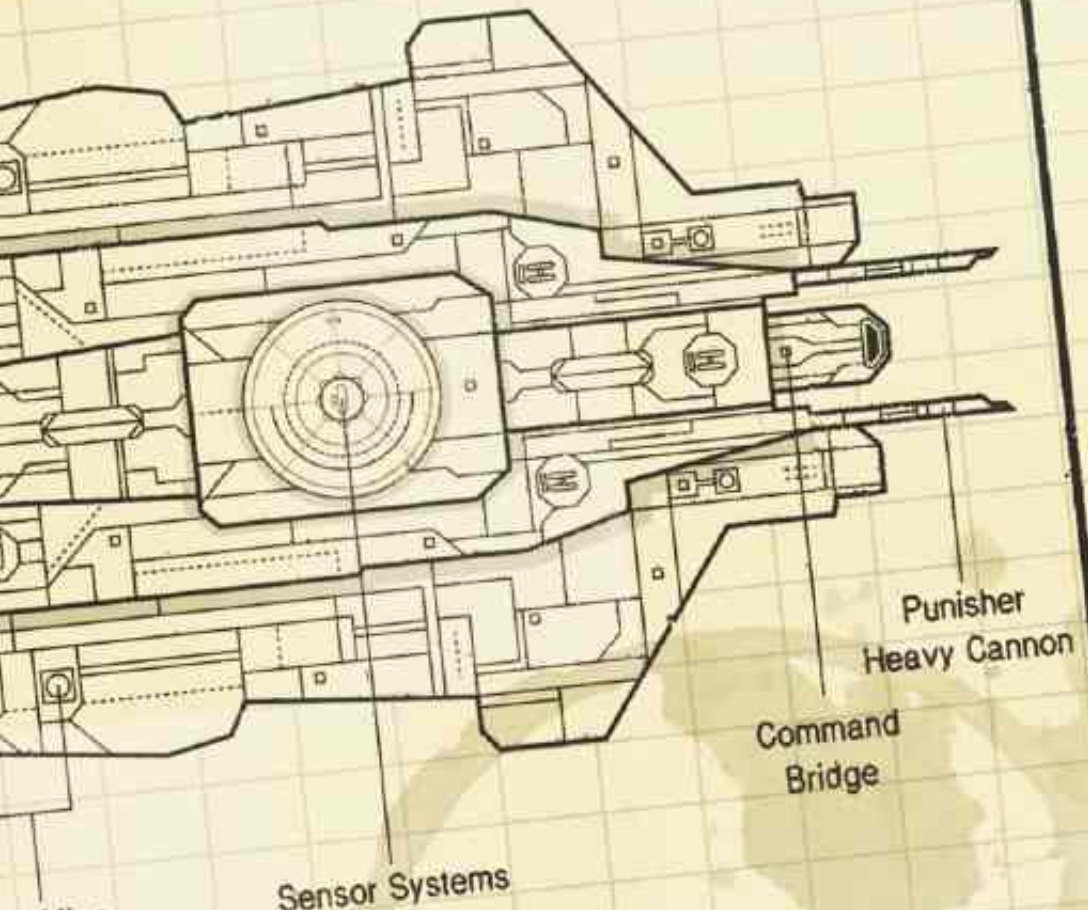
Property Terrago Orbital, Vice Director Miss Vandaele, Commanding NOSS Valor



SPECIFICATIONS

LENGTH OVERALL	1295 METRES
WIDTH OVERALL	550 METRES
HEIGHT OVERALL	347 METRES
GROSS WEIGHT	2, 535,000 METRES
ARMAMENT	PUNISHER HEAVY CANNONS (x2)
	GALIDOR HEAVY RAIL BATTERIES (x11)
	MEGAMINE LAUNCHERS (x6)
	TIGER LIGHT RAIL BATTERIES (x28)
	V.A.L. SHIP TO SHIP MISSILES (x18)
ARMOUR RATING	1000A
MAX CRUISING SPEED	355 HEAVY
THRUST DRIVE	CLASS 000
SENSOR RANGE	33

CREW COMPLEMENT	OFFICERS (x80)
	MAINTENANCE CREW (x232)
	WEAPON CREW (x274)
	FIELD COMMANDERS (x30)
	SECURITY ENFORCERS (x500)
	FIGHTER CREWS (x256)
	UTILITY CREW (x112)
	ANGEL FIGHTERS (x64)
	SALVATION DRONE FIGHTERS (x1
SHIP COMPLEMENT	TORASO FREIGHTERS (x26)
	VELOK JUMPBOATS (x50)
	ANGEL BOARDING CRAFT (x16)
	ASSAULT SHUTTLES (x50)
	CAPTAIN'S YACHT (x1)



DREADNAUGHTS

Crewed by hundreds, and commonly seen providing security at Van Keer Gates or at busier worlds or stations, dreadnaughts are few and far between and are only the property of the largest corporations or governments. Bristling with weapons and hangars of starfighter squadrons, dreadnaughts often operate as mobile fortresses or shows of force for the rich and powerful. What they feature in size and power, they lack in speed and manoeuvrability and so are often accompanied by smaller, faster ships that operate as escorts or as a fighter screen. If a dreadnaught is deployed to a system, the entire locale is considered to be locked down.

SANCTUARY-CLASS

RASSLOCK BRAUN

MANUFACTURED by private security conglomerate Rasslock Braun, the **Sanctuary-class** dreadnaught is a frequent sight guarding Van Keer Gates or high-value Core stations. The looming, jagged, brutal ship makes for an imposing sight, its battleship-grey panelled surface bristling with weapons and defences. Close to 1,300 metres in length, the dreadnaught dwarves all other ships around it, as it lurks in space like some great, terrible fortress. Because of its size, the Sanctuary is slow to build up speed, so is more often than not utilised as a large-scale deterrent and defender at key locations.

The Sanctuary is a weapons platform, mobile command station, starfighter launcher and much more. Crewed by a minimum of 500 personnel, the crew of a Sanctuary dreadnaught are some of the most highly-trained and effective officers that the galaxy has to offer. For many working aboard corporate starships, serving aboard a Sanctuary is the ultimate career goal. Sanctuary captains are capable, dangerous and not to be tangled with. In addition to its operational crew, the Sanctuary has space for over 500 security personnel and over 250 starfighter crew. The massive dreadnaught can park up in a system and disgorge enough manned and remote starfighters and security forces to occupy a mid-size world in no time at all. The ship comes equipped as standard, with 11 top-mounted GALIDOR heavy rail batteries, which can quickly target and rip through any approaching starfighters or freighters, 26 bottom-mounted TIGER light rail batteries, 18 V.A.L ship-to-ship missiles, six megamine launchers and two massive, front-facing Punisher heavy cannons. These weapons ensure that the Sanctuary is capable of taking on almost any ship reckless enough to launch an attack, or even a space station.

If the Sanctuary has a major weakness, it's speed. While its guns and defences are certainly quick to target an enemy, the ship itself is slow to turn and even slower to travel across the galaxy. If a raider or outlaw hears that a Sanctuary is *en route*, they may just have enough time to fire up their engines and escape before the terrible dreadnaught arrives. To maximise their usefulness and minimise their weakness, Sanctuaries usually work as massive guard ships, the mere rumour of their presence enough to frighten most galactic travellers.

SUGGESTED NAMES

- *Hyperion*
- *Disruptor*
- *Doombreaker*

MANIFEST-CLASS

CALLAS / COURTIER

ONE of the final ships designed by legendary shipwright Ember Souval before her retirement, the **Manifest** is marketed as "the ultimate frontier pacification solution". Primarily used by corporations and governments far from the galactic core, the Manifest is intended to be a mobile outpost and movable space station, serving as a permanent reminder of corporate power in the Reach of the galaxy.

Slicing through space like a jagged knife, the long and swept-back Manifest-class dreadnaught is a deadly weapon of war. From its sweeping, flared prow to its rear-mounted banks of massive, pulsing red Ravager Engines, every inch of the near 1000 metre black starship looks dangerous to the touch. Slightly faster than many of its contemporaries, the Manifest's backward rake also tricks the eye into thinking the ship is faster than it actually is.

As a mobile command outpost, the Manifest is almost unparalleled, boasting advanced targeting and strategic systems that allow its elite 350-person crew to manage everything from a system-wide terraforming project, to a full-combat scenario without breaking a sweat. Miniaturised executive suites and office complexes combined with superior communication technology allow seamless day-to-day running of distant operations from the Manifest.

For primary defence, the Manifest comes equipped with a massive, retractable TITAN pulse cannon, 14 top-mounted heavy rail guns and eight side-mounted light rail turrets. In addition to its standard weaponry, the Manifest also includes dozens of VRX Hellion drone assault fighters that can be dispatched at a moment's notice from its hidden hangars. These primitive but deadly swarming fighters act as a fighter screen to guard the Manifest from anyone foolish enough to attempt to attack it head-on.

Favoured by corporations and governments who want to show off their wealth and power in the Reach of the galaxy, the Manifest is as beautiful as it is deadly and more than a match for many other dreadnaughts.

SUGGESTED NAMES

- *Dauntless*
- *Avenger*
- *Eradicator*

SECTOR RUNNERS

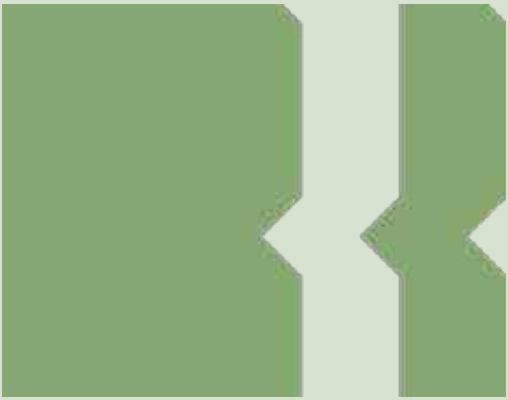
City- or continent-scale interstellar transport ships that use Alcubierre fields to move between systems. Sector runners are cities in the stars, moving space stations that glide and through space under the power of their own Van Keer Drives, buried deep in the industrial heart of these massive vessels.

D10	NAME	MANUFACTURER	CLASS
1	*Trafalgar*	Questal Corp	Journey
2	*Fowler*	Saiko	Supercarrier
3	*Francesco*	HALE	Commisar
4	*Mississippi*	Zero Core	Grand River
5	*Early Summer*	Cabot	Paradise
6	*Antares*	D.R.E.A.M	Cetus
7	*Avon*	Yevel Designs	Saxon
8	*Cutty Sark*	Windstar Forge	Teaclipper
9	*Grace Kelly*	Terra Builds	Paramore
10	*The Grace and Envy*	Saba Multi Systems	Highback

CONCEPT:
WINTER HAWK-CLASS SECTOR RUNNER

WINTER HAWK-CLASS

RANDAAR CONSTRUCTION



Far less luxurious than the Azami-class, the **Winter Hawk** sector runner opts for function instead of luxury. A long, boxy ship, the Winter Hawk's battleship-grey surface is covered in panels and reinforced plates giving even new models a patchwork quality. Instead of having a city structure on top of a ship structure, like the Azami Runner, the entirety of the Winter Hawk is contained within one massive hull.

With less effort made for comfort and style, the interior of the Winter-Hawk resembles something like a massive skyscraper laid on its side. Speed rails carry travellers and crew through the labyrinthine interior of the large vessel, from the hangars and docking bays of the western districts, to the control and command facilities of the forward section. From the passenger cabins and dorms of the upper east, to the commerce suites and office complexes of the rear, southern section. Unlike the Azami designers at Gilded Technology, who went to great lengths to hide many of the necessary but unsightly parts of their sector runner, the shipwrights at Randar Construction took no such pains. Instead of being covertly tucked away deep inside the vessel, the Winter Hawk's Van Keer Drive is plainly visible in the large starburst and ring engine formation at the rear of the starship. Eight Pulsar Zero mega engines propel the ship through real space and can be harnessed together with a miniature Van Keer Gate to reach superliminal speeds and jump faster than light. This approach is much less smoother than the carefully integrated internal Van Keer Drive of the Azami and alarms and warnings blare throughout the Winter Hawk in a lead up to any FTL jump.

Like all sector runners, Winter Hawks tend to take on a life of their own after being in service for a few years, with various communities and traders and societies springing up in all corners of these large vessels. Different companies organise their Winter Hawks in different ways; the four Winter Hawk's owned by Triumvirate Shipping employ captains who rule their ship with an iron fist, while the Winter Hawks owned by STAT Trading employ a civilian ship administrator and operations board to handle the ship.

The Winter Hawk-class' first line of defence is its reinforced, quad-coated, Bala-iron hull plating, which is able to withstand glancing blows from light railguns without so much as a dent. Most Winter Hawks also maintain a substantial support and escort fleet of fighters and freighters that can be quickly deployed to defend the ship if it comes under attack. These support ships also serve as ferries when the Winter Hawk is taking on passengers when it arrives in-system.

As far as offensive capabilities, as standard Winter Hawks come equipped with a pair of rotating Colossus Plus heavy cannons and a whole host of heavy turrets lining the ship's boxy fuselage. The Winter Hawk also comes equipped with a very useful selection of burst mines, proximity mines that can be dispatched to create a screen that encircles the ship, protecting it from close range attacks. The downside to the burst mines are that they target indiscriminately, so deployment of them necessitates the recall of any support ships.

SUGGESTED NAMES

- *Traveller One*
- *Sovereign Force*
- *Neo Journeyman*

AZIMI-CLASS

GILDED TECHNOLOGY

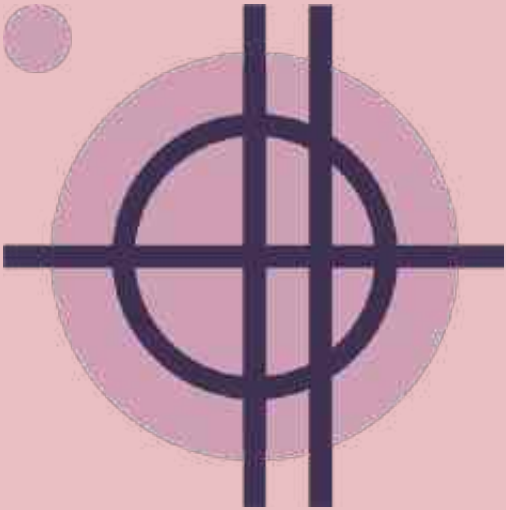
OF all these large ships, none exemplifies the luxurious side of space travel more than the **Azami-class.**

Long-experienced in the design and construction of large-scale space stations, the Azami was Gilded Technology's first foray into moving starships and the venerable company spared no expense in this first endeavour. The flagship of the line, the Azami itself, launched from the Van Kohlar shipyards over 50 years ago and has been in continuous service since then. Structured like an aircraft carrier of old, the Azami has one massive flat surface on top and a large structure beneath, which houses the massive engines, thrusters and machinery needed to keep this behemoth moving. The "surface" of the Azami is where hundreds of sealed buildings and skyscrapers are constructed. Older Azami are packed with buildings and every inch of available space is put to use on the surface, while newly-launched Azami often feature large amounts of free space that is auctioned off to various corporations and companies looking for a prime spot.

Travelling across the surface of an Azami through its various connected buildings and passageways, it's very easy to forget that one is travelling through the stars and not just walking through a modern colony. The Azami-class contains every amenity of a wealthy city, they usually have their own chief administrator, who handles the day-to-day running of the runner itself (a position separate from the vessel's actual captain, who handles the operations of the starship itself), their own security force, commerce council, medical centres, schools and transport system. Unlike many colony worlds however, the Azami-class is designed for the rich and wealthy, luxury casinos and game rooms, indulgent

pleasure houses, executive suites and opulent hotels. Some of the wealthiest people in the galaxy travel by Azami-class sector runner.

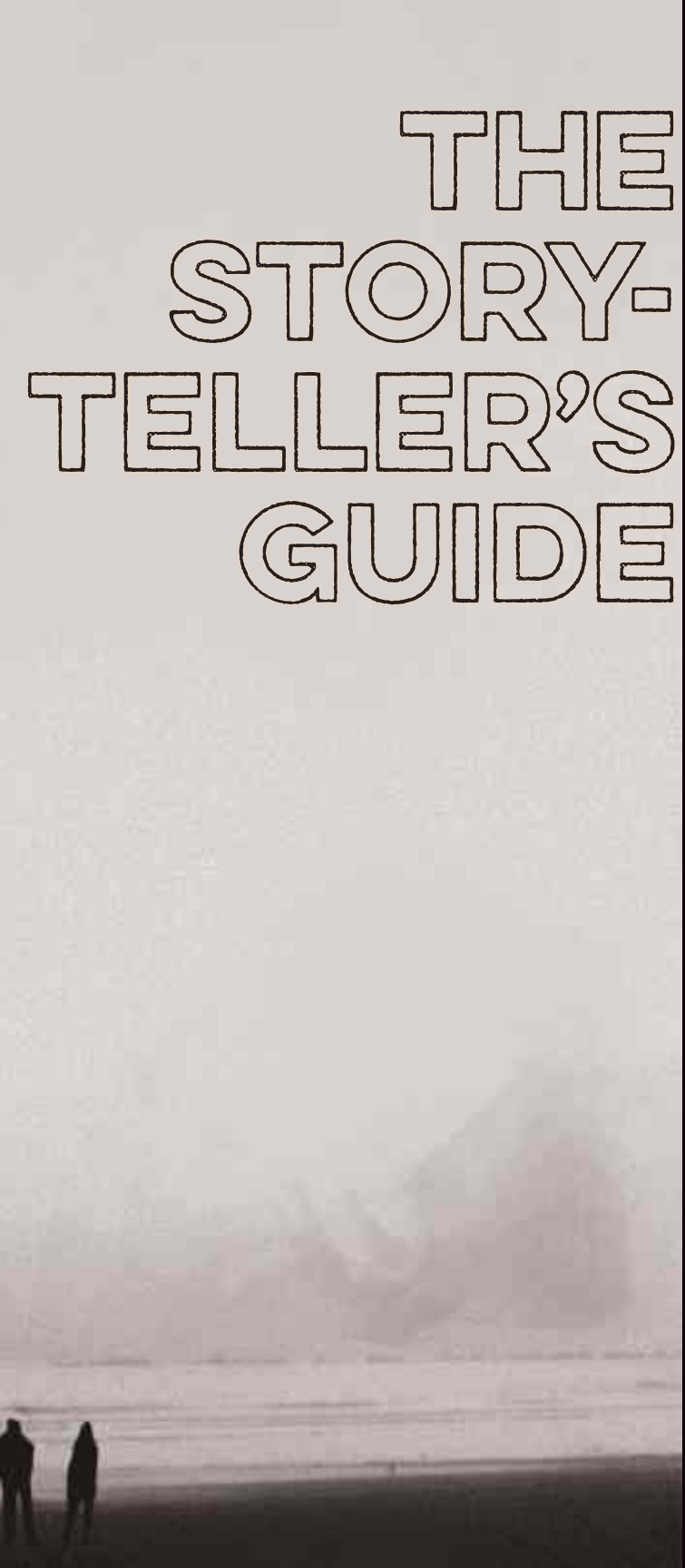
Beneath the surface of the Azami-class is where the hard work of keeping this large vessel moving and stable happens. Ten powerful Charon mega engines propel the ship through space, supplemented by over 30 discreet supplemental thrusters. The Azami class can achieve a respectable top speed for what is basically a moving space station, but it has an incredibly poor turning and adjustment speed, meaning the sector runner rarely varies from a strictly plotted course. Deep in the heart of the Azami is the vessel's Van Keer Drive, a superliminal engine which smoothly warps the fabric of spacetime around the edges of the vessel, contracting space in front of it and expanding the space behind it, causing it to move faster than the speed of light. Great effort has been made to make FTL travel as comfortable and unnoticed as possible for travellers aboard.



The lower half of the Azami features dozens of concealed railguns and cannons, including a trio of Promethean heavy cannons and two dozen quick-targeting Devestrator heavy railguns. The ship's extensive weapons systems, as well as all of its other functions are controlled from the Azami's advanced command bridge, a space that feels almost dungeon-like, buried deep in the hot, dark labyrinth of the ship's lower half. A stark contrast to the gleaming towers and shining structures of the public area of the Azami.

SUGGESTED NAMES

- *Bright Future*
- *Lucky Favour*
- *Kingsglave*



THE STORY-TELLER'S GUIDE

The original **ORBITAL BLUES** core book contained a lot of advice on running **ORBITAL BLUES**, but we've run a lot more **ORBITAL BLUES** since then, so here's some more.

The ***Storyteller's Guide*** is a toolkit of advice, tables and mechanics you can mine for additional content, including:

- ***Our Lady The Ship,*** a new method for generating Crew Ships with exciting upgrades and backstory.
- ***Adventures And How To Make 'Em,*** a guide to galaxies and how to populate them, as well as new story-telling techniques like Hyperspace Nostalgia.
- ***The Science of Fiction***, a primer on technology in your games, giving tips to help both GMs and players interacting with spaceships and science.
- ***Love In A Time Of Blues,*** which introduces Warmth to the game, a new mechanic reflecting love, family and happiness in an otherwise bleak world.

Our Lady, the Ship

You didn't pay to have this ship built. You aren't made of money.
You probably stole it, found it in a junkyard somewhere or won it playing cards.

This section contains a more detailed process of generating a Crew Ship's aesthetics and backstory than the D6 tables in the core book.

WHERE DID SHE COME FROM?

She used to do something before she was your ship. Before we find out, decide whether she's seen many owners, or just one:

- If it has had many owners, roll twice on the following table and mix the result. Choose two abilities from your results.
- If the previous owner was the one who built her or bought her off the shelf, roll once on the following table and gain both abilities.

Roll a D20 and compare the result to the following list to determine what this ship was before she was yours.

D20 / ORIGIN

01 MILITARY VESSEL

She fought in a war, probably one of the big ones. She'll keep running as long as you need her to. Covered in scars and bruises.

02 PLEASURE SHIP

She played home to the rich for a time. They do need to go places, after all. Sleek and beautiful, her age barely showing. Perhaps a hotel, perhaps a yacht.

03 COMMERCE

She was a home to a business: a burger joint, a gambling barge, an insurance company. She is covered in branding, and you can't get all of it off.

04 PRISON

She used to transport prisoners from planet to planet, or was a rehabilitation facility herself. Utilitarian and uncomfortable, made of steel.

05 PASSENGER BARGE

She used to carry working- and middle-class passengers from place to place for a tidy sum. Covered in graffiti from her old passengers.

06 EMERGENCY SERVICES

She used to work for an insurance company, putting out fires and helping the sick, all for a tidy sum. Dressed in flaking white and red.

07 MINING

She used to be in the asteroid fields, blasting apart things to get at precious minerals in their guts. Rusty and debris-battered.

/ ABILITY

The first time per Arc the ship takes damage, ignore it.

A locker of military-grade weapons that you've been saving for a rainy day.

Gorgeous crew quarters, sizable and comfortable with *en suites* and good plumbing.

There's a chance you'll be able to trick someone into thinking you're loaded.

She's wearing a disguise, which could come in handy.

Whatever business she used to be, you have all the equipment you need to start it again, albeit covered in rust and dust.

Scores of (admittedly spartan) crew quarters.

Security office with cameras that cover every room on the ship. Every door can be locked from a central location.

Cargo hold is designed to fit people, filled with bunk rooms and apartments.

Huge, shared living quarters, galley kitchen and a bar.

Superb medical facilities.

Spacer's Miracle-based fire suppression system.

A suction tube that sucks debris and precious metals from space and dumps it into the cargo bay.

Extra weapons: Loading Claw (Improvised—Bind) or Mining Laser (Personal—Explosive).

D20 / ORIGIN

08 SALVAGE

She was a corpse-picker. There are too many wrecks in space, and there's money in ripping them apart and selling what's left. Patched together, it's a miracle she works.

09 RACING SHIP

She used to run in one of the old races, the Papserilla 300, the Red Shift Run or the Desser League. Sleek and shimmering. Sponsorship decals scratched off with a laser saw.

10 BOUNTY HUNTER

She used to hunt criminals. She bears the sign of the good-for-nothing bounty scrounger who lived here. The criminals of the Outlaw Galaxy will see your vessel and run.

11 EXPLORATION

She spent time in a long cold void. For years she mapped sectors, scouted interstellar phenomena and identified worlds for terraforming. Someone, a long time ago, made a very nice home of her.

12 RESISTANCE RUNNER

She was a rebel, a fighter in a war against governments and corporations. Covered in slogans, she is ramshackle but proud.

13 PIRATE SHIP

She was a reaver and a raider with a bounty. The shipping lanes lived in fear of her. The skull and crossbones have been scraped off with welding gear, but you know what she was.

/ ABILITY

Cargo hold filled with salvage—roll **Against the Odds Savvy Check** to find something you need.

Extra weapons: Salvage Claw (Improvised—Bind) or Gravity Shearer (Improvised – Precise).

As long as she has no weapons, she has +1 Mobility.

Once per session, you can **Take The Wheel** without spending Heart.

A secure locked room for keeping bounties in.

A bio-compass (see page 100 of the **ORBITAL BLUES** core book).

A stellar map, top of the line, licensed from Oleander.

Enough (unpleasant) rations to last for years.

One of her weapons is hidden, no one would suspect you of carrying it.

She has a noble name, belonging to a queen among rebels who overthrew governments and corps. Other Outlaws recognise her as royalty.

You have a pirate broadcaster hidden in a cupboard. Sending warnings over it is like raising the black flag.

You have a buccaneer's holo-map, leading to buried treasure and pirate enclaves. Other pirates, and the lawmen that hunt them, would kill to get their hands on it.

D20 / ORIGIN

14 EXECUTIVE TRANSPORT

She was one of those vessels that money can't buy, used for taking C-Suite officials and board members to meetings in obscene luxury. Classy, but not designed for the long haul.

15 FREIGHT

She was one of the workers, a trucker, a hauler. The galaxy runs on ships like her. She ain't small, but my god does she know how to move.

16 REPAIR BOAT

She was a handyman, a helper, a repair jockey. She's covered in oil and spare parts and you're always happy to see her.

17 SMUGGLER

She was a blockade runner or a mule, getting things from A to B without prying eyes noticing. She looks mundane, unremarkable, a brick in the wall.

18 COURIER

She carried information from place to place. It might be the far future, but someone's got to deliver the mail. She's reliable come rain or shine, but never on Sundays.

19 CORPORATE SECURITY

She worked in corp-sec, and her crew made a firm paycheck to tow the company line and deal with outlaws, pirates and unions. She is a box, bristling in weaponry and logos.

20 TOUR BUS

She made sure one of the galaxy's favourite bands could get from gig to gig. Someone has to do the hard work so the rest of us can dance. Filled with personality and old B.O.

/ ABILITY

Swanky meeting rooms, plus private offices converted into sizable quarters.

With a few improvements, someone working for a corp could be tricked into thinking you're their boss.

More cargo space than a cowboy could ever need.

A hauler's radio and a call-sign, inundated with chatter from other teamsters with their ear to the ground. They recognise you as one of them.

She's a tugboat, with a steel line on her to help another vessel limp home. It certainly has other uses too.

She's got plenty of spare parts. First time every Arc you try to repair her (or another ship), take the Upper Hand.

A second small and secret cargo hold, keeping its contents safe from scanners and inspections.

Unless you're being particularly suspicious, the cops won't look at you twice.

A vault with a keycard and a secure electronic server, for keeping the mail in.

If you knock on a door and claim to have a parcel, they'll open the door for you.

Roll on the Ship Weapon table twice and choose one weapon you want from the two.

She can take a beating. Every time you take a damage and roll on the Ship Damage table, you can choose to reroll your result.

A stereo that plays through the whole ship, with one hell of a record collection.

Enough drugs, hidden in a draw somewhere, to have one really good party.

SHIP WEAPONS

After this, roll a D20 on the Ship Weapons table to determine her loadout. We added more options than the one in the core book, but you can use that instead if you like.

D20	/ SHIP WEAPONS
01	**Battering Ram** (*Improvised—Stun*)
02	**Mining Laser** (*Improvised—Explosive*)
03	**Salvage Claw** (*Improvised—Bind*)
04	**Hullpuncher** (*Improvised—Silent*)
05	**Sharpened Prow** (*Melee—Intimidating*)
06	**Plasma Cutter** (*Melee—Armour Piercing*)
07	**Harpoon Cannon** (*Melee—Bind*)
08	**Boarding Hooks** (*Melee—Bind*)
09	**Pulse Laser** (*Personal—Precise*)
10	**Salvage Lasers** (*Personal—Concealable*)
11	**Gatling Gun** (*Personal—Rapid-Fire*)
12	**Scrap Discharger** (*Personal - Shot*)
13	**Laser Bombard** (*Military—Armour Piercing, Heavy*)
14	**Railgun** (*Military—Long-Range, Heavy*)
15	**Flak-Launcher** (*Military—Shot, Loud*)
16	**Shock Cannon** (*Military—Stun, Loud*)
17	**Torpedo Suite** (*Military—Precise, Limited Ammo*)
18	**Missile Rack** (*Military—Explosive, Limited Ammo*)
19	**Multi-Cannon** (*Military—Armour Piercing, Heavy*)
20	**Electro-Magnetic Grapples** (*Military—Bind, Limited Ammo*)

ADVENTURES AND HOW TO MAKE 'EM

Your Outlaws have a ship and places to be, with a whole galaxy at their fingertips. This is a blessing and curse. It can be freeing to players and Storytellers, but there is also an exhausting amount of stuff to create. Here's some advice on what to do and how when coming up with your own content for the game.

it's a big ol' Galaxy

In **ORBITAL BLUES**, space is big and almost all of it has been colonised. That said, the closer you get to the edge of the galaxy and the further from the galactic core, the emptier and sparser things become, and the more desperately people are living.

In **ORBITAL BLUES**, each inhabitable planet and its space station is huge, containing cities-worth of things to explore and hundreds of thousands or even millions of people. There are millions of these systems in Outlaw Galaxy, and you can spend a session or even a whole campaign exploring the people, the factions and the sadness of even a single settlement.

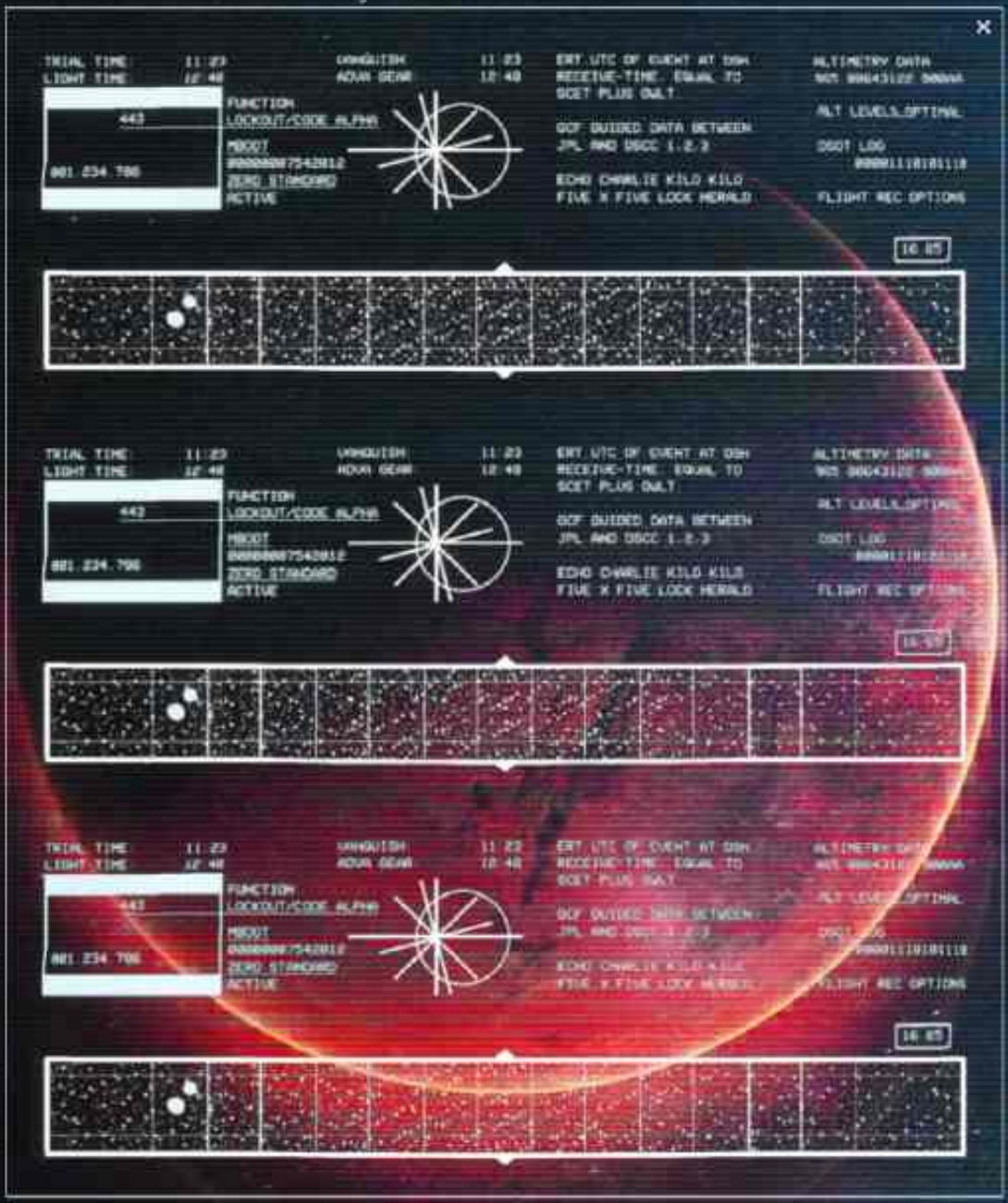
YOUR PLAYERS HAVE A SPACESHIP. THE WHOLE THING BELONGS TO THEM. HOW CAN YOU FILL THE WHOLE INFINITE UNIVERSE?

Imagine a populated and well-terraformed system contains:

- D3 inhabitable planets.
- D3 solid but uninhabited planets.
- D3 gas giants.
- Each solid planet has D3 moons, with a 50% chance of each being habitable.
- Each gas giant has D6x3 moons, with D3 of each being habitable.
- For every inhabitable moon or planet there is likely some kind of space station in orbit.
- For every uninhabitable moon or planet there is a 1 in 3 chance of a space station in orbit.

In systems that are largely un-terraformed, most planets and moons are not habitable.

This is a unimaginably vast setting, requiring detail beyond the scope of any book of table. How does one generate infinity? You write a paragraph at a time.


TRIAL TIME 11:23
LIGHT TIME 12:48
VANQUISH 11:23
ADAM BOMB 12:48
FUNCTION
LOCKOUT/CODE ALPHA
MBOOT
ZERO STANDARD
ACTIVE
ERT UTC OF EVENT AT DSN
RECEIVE-TIME EQUAL TO
SCET PLUS DALT
GCF GUIDED DATA BETWEEN
JPL AND DSCC 1.2.3
ECHO CHARLIE KILO KILO
FIVE X FIVE LOCK HERALD
ALTIMETRY DATA
ALT LEVELS OPTIMAL
DSOT LOG
FLIGHT REC OPTIONS
16:05

HOW TO POPULATE A BIG OL' GALAXY

A big ol' galaxy has interesting locations and people. Every place needs a reason to be there, and a situation for the players to discover. In this section, we'll talk about generating content on the fly for your group.

To see a collection of tools for naming and populating star systems and space stations, see the endpapers of **ORBITAL BLUES** core.

With any engaging RPG content, you want ideas interesting enough that they don't feel random or insignificant. We could give you a D100 table of "interesting things that happen on a planet", but here instead are 15 ways to invent them yourself. Why give you fish when we can give you rods?

That said, don't be afraid to say "there's nothing interesting here". Not all the galaxy can be exciting, and you can't be expected to populate an entire infinite universe. Some places are low populated, unremarkable, dusty backwaters and that's okay.

ACTIVE TERRAFORMING

Consider something that could be created or destroyed by terraforming or industrial activity. For example, lakes carried by spaceships to a desert planet to help with fuel extractions, clouds of industrial acid waste melting metal buildings or an ancient forest cut down to make way for a continent sized cities.

RESOURCE EXPLOITATION

Consider something reprehensible that a corporation could be exploiting the resources of a planet for a quick buck. For example, strip mining a weird resource, deliberately creating volcanoes as a power source or electrocuting a planet wide ocean to harvest fish.

PLANETWIDE PROJECT

Consider a facility that a corporation might need, but at a scale it dominates a city. For example, a spaceship factory so big that it can rain inside it, waste processing that uses an entire lake or a server farm that uses a nation desert as a solar farm.

FACTIONAL CONFLICT

Consider a conflict between two factions or people and how that could impact the world. For example, strikes and strikebreakers, investigative reporters and corporate black ops or two famed bounty hunters at each other's throats over a single mark.

LABOR EXPLOITATION

Consider ways a corporation might screw over its workers for a quick buck. For example, crushing demands for overtime from a mining company, trying to replace their office staff with sub-par AI or cutting staff wages due to "inflation".

MASS MARKETING

Consider how advertising might impact the world. For example, jingles blasted over mega-phones, whole cities or continents branded by a corp or skyscraper tall holograms playing advertising.

OPPORTUNITIES: ORGANIZED CRIME

Consider something a criminal or organisation of them might pay an Interstellar Outlaw to do. For example, kill a rival, steal a valuable vehicle, or blackmail an official.

OPPORTUNITIES: THE LITTLE GUY

Consider things a person in need might need an Interstellar Outlaw for. For example, smuggling some valuable materials past a corporate security checkpoint, stealing medical supplies from a corporate convoy or sabotaging mining equipment to stop earthquakes.

OPPORTUNITIES: CORPO

Consider things a corporation might need an Interstellar Outlaw to do, meaning they compromise their morals for money (blowing up a rival's facilities, capture a dissident ex-employee, break a strike at a facility).

GENRE MASHUP: THE REAL WORLD AND ORBITAL BLUES

Consider something in 21st century America that sucks, and put it in a space western. For example, health insurance, corrupt politicians or gun crime.

GENRE MASHUP: WESTERN WITH SCI-FI

Consider something in space, and put it in a western. For example, an asteroid belt inhabited by conservative and parochial miners, a space station complete with a bank (all ready for the score) or a passenger spaceship with the feel of a nineteenth-century train (also ready for a score).

GENRE MASHUP: SCI-FI WITH WESTERN

Consider something from a western, but put it in space. For example, a saloon on a space station, complete with swinging doors, working women and poker games, a sheriff hunting down an outlaw gang or a company building an oil rig or a railway.

MEDIA AND ORBITAL BLUES

Consider something in the media you like, and put it in the game. For example, a western film, a space opera or a popular 90s space western anime.

INCORPORATE TROUBLES

Consider how to draw something from one of your characters troubles into the world. For example, the gang from In To Deep, the lover from Lovesick or an established contact or place from any other Trouble.

TROUBLES

Troubles are the contexts of backstory, the Triggers for the future. It's all about Troubles.

Troubles are how characters interact with the world, and are the basis for their trauma. They're connective tissue between the past (the questions) and the future (the triggers). By choosing that Trouble, a player indicates the kind of person they want their character to be, and what they think about. The Trouble is the most important bit on a character sheet, so mine them for content.

If you're ever stuck for ideas when planning an adventure, think about one of the Troubles of your players and relate everything back to that. Many Troubles have places, factions or people associated with them. Once they are defined by the player, have them appear in your campaign.

Many Troubles highlight behaviours the characters might indulge in or seek them to avoid. If they indulge, give them consequences. If they avoid Trouble altogether, give them temptations.

HYPERSPACE NOSTALGIA

Hyperspace Nostalgia is a pacing tool for slowing things down in **ORBITAL BLUES**, allowing your players to luxuriate in ennui and deepen characterisation.

To begin Hyperspace Nostalgia, wait until the crew begins space travel, then read the following:

> *Your Interstellar Outlaw experiences flashes of memory that burn just that little bit brighter as you travel faster-than-light. Fragments of memories that you've been avoiding, fragments of things that linger in your mind.*

Go around the group and ask each Outlaw where they are on the ship, what they're doing, and to tease a glimpse of what they're thinking about and how it ties to their Troubles. This thought or memory might be tinged with nostalgia or regret.

Hyperspace Nostalgia is an opportunity to interact with Troubles and earn Blues. It's also a great way to introduce characterisation for the character, and get them to tease things they want to interact with over the Session or Arc.

TAKING CREDIT

We were inspired here by Brian Flaherty of *My First Dungeon,* who invented this tool and employed it in their **ORBITAL BLUES** actual play. Find it at the 1:15 mark of the first episode *"The 21st Night of September"*.

(S)PACING TOOLS

Hyperspace Nostalgia is a great pacing tool for slowing the game down when things are getting hot. You could even use it when hyperspace isn't happening. Try deploying it as a decompression tool after a massive gunfight or at the end of an Arc, following a Swansong or other character death, or as a lead-up to a climactic scene. Maybe start or end your sessions with it? Just don't deploy it often enough to make it meaningless.

The alternative tool that does the opposite is a smash cut. A journey through space might be quite a boring way to spend time. If things drag during a space travel section and your players are getting bored, just jump to the next interesting thing that happens: their arrival, an attack by pirates or an interstellar call arriving from a contact.

THE SCIENCE OF FICTION

In the **ORBITAL BLUES** core books, we waved a lot of hands about spaceships, engineering and science. In Afterburn, we wanted to give you some more ideas, tools and advice to handle these section, including essays on DMing spaceship engineering and how to run engineering issues, information on your spaceship and advice on faster-than-light travel.

togasake corporation
togasake corporation
togasake corporation

HOW TO ENGINEER A SPACESHIP

Spaceships are complicated beasts, and you probably don't have any experience dealing with large futuristic spacecraft in your own life. This guide is intended to give you enough information, and some hints and tips to enable you to run sections of your game in and around spacecraft that are convincing and entertaining to your players.

The first thing to keep in mind at all times is that a spaceship is more like an ecosystem than it is a building: everything is connected and relies on something else, and everything has to be ship-shape if all the occupants aren't going to die alone in the cold vastness of space. It can be very easy for a small simple problem to cascade rapidly into a whole system collapse, and correctly telegraphed this can be an excellent way of amping up the tension.

At the core of the ship is the reactor or generator. Since you can't get your power from somewhere else, it has to be made here (or for small craft like shuttles, stored in batteries). It'll be one of two places anyone trying to take over a ship heads to, and the thing ne'er-do-wells will be aiming for if they want you dead. If your Outlaws have been skimping on maintenance, it might start acting up, or an adversary might have sabotaged it, or they might just run out of fuel. Intermittent power generation will cause everything else on the ship to behave erratically.

If your reactor is heavily damaged, it might "lose containment" or go into overload. The specifics don't matter but the outcome is clear: unless you can repair, shut down, or eject the reactor it's going to explode. Of course, your Outlaws will now be without a reactor, but they're alive for now.

Second to the reactor in terms of importance is the bridge. It's the other thing any boarders are going to rush towards to take a ship, and so canny outlaws need to be able to defend theirs. Damage to the bridge might have unpredictable results, whilst destruction will massively increase the amount of effort required to operate the ship as all the functions will need to be operated manually.

Separate to the bridge and controlling everything is the ship's computer core. It might be a single big brick of electronics or distributed around the ship for redundancy. If it malfunctions,

due to bad software updates, lack of maintenance or other sabotage, it could lock the crew out of other systems or even cause other systems to malfunction. Loss of the main ship computer will likely lock the crew out from most of the other systems entirely.

Having control of the ship is all well and good, but life support is what keeps the crew and passengers alive to care about it.

There is typically enough air in a standard room to keep a single person alive for four to five days, rather than the minutes portrayed by TV. A good rule of thumb is that a ship probably has enough residual air to keep its expected number of occupants alive for at least a day. But it is still a critical issue if life support fails and something the crew will need to fix as soon as possible. If a ship has passengers they may panic when they realise the air is no longer being regulated, and panicking individuals also use more oxygen. In a pinch, unconscious people consume less air, and most space first aid kits will contain sedatives. More insidiously, the air supply systems may introduce contaminants into the air due to breakdown or sabotage, which could injure people or make them sick.

Life support is also responsible for keeping the temperature just right, and a malfunctioning climate control system can cause the ship to dangerously overheat. Similarly, failing sensors or sabotage might cause parts of the ship to begin to freeze. Most equipment on the ship is only designed to operate in a dry, room temperature environment, so environmental issues can quickly cause other systems to fail. Fixing climate control issues will likely require a trip outside the ship to fix the radiators, with all the attendant dangers this entails.

Gravity in the outlaw galaxy is provided by the near-ubiquitous gravity plating that adorns the floors of ships and stations galaxy-wide. As long as it's installed and powered, it provides a comfortable standard gravity

WHAT IS A SHIP, REALLY?

The only difference between a spaceship and a station is that one of them doesn't go anywhere regularly. Most stations will still have engines and everything else, so if you want some truly high stakes adventures don't be afraid to apply this to something like Sutler Orbital or Sutler Route 47 Fuel Hub.

to all and sundry. Through lack of upkeep or malfunction, it might only work intermittently, making any dexterous work significantly harder, significantly increase the gravity, making trips and falls deadly, or fail entirely. Gravity plating also functions as an inertial dampener, stopping ship acceleration pulping the crew and passengers, so if it fails a ships speed might be severely limited.

Connecting everything together will be a system of pipes, cables, and conduits. These might be breached by damage, broken by sabotage or just fail from age. Conduits might arc if damaged or exposed, pipes might leak coolant or other dangerous fluids. A ship will have multiple redundant paths between systems, allowing a canny engineer to reroute power or data, but older ships might have single points of failure that will require repair or replacement should they go wrong.

Pressure doors separate sections on a spaceship and can seal themselves against vacuum, and likely have emergency systems to automatically close and seal themselves if a room loses pressure. These might be hatches or sliding doors (sliding doors carry a greater risk of amputation but can also be used as a trap) and will be clearly marked.

Small craft might not have an airlock at all, just an external pressure door with the understanding that if you want to leave the ship for a spacewalk, everyone inside will need to wear a spacesuit. Larger craft, ships and stations have airlocks, with interlinks to prevent both internal and external doors being opened at once. Although maintenance issues or sabotage might allow this.

All kinds of ships and stations need some kind of engines. Depending on the type of engine, it needs power from the reactor or some kind of fuel. Engines that need fuel need somewhere to store it, and the fuel is probably explosive, toxic, corrosive, or any combination thereof. Electrical engines require heavy duty conduits from the reactor, which if damaged might arc dangerously enough to instantly kill a person.

All ships have manoeuvring thrusters arranged around the outside of the ship, which pose an ever-present danger to spacewalkers. They should be clearly marked, but that's not always a given on older ships. If a person were caught in the exhaust of one of these, they might be badly burned or just thrown out into space.

Any ship larger than a shuttle will have a main engine (and many stations too, for adjusting orbits or moving between locations). The exhaust from a main engine is going to be hot enough to vaporise a person, regardless of protection, and significantly damage anything within tens of metres of the ship.

Damaged engines can fail, stranding outlaws, or potentially worse they can refuse to shut down, stopping outlaws from docking or doing serious damage to docking structures. In extreme situations, a damaged engine might explode. This will likely destroy smaller ships outright or render larger ships non-operational. Debris in an engine exhaust is a common issue, and a common tactic to scuttle a ship is to place explosives in the engine exhaust as a surprise for when they next throttle up.

SPIN & THRUST GRAVITY

Some big space stations (and very large ships) might use centrifugal force via a large spinning section to provide gravity. This is very efficient and reliable, as long as no-one tries to stop it spinning, which would send everything flying and then also cut the gravity. If you want a harder sci-fi setting, consider using your engines to provide thrust gravity (like in the series *The Expanse*), where you only have gravity if you're travelling somewhere.

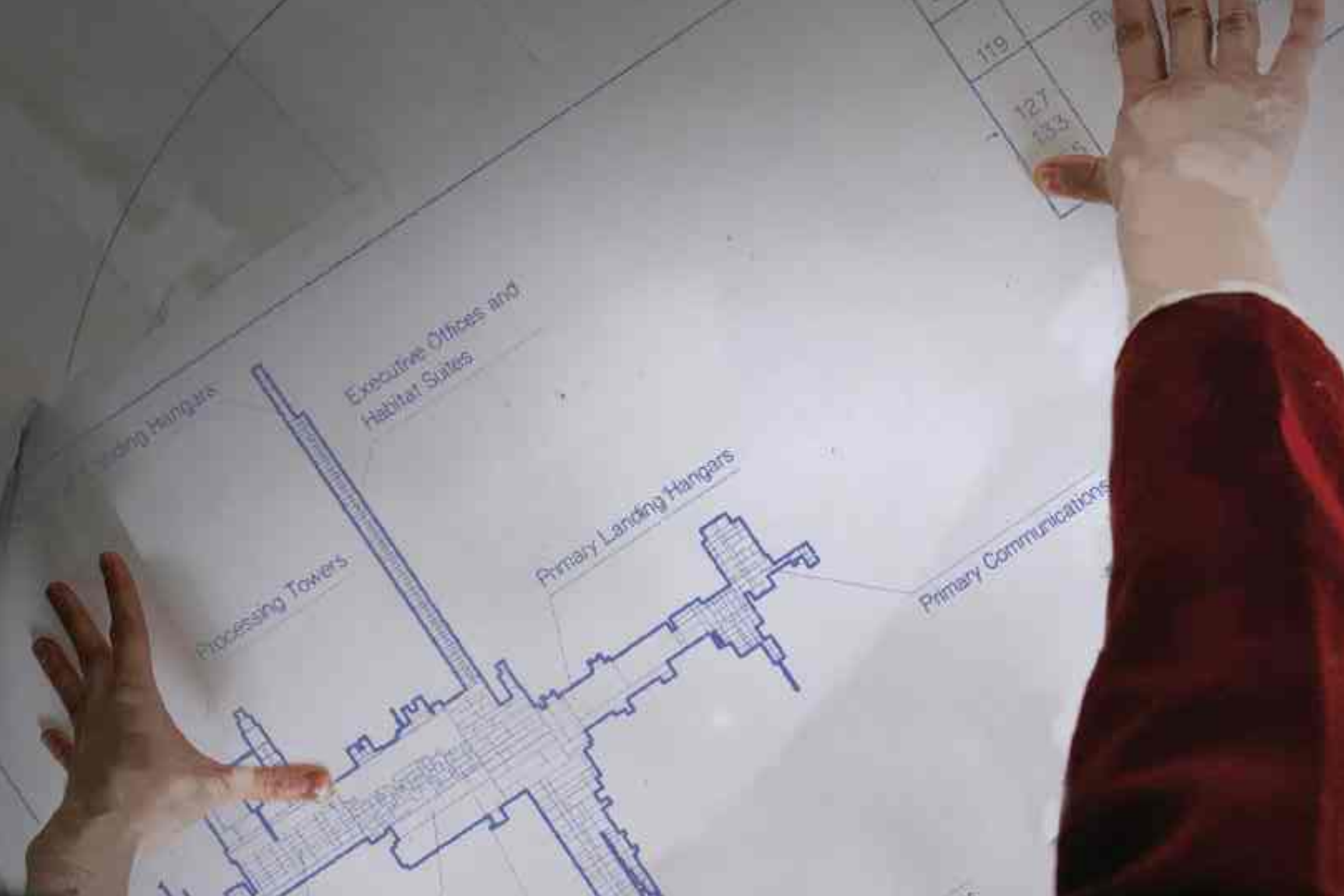
HOW TO DM (AND PLAY) STUFF IN SPACE

When you spend enough time playing dungeoncrawlers (particularly old school renaissance ones), you learn how to become a dungeoneer. You learn when to use the pickaxe and when to use the ten foot pole. You learn how to check for traps, and the difference in dealing with pit traps and spike traps. You learn how to set up ambushes and how to use the environment to destroy your enemies. You master the dungeon and it becomes yours.

Dungeons are easier to explain than spaceships. We understand the environments and the verbs of a fantasy world better than we do the ones in space. This is because they relate better to the one we live in. Stone caves, vines and pools of mud are easier to visualise than spaceship engine rooms, plasma leaks and the vacuum of space.

You can master the spaceship in the same way the dungeon can be mastered, using the same tools as a designer or GM. When designing encounters on spaceships, come up with situations the players need to deal with, not the solutions they need to solve it. Create encounters that contain things with energy that players understand. Stuff that moves, stuff that is hot or cold, stuff that gives off radiation.

Don't be stingy with the tools you give the players, these tools are the verbs with which they can interact with a problem.


Executive Offices and
Habitat Suites
Processing Towers
Primary Landing Hangars
Primary Communications

SAMPLE PROBLEMS

Need something to go wrong with your spaceship? Here's a big pile of potential issues you could throw at players after some mechanical damage, a nasty ship combat or just too long without a proper maintenance job.

D20	/ SPACESHIP PROBLEMS
01	Venting plasma
02	Hull breach
03	Electrical fire
04	Wires flailing and sparking
05	Artificial gravity turning off
06	Sensors scrambled by interference or advertising
07	Power outages
08	Radiation leak
09	Computer viruses from criminal element
10	Atmosphere scrubbers failing
11	Power surges breaking computers
12	Knock to weapon targeting
13	Engine overload
14	Doors locking or opening
15	Particle blockage in engines
16	Fuel leak or low fuel purity
17	New firmware
18	Poorly tested new software patches
19	Atmospheric control fail and the ship grows hot
20	Atmospheric control fail and the ship grows begins to freeze

Remember, the characters here have more experience, skills and knowledge than the players. Don't be afraid to explain the situation to them, and if they can't work out what to do, offer them an olive branch of a few solutions, and explain the merits and drawbacks of each. Never give them one simple, clear solution, have them make choices.

If the players come up with a good plan, it just works. Only call for stat checks if something is dangerous, or if the characters try to do something quickly or quietly when it should be time consuming and noisy.

It's not rocket science. Space can be just like a dungeon made of steel and plastic and in the cold vacuum of space.

BUT WHAT ABOUT GRAVITY?

Don't be afraid to handwave gravity when things get difficult. After trillions of credits of R&D, Al Ilani Technical Advancements innovated low cost gravity plating three or four centuries ago. They've been sub-licensing its use at entirely reasonable rates to basically every other spaceship manufacturer, as long as no one tries to work out how it works. This has kept their corp-sec department busy.

what stuff is on your SPACE SHIP?

EQUIPMENT QUALITY

Roll a D6 for each type of equipment (with the exception of the Medical Kit).

- **On a 1,** it is Low-Quality equipment.
- **On 2-5,** it is Standard equipment.
- **On a 6,** it is High-Quality equipment.

See page 98 of the **ORBITAL BLUES** core book for more information on equipment quality).

Your Interstellar Outlaws are running a spaceship, and you can't do that with duct tape and hope. Like any good party of people on an adventure, they need equipment. In addition to any Crew Equipment you characters own, they also have a helpful inventory of equipment.

In **ORBITAL BLUES**, everything is cheap, mass produced, covered in branding and difficult to fix neatly. Anything involving a computer is a nasty CRT screen with unintuitive controls.

This stuff is useful while running and maintaining a ship, but there's practical applications away from the ship as well. More than once has Spacer's Miracle, a laser scalpel and a pneumatic crowbar been used to break open a bank vault. Every single item in this list is intended to be jury rigged for purposes it was not designed for. Inform your players as such and reward them with the Upper Hand on checks if they use the right equipment.

COMMUNICATION ARRAY

Looking like a HAM radio built into the ship's console, the communication array is capable of receiving and transmitting data to other ships and space stations, sometimes handheld or earpiece communicators. The communication array chimes up if any distress signals are within range, and transmits automated distress calls in the event of the ship's damage destruction. Most are equipped with standard audio ports, also allowing them to play music or tune into local radio stations.

Manufactured by Corvair Communications, Intellicorp and Sphereon.

- **Poor-Quality** systems only work at short ranges, complete with messy static. They also might be bombarded by radio advertising.
- **High-Quality** systems transmit and receive with perfect clarity, and may even work inter-system. Illegally modified versions might be able to intercept other ship's private comms.

SENSOR SUITE

A set of scanners capable of providing information to the crew. When focused on an object in space, the sensor suite tells you what it is and how far away it is. It might report registry information for ships and stations (along with corporate bios if relevant, complete with advertising jingles), geographical and climate information about planets and moons, health warnings and advisory for astrological phenomena.

Manufactured by Lile, Hauer Electronica, and Doublecross Development.

- **Poor-Quality** systems might only work a few hundred thousand kilometres away, or require a solid knock to the carapace before it works.
- **High-Quality** systems might incorporate additional information, or additional equipment like Planetary Scanners (see page 107 of **ORBITAL BLUES** core) or Cargo Scanners (see page 102 of **ORBITAL BLUES** core).

NAVIGATION COMPUTER

The navigation computer is a basic flight aid. It communicates with station software to assist with docking. Contains a cartographic suite for most of the mapped galaxy, capable of route planning, with demographic information and a business registry. Anyone with local knowledge, or willing to cut corners, can find faster routes.
The navigation computer is the equivalent of a 21st century navigation app.

Manufactured by Hawks Supplier, Hauer Electrical and Masamari.

- **Poor-Quality** systems might have an out-of-date or incomplete business registry or dataset, or be missing newer Van Keer Gates. It might take you down a faulty route or a hyperspace lane that no longer exists, causing heavy delays in travel.
- **High-Quality** systems might include state-of-the-art routing software, or include additional demographic or planetary survey information.

SPACESUITS

This void-sealed suit is equipped with a flashlight and a radio, along with a set of magboots and a 50 meter steel tether for spacewalks. They contain about eight hours of air (enough for a full shift) and usually have some kind of budget propulsion system for low gravity environments. Guaranteed to meet minimum safety requirements!

An Interstellar Outlaw vessel will be equipped with one spacesuit per Crew Member.

Manufactured by Caldair, Schultz or Hawks Suppliers.

- **Poor-Quality** spacesuits are typically clunky and awkward to use, and are incredible heavy (they're meant to be used in zero gravity after all, so it's hardly even a downside!). They might be missing some equipment or equipped with much less air.
- **High-Quality** spacesuits might include personal scanners, a longer air supply or proper propulsion systems.

MEDICAL KIT

The Big Red Box is on every ship in the galaxy. This standardised medical kit is sold as a galactic-wide loss leader by Plasmadyne Medical to advertise their market-leading suite of medical droids, insurance subscriptions and hospital facilities. According to Plasmadyne's marketing department, this do-it-yourself medical kit will keep you alive long enough to get to an accredited facility. Most outlaws can't afford the full subscription, so stick on the free trial on the well-subsidised medkit, even though it's riddled with micro-transactions and upsells.

Every box in the galaxy is the same, and includes the following:

- **Plasmadyne Auto-EMT:** A heartless AI plays medical jingles and offers basic, patronising top-tips on using the equipment, as well as explaining available Plasmadyne payment plans (you can't afford them). Spend a **Credit** and it will give genuinely useful medical advice. Spend **3 Credits,** it'll connect you to a very tired Dial-Up-Doc in a call centre, which will use the Auto-EMT's limbs to perform necessary surgery, and unlock several new pieces of equipment in the bottom layer of the box.
- **Auto-Defibrillator:** The pride of the Big Red Box, this entry-level model delivers electrical charges and chest compressions to people whose hearts have stopped. Expect to wake from the dead covered in bruises and with a few broken ribs!
- **Auto-Suture:** A beam of light that accelerates the formation of scar tissue, and messily seals up wounds. That scarring is distinctive, so thank the stars Plasmadyne offers elective surgery to make it look passable.
- **Spray Bandage:** Foamlike adhesive used to seal wounds and prevent infection. Suspiciously similar to Spacer's Miracle-branded sealant used by engineers to patch hull breaches.
- **Pneumatic Splint:** This adaptable plastic brace keeps any joint still. The original models of the Big Red Box contained a Sonic Scrambler that liquidated bones and fused them back together in the right shape, but the unit cost got too high, so they swapped it for this.
- **Laser Scalpel:** Plasmadyne struggled to work out how to sell knives to people, so invented a high-intensity very focused laser for medical use. It could probably cut through solid steel with the right prism.
- **Stimulants and Painkillers:** A bag of highly-addictive drugs labelled "For medical use only." They range from opiates to adrenaline to antihistamines. Solves most problems, and can be topped up at an accredited Plasmadyne provider once every 180 days. If you need more, there's a payment plan for that.

There are no low or high quality variations of the medkit. Everyone uses the Big Red Box. Professional doctors might scramble together their own version of the kit, and criminals break them down for parts or hack them to get the secret features.

ENGINEERING TOOLSET

Every spaceship in the galaxy needs an engineering kit. Your ship is a bucket of bolts! She's going to break eventually, and then you'll be happy you have this with you.

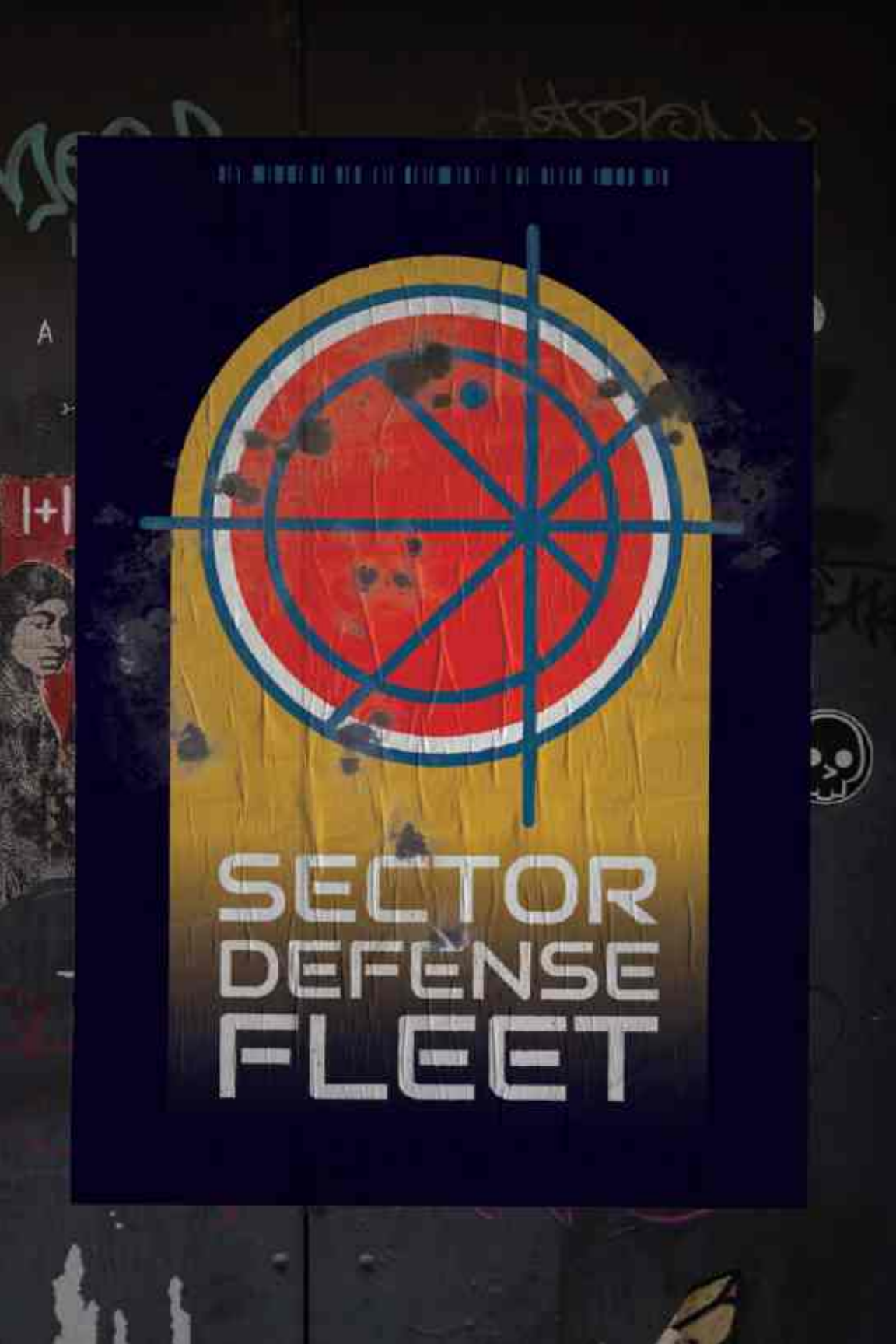
Unlike the Big Red Box, no one sells standardised engineering equipment. One probably came with your ship when it was new, but no self-respecting engineer would willingly use these budget materials. More so than any, this list is non-exhaustive and any toolset might have multiple copies of everything. Most of your credits go to buying this stuff and using it to make sure the ship doesn't fall apart.

Manufactured by Arcon Equipment, Ryan's Own Brand and Tetvis Alcon, as well as basically every starship manufacturer.

Most engineering kits contain one of the following:

- **Foam Sealant:** One step up from duct tape, this kilogram heavy spray can contain what seems like half a ton of expanding foam. This miracle compound is ultra-light, fire-resistant, radiation-resistant, pressure-resistant, vacuum-resistant and altogether non-reactive. Engineers use it to seal up hulls, encase dangerous components, adhere surfaces and fill gaps, all without damaging electrical components. In a pinch, it will also suppress fires if you don't want to vent the atmosphere of a section into space. A separate (much more expensive) spray can contains a specially formulated acid which melts the sealant. The brand product is Spacer's Miracle, manufactured by Hawks Supplies, with a thousand imitations.

- **Plasma Welder:** If you want two surfaces on a spaceship to stick together, use a plasma welder. Covering most things in arc jet-melted iron will do the job. Some models even come with sufficient protective clothing. If Spacer's Miracle won't do the job sealing up a gap, you call on your plasma welder.
- **Pneumatic Crowbar:** Most of engineering is just leverage, and a pneumatic crowbar delivers that in spades.
- **Laser Cutter:** The rest of the engineering is making things hot, and a laser cutter delivers that in spades.
- **Injection Riveter:** A high-power electro-magnet that shoots out rivets at high enough force to embed them in an inch of steel. Labelled with a big-warning sign that says "DON'T POINT THIS AT PEOPLE."
- **Multitool:** It's a hammer, a screwdriver, a tiny little saw, a ruler and a drill all in one, and it weighs about 400 grams. Keep one in your pocket.
- **Telescopic Bracing Pole:** This metal pole can extend anywhere from 1 to 20 feet, used for supporting surfaces and poking things. There's a little slot on the end for a multitool, a flashlight or a handheld sensor. The market leader is Tenfoot.
- **Portable Generator:** Sometimes, you need a little bit of power to make something in a starship work. This is a sub-nuclear power generator inside a one-foot-wide metal cube. It comes with a very thick instruction manual that most people lose quite quickly. The box itself weighs about four hundred kilograms. Only the very fancy ones have wheels.
- **Matter Fabricator:** If you don't have something simple, and you need it, you can probably fabricate one. A matter fabricator makes simple shapes out of steel, thermoplastic and resin when fed cubes of the appropriate matter and the right file. It can create components like gears, nail, cables, screws or other dohickies very easily and with reasonable dimensional accuracy, but it will never print anything complex with multiple components.


SECTOR
DEFENSE
FLEET

Faster-than-Light!

In previous **ORBITAL BLUES** books, we glossed over space travel as a concept. Inter-system travel was obviously possible, humanity has laid claim to most of the Outlaw Galaxy after all, but we never really discussed how. Your crew had a spaceship and it was where they lived and how they got about. That was all that mattered. Someone would pressed a button and it went very fast. It wasn't important whether the Interstellar Outlaw's Crew Ship ran on hydrogen fuel or warp drives or worm holes or bussard ramjets.

It still isn't if you don't want it to be.

But eventually, you'll have to make a decision about how space travel works, especially if you want players to move between systems in your **ORBITAL BLUES** game. The science isn't massively important to the game, but the narrative consequences of it are.

We're presenting three options for how space travel works, and importantly how it will affect your game.

OPTION 1:
SLOW INTER-SYSTEM TRAVEL

Travel between star-systems is possible, and ships can achieve speed beyond 21st century vessels, perhaps up to 0.9 C (meaning 90% of the speed of light). This means if you want to go from one system to another it takes years. For the very closest system, you might be able to manage it in a month or two. If your travel is closer to 21st century speeds, space travel will take decades or even hundreds or thousands of years.

Whatever the precise speed or method, inter-system travel is difficult and vastly time consuming. Moving between systems becomes a slow, introspective process, creating possibility for montages or for adventures where the crew interact with no one but themselves. Cryogenic technology is likely very advanced, so people sleep for long periods of time during travel. Things are close together. Many people never leave the system they grew up in. Colonies are clustered together. Planets are terraformed to make them better to live on, just so places are closer together.

If your ship breaks in this kind of space travel, you have barely any choice apart from slapping on a distress beacon and waiting in the cold dark.

CHOOSE THIS OPTION IF:

- ► You want to have a gritty, low tech campaign.
- ► You want your adventure or campaign to focus on a single system (or a network of close ones).
- ► You haven't prepped anything outside the system you started in.
- ► You want to tie people to a specific place.
- ► You want skipping town to be a big decision.

roix trial date

set for Roland St Croix
ler and organised crime
in News.

insists Tor Zek

Scorch Prison's Warden claims "drills" cause of recent disturbances. In Security.

Boltega interview

The two-time Triple Crown Classic winner on what drew her to the Yards. In Sport.

ZETA RECORD

THE REACH'S NEWS | 27.14.17790 | 2 DECICRED

DEAKIN CONFIRMED

Alexe Deakin will be appointed as the inaugural Corporate Confederacy Ambass

A determined looking Alexe Deakin leaves Providence Hall on the final day of her confirmation hearing.

Sham Tillam

after being mired in controver
months, Alexe Deakin was yes
confirmed as the Corporate Confed
brand new Ambassador to the
Sector Council. Justices Hamon
Semiseon and Clearwinton finally
off on Deakin's four year appoi
after a seven-hour closed-door
Sources close to the Judicial
reported that the debate
"extremely heated" at points.

The concept of a CorCon Ambassa
been hotly debated all across the
ever since the idea was proposed
six years ago. Critics argued th
appointment would give the
companies that make up the Confe
undue influence and power over t
Sector Council. Debate was
further when Deakin's name
through by the CorCon board. Pre
Senior Executive with Boston's A
Safety Team was already a contr
figure for the organisation with th
"Talamex Savings Scandal", and
an unusual choice as the
CorCon Ambassador upo
announcement of her appo
Deakin released this statement:

"I am incredibly proud to accep
prestigious honor and look fo
working closely with the Sixth
Council as we build a better futu
citizens of the Reach."

Cont. Page 4.

REMEMBERING INGO STATION

EDIT

As one of the "Nine Old Stations" prepares for decommission. Beaux St Cloud looks

the glittering stars of the Centaur's Shoul
prepare to bow one of their shining
brothers as the final few members of Ingo
Station's skeleton crew pack up and leave
to ship out.

While never the technological marvel that
was Pioneer One or the luxuriant home of
Priory Base, Ingo Station was nonetheless
a key part of the early days of the reach
and its presence will be sorely missed by
weary travellers the Reach over.

The fifth of the Nine Old Stations to be
built, Ingo was originally designed by JT
Whitney of Dominus Designs. The
station's modularity and adaptability was
revolutionary for its time and paved the
way for other landmark modular designs
such as Highlower Point on Dakkeri III
and the Governor Building in Selvar. As
the years went by, Ingo grew and expand-
ed into a

Cont. Page 30.

Station XXVE, IIIII

STATION REGISTRY

O REOPENS

es have finally given the all-clear
pen the world of Jago. After an
al accident at the NARAN plant on
net's northern continent thirteen
go, the entire planet was declared
inhabitable.

the accident, NARAN filed for
uptcy and Jago fell into the
stration of the Third Sector Council
the rights to the planet were
ased by LaSalle Dynamic Labs.
then chief scientist Dr Tomas
n and his team have been hard at
epairing the damaged world for a
ecatorming project. Now, after its
f cleansing Jago has officially been
ed as safe to habitable once again.
sentatives from the Third Sector
ch's science team, as well as leading
ists from nomad Sciences and
ponents, Fuller INC and Pytrovich
atories have all signed off on the
's habitability.

ver, in a break from consensus, Zeta
d investigation have discovered that
esentative of the Walker Cox biology
did not sign off on Jago's safety and
bility. Walker Cox did not immediate-
er a statement when they were
ed out to

Page 4.

OMART NORTH ULLS OUT OF NEW ELD OFFICE

shock move, security conglome
ner North have announced that
not be going ahead with
struction of a new fixed off
eal. With groundwork said to
e been underway on the
ation, this announce
n met with outrage from
ster's Office.

, Page 5.

Don't let hidden starship fees surprise you.

At P'ac'azark Investments we have no hidden fees, no trade minimums and no Starship Premium Fees

OPTION 2:
INFRASTRUCTURE FTL

Faster-than-light (FTL) travel is possible, but not on common vessels. Moving faster-than-light involves enormous engineering projects, not things that can be built into every ship in the Outlaw Galaxy.

When corporations invest in a system, they build something to make FTL travel there possible. We've given a few examples in the Sector Runner and Void Cavalier sections on page 93, but they're usually something big and expensive that messes around with the fabric of reality. The spaceport sits there, and becomes somewhere you go if you want to travel from one system to another.

This creates a checkpoint you have to travel through if you want to escape a system. Good luck being on the run from system security if you want to get through a Van Keer Gate run by one of the local corps. This turns jumping the system into a mini-heist, and makes leaving the system difficult but possible if you are up to it.

People and businesses tend to form clusters of industry and enterprise, to service the infrastructure itself as well as the people who travel using it. They become settlements in space, with space stations, ship docks, fueling ports and other things. There form little adventure hubs where the Crew can return to again and again.

Not everything needs to be controlled by corporations: anyone with engineering skills and money could build a Van Keer Gate or a Wormhole Caster, while a Sector Runner or a Void Cavalier could be stolen by rebels or pirates.

CHOOSE THIS OPTION IF:

- ► You want to keep hard sci-fi vibes for space travel within systems, but still be able to between them.
- ► You want semi-skimmed FTL: all the benefits of being possible, without it being easy enough to trivialise travel.
- ► You want drama. When you're on the run, inter-system travel can feel like a heist.
- ► You want to be able to run from the System Authorities, but for it to still feel like hard work.
- ► You want to creates clusters of civilisation around the infrastructure.

OPTION 3:
TRUE FTL

Engines exist that allow common vessels to move faster than the speed of light. It might be a warp drive, or a wormhole caster, or simply an enormous engine that bends space time. The important thing is that anyone who wants to get from place-to-place can.

Travel between close by systems is fast, possibly instant. You can maybe even get from one side of the galaxy to the other in a couple weeks.

True FTL also means a lot of the galaxy is just empty. In situations where travel takes loads of time, how far away something is a serious economic decision, as somewhere taking half as much time to get to is a huge motivator for a colony, space station or mining operation. If you can get anywhere instantly, only the finest veins of ore are used for mines, only the most arable planets are lived on, and you don't need as many service stations on the intergalactic highways. No one ever terraforms anything, because there is almost certainly a much better planet to live on only a few hours away.

The moment things go south and system security are onto you, you can jump from one place to the next, possibly over jurisdictional boundaries. You have to worry about bounty hunters now, and not the cops.

CHOOSE THIS OPTION IF:

- You want a glossy, high tech campaign that feels more like magic.
- You want players to explore whatever they want, and open up the entire galaxy as a playground.
- You want to focus on what happens, rather than how it happens. Handwave away all that science.
- You want to give the players freedom to jump anywhere, then run away from their enemies easily, and get away with big crimes.
- You want travel to be fast, smooth and simple so you can focus on the action.

FTL INFRASTRUCTURE

Faster-than-light (FTL) travel drives the galactic economy, and the corporations have dug their fingers (and their R&D departments) into profiting from it. Here are a few different methods of FTL travel you might find throughout the Outlaw Galaxy. Some, all, or none of these might exist in your setting, depending on your approach to Space Travel.

VAN KEER GATES

This Void Slingshot was a standard design originally constructed by Calstar Corporation at their research facility within the Van Keer Nebula.

The underlying principle of the Void Slingshot relies on casmirium, whose stable isotope is also known as Van Keer matter, which can be induced to produce negative energy and therefore fold spacetime safely and efficiently.

A Void Slingshot has an electrostatic Van Keer application screen, used to apply a thin layer of Van Keer matter onto a ship, which is then moved into the acceleration chamber. There, a larger Van Keer manipulator produces a rotating toroidal black hole with an internal aperture with a radius at least twice the width of the ship, into which the ship is propelled. The intense gravitational forces catalyse the Van Keer matter on the hull, causing it to fold space and move the ship at superluminal speeds towards its destination. The precise density of Van Keer matter applied determines the final effective speed, and therefore distance travelled, and individual Van Keer gates have to be calibrated to head to specific locations.

The Van Keer matter breaks down over the course of the journey transmuting itself to iron, the most stable element, which must be washed off the hull.

Van Keer matter can be found in very small quantities in most stellar nebula, but some (such as the eponymous Van Keer Nebula) contain vastly increased amounts. Calstar mines the nebula for it and ships it across the galaxy for the construction and operation of Void Slingshot. It must be stored in specialised gravitationally neutral containers, lest it autocatalyse into inert iron powder.

THE WORMHOLE CASTER

Calstar isn't the only name in the game in FTL infrastructure. Oblus-Laine Innovations saw the principles of the Van Keer Gate and saw a business opportunity to try making their own version and undo the monopoly Calstar had built in the sector.

In reality, Robert Laine, CEO and co-founder, devoted his entire research team for decades to the project to out-do one of his old partners, Christiana Volderbeck, who Calstar poached to run their C-Speed-Infrastructure division. He pitched it to the board as an advertising stunt, but nearly bankrupted Oblus-Laine to beat his hated rival.

By the time the early prototypes of the Oblus-Laine Wormhole Caster were working, and not spaghettifying test vessels with gravity shear, they didn't have the investment budget left to bring it across the galaxy. The single working model remains in the Pyngarr System, its technology sophisticated beyond belief but blisteringly inefficient. The Pyngarr star itself is shrouded in energy collectors, leaving the system in the dark, and no less than four of Pyngarr II's moons are covered in continent-spanning high tech systems: scanners, energy broadcasters, quantum particle storage and computer cores for wormhole calibration.

It works though. Oblus Laine picks a single point in space, anywhere in the Outlaw Galaxy, and rips a hole in spacetime there. The other end of the portal appears just outside the Pyngarr III debris field (created by the many tests they attempt with both manned and unmanned vessels). Going through either end of the wormhole pops you out at the other in seconds.

It's safe now though. As long as you don't point a scanner at where a wormhole used to be. Funny things happen when space gets thin.

Now it makes wormholes, 20 to 40 a day, to wherever Oblus-Laine and its shareholders want to go. Bidding wars occur over the routes, with corporations and wealthy individuals. It is said Oblus-Laine is squirrelling away the profits, plotting to build a second Wormhole Caster closer to the Core, perhaps in the Donahue System.

One hell of a publicity stunt. Robert can hardly believe the thing works. Who said vengeance is an idiot's game?

SECTOR RUNNERS

Only the most powerful of corporations can operate a Sector Runner, a true manifestation of economies of scale.

These city-sized vessels run irregularly between the largest of star systems, or journey to set up colonies or large space stations off of existing paths set up by Van Keer Gates.

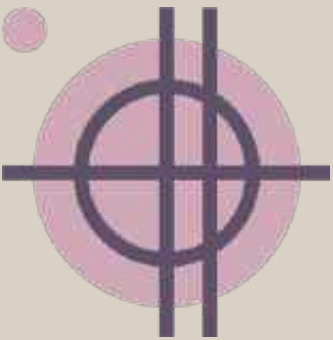
Since the ships are so large, building a Van Keer Gate large enough to fit them through would be an impractical feat. Instead the vessels contain their own superluminal drives, containing a stable singularity that creates an Alcubierre field. This engine warps the fabric of space time around the edges of the vessel, contracting space in front of it and expanding the space behind it, causing it to move faster than the speed of light.

Most Sector Runners supplement their corporate activities by opening up their vast capacity to civilians. There are a myriad of berths available, from shoebox dormitories for entire workforces or colonies population, private spaces for the crew of vessels, or vast executive suites for corporate sponsors. There is also enough space in the hold to fit hundreds of vessels the size of a Crew Ship, and some Crews choose to save money by staying on their own ship for the length of the journey.

Sector Runners feel like hotels or cruise ships, with the largest feelings like cities to themselves. They will include amenities for those travelling: shops, bars, restaurants, banks and casinos.

When a Sector Runner leaves or arrives in a system, it creates an enormous hustle and bustle, as dozens of vessels and thousands of passengers embark and disembark at once. This often makes a wonderful opportunity for crime, and a well-placed bribe to the right official can get people, cargo or even entire vessels snuck on their cavernous holds.

SOME OF THE CORPORATIONS WITH ACTIVE SECTOR RUNNERS:



VOID CAVALIERS

It is possible to make a gunship go faster than light itself, but it is incredibly expensive. Should you somehow earn the ire of the executives of the biggest corps in the galaxy, and prove yourself an issue that can only be solved by throwing a few billion credits at it, they'll send in the cavalry.

This cavalry is a Void Cavalier.

These first strike and rapid response vessels are outfitted with the most advanced weaponry available, as well as high-tech FTL drives capable of placing themselves anywhere in the Outlaw Galaxy within an hour. A vessel can appear instantaneously almost anywhere and annihilate even the most hardened target from orbit, often before anti-vessel defence systems can even be deployed.

A Void Cavalier will typically be armed with space-to-surface torpedoes, phased plasma weaponry, magna-railguns, EMP-pulsars and even more devastating experimental weaponry, as well as being able to disgorge dozens of attack shuttles full of armed and armoured security personnel to deal with the survivors. Once you have paid for the design, construction and fuelling of a state-of-the-art superluminal-capable attack craft, the cost of collateral damage is an afterthought, if a thought at all.

Only the most powerful corporations in the Outlaw Galaxy own these vessels outright. Corps like Rostovic, Al-Ilani, Blackstar or Tetvis-Alcon might have a single vessel on their security payroll, ready for rapid responses against pirates, insurgents or rival corps. A few of the more notorious mercenary companies, Rasslock-Braun, Bomart North or Xuefeng Defense, keep three or four on their books at a time and sell them to the highest bidders for exorbitant prices.

When corporate cold wars run hot, these are the vessels they send. Entire fields of industrial espionage

are concerned with concealing a corp's own Void Cavalier capabilities, and calculating the "cavalier counts" of a company's corporate rivals. Counter-security departments obsess over the most efficient first-strike combinations, or the strikes would be deployed against them, and probing a rival's asset list to find the most damaging attack patterns.

Following a decades-long speculative arms race, the first Void Cavaliers were deployed during the last major interstellar war: the Ambridge Belt Engagement. In this three month conflict between the Olivaire Conglomerate and the various Hasugian subsidiaries, over 23 Void Cavaliers were deployed and subsequently destroyed. With these vessels lost, it was estimated the number of Void Cavaliers in the galaxy was as much as halved. Civilian casualties numbered in the millions.

Crew Ships cannot face a Void Cavalier in open combat. In almost all conflicts they apply instant and overwhelming force. They can be fled or evaded, particularly in highly populated areas like space stations, Van Keer stations or mining facilities. They can also be fought in or near disturbances like asteroid fields, nebulas or spatial anomalies.

The main weakness of a Void Cavalier is the arrogance of its captain and crew. The offensive capabilities of a Void Cavalier vastly outweigh its defensive capabilities, and most conflicts they engage in end with them annihilating their enemies and mopping up survivors. Most Void Cavalier captains have never lost a battle, and often don't think they can. The most cunning Outlaws can exploit this to gain victory.

KNOWN VOID CAVALIERS

Captain Dasan Lovelock
The Falconet
property of Hasugian Ltd

Captain Asani Dalmore
The Gilgamesh
property of Loke Arms

Captain Jensein Tennessee
The Lance Imperishable
flagship of the Olivaire Conglomerate Voidfleet

Captain Lorn Sokhem
The Grand Old Lady
property of the Iron Eyes mercenary group

Captain Alicent Thompson
The Napoleon
property of Centurion

Captain Anahita Ershadi
The Bombadier's Reach
stolen from Magda Hydroforming by Johnson's Reach separatists

love in

a time of blues

ORBITAL BLUES is about spacebound malaise in the dustbowl future. Your characters cannot really win. Depression and poverty are almost completely inescapable.

This is a very sad game. As written, there is no happy ending. Your Interstellar Outlaw needs money to survive, but because of the currency engine in **ORBITAL BLUES** you can never get enough money to retire, only to make ends meet. Your cowboy is doomed to spending the rest of their life wandering around space, riddled with the trauma of their Trouble.

The only way to get experience is being sad. You only become more powerful with negative emotional outbursts.

Afterburn is about different things: hope, family, excitement. This might not be all you can be.

A GLIMMER IN THE DARK

Warmth is an optional special rule that adds hope back into **ORBITAL BLUES**. You gain Warmth by sharing positive moments with your ship and crew, and it can be used to interact with your Troubles. You can spend this resource on A Real Moment, a positive moment of introspection and happiness that can bring understanding and growth to your characters.

Warmth also adds an out to **ORBITAL BLUES**: Movin' On. Your spaceship is your family and they might make you heal. This is how you win the game, by getting over it and getting out.

WHAT SHE MEANS TO YOU

Space is cold and very dark. Your ship is warm.

It isn't warm because there's a fuel cell running and fans pumping a breathable atmosphere around the decks. It's warm because it's full of people, and, despite what you might say, you care about them.

The ship means freedom. You'd be stuck without her. You'd be stranded on a rock, working a job for a corp to pay rent and food and bills. The ship means you'll never be in one place again and you'll never have to answer for anyone except yourself and her.

She puts that glow in your heart. She doesn't work because of engine grease or technical knowhow. She works because of love. Your people are here. You're together and that's what matters. You have a bond, everyone on your boat and she is in the middle of you all and she keeps you warm.

Without her, you wouldn't be a family. Without her, you'd have a real job and everything that means. Without her, you couldn't look in the mirror and call yourself an outlaw.

Space is cold and very dark. Your ship is warm.

WARMTH

Whenever you do one of the following in play, gain **1 Warmth:**

- ► Having a sincere moment of friendship with a Crew Member.
- ► Your Ship or your Crew saves your ass and you know it, and you let her know some way.
- ► You think about a time something genuinely good happened to you.

A REAL MOMENT

When your **Warmth** and **Blues** are both at least 3, the player can choose to have **A Real Moment.**

In **A Real Moment,** you have a sincere and positive moment of reflection and you take an opportunity for growth. This shit is better than therapy. It's better than letting your Troubles Brew. Do it enough and you might actually feel better.

Spend **3 Blues** and **3 Warmth.** The player chooses one of the following effects:

1. You tell someone the truth and they believe you.
2. You tell someone what they need to hear and they listen.
3. You ask for a second chance from someone you have a bond with and they give you one.
4. You get back up full of Heart and keep going.
5. Ask the Storyteller a question. If the Storyteller thinks this moment of clarity might give you an answer, they answer it.
6. Take one of the Triggers from one of your Troubles and change it.

THERE AIN'T NO EASY ANSWER

Storyteller, don't be stingy with option 5. If there's no answer to the question, they don't spend their **Warmth** or **Blues**.

STARSHIP

MOVIN' ON

If you reach an end of the road—your troubles too great to manage, your debts too heavy, your race run—you can attempt to **Move On** and remove one of your Troubles.

Movin' On is a voluntary process in which you set out to destroy one of your Troubles. Declare that you're **Movin' On** at the start of an **Arc.** During the **Arc,** once you've hit **6 Warmth,** you can enter a special Scene as a climax of the **Arc.**

Bring your **Trouble** into your world and confront it, showing it that it has no power over you anymore.

If you believe what you say, remove the **Trouble** from your character sheet and set **Warmth** and **Blues** to 0. If you don't have any **Trouble** left, you retire. You ain't an Outlaw no more.

If you say it and don't believe it, you fail at **Movin' On.** Better luck next time...

PLOTTING OUT THE ARC

This Arc and Scene depends on the Trouble. Troubles that relate to specific people, like My Father Was A Rolling Stone, Best Served Cold or Lovesick, probably adds a prominent NPC to the campaign, and confronting them is simple. For vaguer Troubles, such as A Higher Cause, In Too Deep or Time Behind Bars, this might result in conflict with a faction. Some Troubles, like Too Big For Your Boots, Party Animal or Bloodthirsty, are about confronting behaviour rather than people. Sometimes this is a matter of making a metaphor into a person, or doing something else to grant perspective.

THE TENN-ESSEE FIVE

BY SAM SLENEY

"Maybe it meant something. Maybe not, in the long run, but no explanation, no mix of or music or memories can touch that sense of knowing that you were there and alive in that corner of time and the world. Whatever it meant."

— Hunter S. Thompson

Since its first iterations, the world of **ORBITAL BLUES** was a loose canvas upon which to tell emotive stories of heartbreak, love, loss and lessons learned the hard way. The Interstellar Outlaws, as frequently transient characters, the *where* is often secondary to the *what* and the *who* when it comes to structuring the tales of our sad space cowboys. The atmosphere and backdrop of a game is just as important as any player at the table, or beloved NPC in the narrative.

Enter then, the Tennessee Five; a tentpole star system with planets representing everything from hard-bitten, blue-collar hardship on frozen ice giants, all the way up to high-rolling debutantes living their decadent lives aboard boutique mall satellites. It's a place packed with story, rife with opportunities for credit-making, and most handily, it is a point of origin for Androids so sophisticated they can walk the path of Interstellar Outlaws by their own free will, offering new character creation options for players. For more on that, see the section on Androids (page 247) that follows this adventure.

The Tennessee Five is a fringe system, easily placed anywhere in your own **ORBITAL BLUES** universe. It's a diverse place filled with many people, similar in design and useability to the Sutler System (page 157 of **ORBITAL BLUES** core), but with a step up in depth and scope.

Let's look at six key events within the Tennessee Five. Aim to centre play around at least one of these, and connections to others will inevitably emerge as your crew explores:

- **Armilory-Dyson,** a tech giant that has pioneered and developed **Android technology** was founded here. The corporation have used their immense wealth to open a **Van Keer Gate** and connect the Tennessee Five with more than just the haulage routes of its long-profitable fuel and lumber industry.
- New arrivals in the system may be caught unawares by the level at which Androids have integrated into society here and become their own people, never having been shackled to machine directives thanks to the genius of their reclusive creator, **Dr. Heron Armilory.**
- Previously confidential schematics and prototypes for Android technology are beginning to leak out of the system, driven by corporate espionage engineered by Heron's estranged ex-wife (and majority company share-holder) **Tammy-Lee Armilory.**
- Across the system, a black market syndicate known as the **Icebreaker Cartel** are establishing themselves, driving a wedge between law and order. A sizable bounty stands for their leader, the elusive **Iceman.**
- On the ice giant of **Anchorage IV,** a folk hero by the name of the **Kingfisher,** fights for the rights of workers both human and Android. From his flagship, *Liberty's Dawn,* he strikes blow after blow against the titanic Armilory-Dyson and **Mitschk Oil** corporations in a David and Goliath-styled struggle.
- On the shattered planet of **Rothcoe,** corporate eyes look hungrily at reinstating the Red Shift Run: a high-octane ship race across the planet's many deserts and canyons. The race has not been run in half a century due to the planet's partial destruction at the hands of such corporations, but whoever wins this inaugural race stands to claim great riches and influence, potentially altering the course of the system forever.

The Tennessee Five is primed to become a melting pot of corporate intrigue and espionage, rife with socio-economic shifts that will affect its citizens and visitors for decades to come. The old order is dying, and new ones are struggling to take hold. Now is the time of opportunity.

BUY!

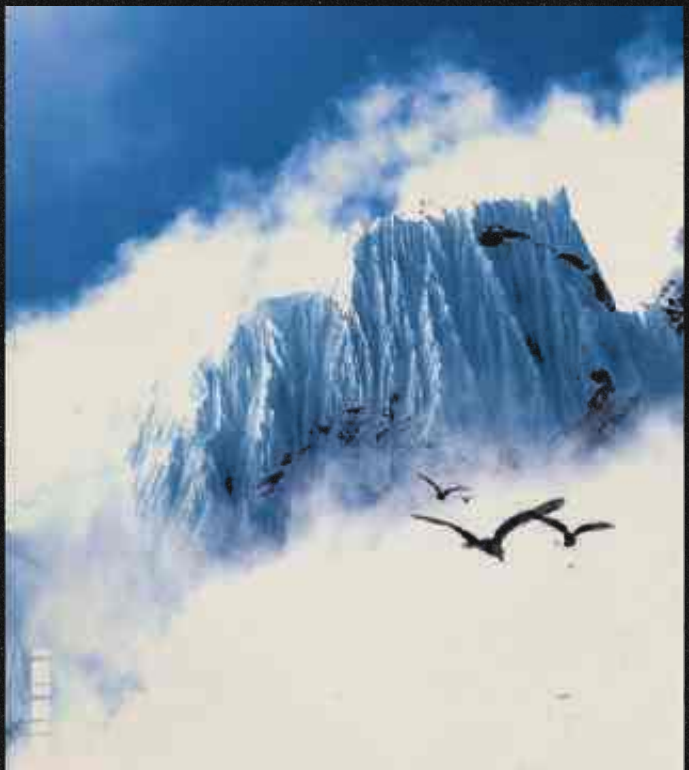
THE PLANETS

Despite its name, the Tennessee Five is made up of four main planets orbiting the system's sun of **Galilee,** along with the large satellite station, Gallatin, as an honorary fifth.

The five planets of the Tennessee System are:

ANCHORAGE IV

An ice giant on the outer fringes of the system, **Anchorage IV** has a planet-wide biome similar to the northern reaches of Earth's Arctic Circle, interspersed with vast frozen seas and snow-blasted mountains. Beneath its glacial flows, pockets of a natural gas known as promine—a potent fuel—provide for the planet's economy. As gouts of the pressurised gas burst from the land, they freeze almost instantly in the sub-zero atmosphere, forming jagged monolithic columns rich with liquid fuel. These are prime for a lucrative, if not dangerous extraction, with fuel overtaking the planet's traditional trawler fishing industry.



EDISTON

A sprawling, planet-wide metropolis of concrete and steel, **Ediston** is a bustling hive of commerce and industry. "Blessed" with a longer day/night cycle than the average habitable planets enjoy, the typical citizen here works (and plays) harder than many places in the galaxy. Due to these longer workdays and robust workforces, a number of corporations from across the galactic frontier have established headquarters, factories and customer service centres on Ediston. Most prominent amongst these is Armilory-Dyson, pioneers in machine tools, computer parts, and famously, Androids.

GALLATIN

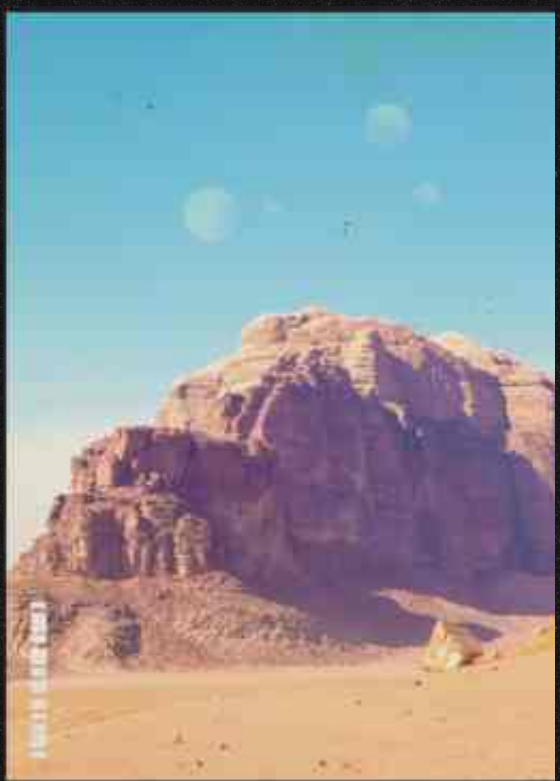
An Orbital Habitual situated in a solar rotation between Ediston and Ohrid, **Gallatin** is a modestly-sized station-town dedicated to luxury. If Ediston is where the system's money is made, then Gallatin is where it is spent. Entrances both grand and discreet lead to boutique parlours, specialist stores and exclusive clubs, and the upper levels are given to apartments and penthouses that know little equal this side of the platinum belt.

OHRID

Nestled in a perfect habitation zone in relation to the system's sun, **Ohrid** is a green and verdant planet, with deep, rolling pine forests, open prairies for cattle grazing and bountiful seas that teem with shoals of fish. When the high-end manufacturers of the galaxy need wood, and woodgrain-print plastics won't suffice, Ohrid provides. When caterers want only the finest seafood for their *hors-d'œuvres*, it is Ohrid that delivers. The rural peace that blankets Ohrid is only ever disturbed by the tremors of industrial haulers, sending birds flocking from the trees as they leave the capital port of Charlestown to export the planet's bounties out across the stars.

ROTHCOE

A dry, arid and rocky hell of a planet close to the system's sun, **Rothcoe** is populated by mining colonies and gold-rush transients on merit of its seemingly endless mineral wealth. Vast canyons have always snaked across Rothcoe's surface, their depths glittering with precious metals and minerals, but in the last half-century Rothcoe has become critically fragmented on account of a disastrous continental-scale mining operation. Today, it is three quarters of a planet, a huge tectonic plate blown into orbit, with fragments drifting in the light of the sun. High in the atmosphere, spacers drift on life-preserving cords hundreds of metres long, extracting minerals amongst the debris fields.



THE PLANETS

In addition, new visitors to the system will likely arrive via the newly-opened Van Keer Gate, connecting the Tennessee Five to the wider Frontier Galaxy:

THE DYSON MEMORIAL GATE

Orbiting the system's outer reaches, the Dyson Memorial Station is a Van Keer Gate of monumental proportions, recently built to better accommodate the immense freighters that service the system's export economy. With its construction funded by Armilory-Dyson, the station was commissioned to serve double duty as the first point of call for the expected influx of interstellar tourists and fortune hunters anticipated with the return of Rothcoe's Red Shift Run. As such, it boasts more amenities than the average jump-gate station, and new arrivals in the system can expect a comfortable welcome here.

THE PEOPLE

If you're in the Tennessee Five for any amount of time, it's hard not to pick up the names of a few local celebrities and historical figures. Everything here is common knowledge to the average local, and easily learned by outsiders when asking around or listening for gossip:

DR. HERON ARMILORY, CEO

The co-founder of Armilory-Dyson, Dr. Heron Armilory is a technical genius and charismatic savant with a near-infinite number of resources at his disposal. The one thing he lacks however is a fixed identity. In order to obtain such a vice-like grip on the socioeconomics of the Tennessee Five, Armilory utilises a dizzying number of Android replicas of himself with different ages, backgrounds and mannerisms to suit any given situation. Whilst many know of Heron Armilory and what he has done for the system, very few can say they have actually met the man himself.

TAMMY-LEE ARMILORY

Heron Armilory's ex-wife, Tammy-Lee is a sharp, pragmatic woman who laid claim to a carefully curated selection of Armilory-Dyson assets following a widely-publicised divorce settlement from the eccentric engineer. Since then, many of the methods of Android manufacturing that were exclusive to Armilory-Dyson have curiously slipped from the company's grasp, along with a great deal of Heron Armilory's private and personal projects. Known as "Ma Hilary" to the working class of Ohrid, Tammy-Lee enjoys a quiet retirement from a grand prairie ranch on the green planet.

JACK DYSON

The honorary posthumous co-founder of Armilory-Dyson, Jack Dyson is a figure of great respect in the lumberyards of Ohrid and the canyon-tracks of Rothcoe. An illustrious blue-collar hero, Dyson felled the biggest timbers in Ohrid's forests, and used those logs to build Rothcoe's mine-shafts. He was one of the founders of the Red Shift Run, and by the time he was tragically killed in a prospecting operation on Anchorage IV, he was a close personal friend of the system magnate Heron Armilory. In the wake of Jack's tragic death, Armilory vowed to spend all of his efforts revolutionising Android technology so that no human life was ever unnecessarily expended in labour again.

THE KINGFISHER

An enigmatic legend amongst the labourers of the system, the Kingfisher is a champion of worker's rights in the corporate-controlled system. With but a word he can form and mobilise unions, or close critical processing plants and factories with rapid and efficient strike action. Constantly on the move on the icy seas of Anchorage IV, the Kingfisher captains the *Liberty's Dawn*, a repurposed trawler from which he manages a network of corporate spies and resistance radio frequencies with military acumen. Amongst such legend and secrecy, the Kingfisher fights, watching over the system and its workers, making sure they get their due. To them, he's more than just a hero—he's a union man.

FRANCIS GARREAU

The kind of renaissance man rarely seen outside the history books, Garreau was a philanthropist who could have revolutionised the Frontier Galaxy. Said to have engineered renewable energy able to power ships, the final test of Garreau's research was an exploratory expedition utilising the technology aboard his own ship, the Silver Thunderbird. During this expedition, Garreau discovered promine gas, and put a previously unremarkable ice giant on the system's map as Anchorage IV. Considered the founding father of the planet, Garreau and his ship were tragically lost in the frozen wilderness of the icy planet, and have remained so for the better part of a century now. His legend still attracts treasure hunters to the planet, who search for the man's legacy in the treacherous landscape.

THE ICEMAN

Shrouded in greater mystery than even the Kingfisher, the Iceman is the moniker for the mastermind thought to be at the top of the Icebreaker Cartel. Earning their name establishing Anchorage IV as a hotspot for the smuggling of contraband at the system's frozen edges, they have made the Icebreaker Cartel a force to be reckoned with in the system. An Interstellar-class bounty has stood for their capture for some time, though none have ever come close to claiming it.

WANTED

AARON HOUSER
FOR CRIMES
AGAINST
THE CORPORATE

‡3.00

WANTED

JUNO AUDET
FOR CRIMES
AGAINST
THE CORPORATE

‡3.00

Additional 3 Credits for the safe return of all 12 of the kidnapped.

WANTED

"THE ICEMAN"
FOR CRIMES
AGAINST
THE SYSTEM

‡8.00

WANTED

EMIR ZENN
FOR CRIMES
AGAINST
THE SYSTEM

‡4.00

WANTED

PAWEL INSK
FOR CRIMES
AGAINST
THE CORPORATE

‡4.00

WANTED

MARA AL JASAN
FOR CRIMES
AGAINST
THE CORPORATE

‡3.00

WANTED

"THE KINGFISHER"

FOR CRIMES AGAINST THE SYSTEM

₵8.00*

WANTED

RAFE BRADLEY

FOR CRIMES AGAINST THE SYSTEM

₵2.00

*Armitory-Dyson can verify the identity of the Kingfisher upon capture and reserve the right to decline reward and seek damages against those attempting to turn-in imposters.

WANTED

WANTED

SEBASTIAN REDMAN

FOR CRIMES AGAINST THE SYSTEM

₵2.00

WANTED

JAN TECUMSEH

FOR CRIMES AGAINST THE SYSTEM

₵7.00

WANTED

ENZO ROMAN

FOR CRIMES AGAINST THE SYSTEM

₵3.00

CORPORATIO

While the Tennessee Five plays host to all the usual goods and services you'd expect to find across the Outlaw Frontier—**Rostovic, Donager, Jaxon's, Hauer,** and **Caldaire** to name but a few—it is also home to a few of its own native companies and operations:

ARMILORY-DYSON

Manufacturers of machine parts and computing systems, **Armilory-Dyson** are most famous for the quality of their Androids. For the last half-century, the company has relentlessly revolutionised the development of mass-produced Androids, making units almost indistinguishable from humans. An astounding 98% of models ace the Kyber-Bosch Artificial Independent Thought Test (KY-BAIT) with a 96% pass rate, and are the only Androids on the market to earn an A+ Rating from the Biomechanical Standards Board in the Indistinguishable Features category. Though Armilory-Dyson has seen many competitors and imitators rise in recent years, few can say anyone does it better.

ArD:IND NET CHANGE: +73.07 | % CHANGE +0.46% |
1MO/1YR: +1.60%/3.72% | INVESTMENT RECOMMENDED: Y

ORG

NS &

ADDCO. SECURITY

ADDCo. has been a peacekeeping staple of the Tennessee Five for decades, ensuring that whilst bounty work has its place in the system, it does not rule supreme and bring vigilante lawlessness to an otherwise corporate-controlled area of space. Police-for-hire, many see ADDCo. as an independent body, approved and sanctioned by the system's administration in a relationship of convenience. Yet the company name originates not from its Adder-head logo as per popular belief, but from its original acronym of Armilory-Dyson Defence Corps. Now run through multiple veils of subsidiaries to feign independence, the people of the Tennessee Five have long forgotten the relation, accepting the corporately-owned ADDCo. as their system's local law enforcement.

Peacekeeping Enterprise | Investment Data UNAVAILABLE |
Please contact your local precinct for funding information and donation opportunities

ANIZATIONS

ICEBREAKER CARTEL

A smuggling operation based out of Anchorage IV on the system's edge, the **Icebreaker Cartel** deals in everything from drugs and weapons to counterfeit technology and ships. If you need something illegal in the Tennessee Five, the Icebreaker Cartel are your people. Yet potential buyers cannot find the Icebreaker Cartel directly; they must be introduced to it by a representative, who are often unassuming, otherwise law-abiding civilians. This representative will provide a frequency to call after vetting the buyer, and orders can be placed over this line before a drop-off point is confirmed. Reports of the Icebreaker Cartel's operations have been around for a couple years, but ADDCo. have consistently failed to impede their business beyond a few interceptions of cargo drops on Anchorage IV.

ILLEGAL OPERATION | Investment and Involvement is a crime punishable by fines and imprisonment | Contact your local ADDCo. station to report any suspicious activity or individuals |

MITSCHK OIL

Providing a modern essential to innumerable systems, **Mitschk Oil** cemented their success with a now infamous business practice. For the past century, Mitschk has operated a predatory scheme that welcomes anyone to prospect the stars on their behalf in exchange for 10% of profits made on fuels found. Simply have one of their transponders fixed to your ship, and venture off into the stars. When you find combustibles or precious minerals, activate the transmitter's scanners, and await contact from Mitschk to discuss extraction.

What the policy relegates to the small print however, is *how long* it can take for Mitschk to send an extraction rig out, or how many years it will be until the fuels turn a profit. *The galaxy is a big place,* Mitschk's customer services remind disgruntled prospectors, and *you did sign a contract not to leave the transmitter unattended.* Many prospectors die out in the great black cold of space, watching signals peter out, awaiting extraction vessels that are decades away. The cost of opportunity!

MKO:IND NET CHANGE: +62.05 | % CHANGE +0.31% | 1MO/1YR: +1.15%/3.72% | INVESTMENT RECOMMENDED: Y

012-35c

DIVISION INTELLIGENCE BULLETIN

DR. HERON ARMILORY

DATE OF BIRTH:	UNKNOWN
CITIZEN:	TENNESSEE FIVE
HEIGHT:	UNKNOWN
WEIGHT:	UNKNOWN
MARITAL STATUS:	DIVORCED
CHILDREN:	UNKOWN
MARKS:	UNKNOWN
HAIR COLOUR:	UNKNOWN
EYE COLOUR:	UNKNOWN
CURRENT RESIDENCE:	UNKNOWN

CONFIDENTIAL

The co-founder of Armilory-Dyson, Dr. Heron Armilory is [redacted] a near-infinite number of resources at his disposal. [redacted] fixed identity. [redacted] a vice-like grip on economy of the Tennessee Five, Armilory has utilised [redacted] different ages, backgrounds and mannerisms to suit any given climate or situation. [redacted] negotiate new or existing deals, [redacted] Armilory does not indulge in televised appearances or interviews. [redacted] public appearance, and [redacted] demographic [redacted] In a corporate business meeting [redacted] Armilory is a savvy [redacted] renew your contract [redacted] Say, how old is your boy now? [redacted] Ohrid unionised and struck to meet [redacted]

ACCESS CONTROLLED

225.308
M5.76

the SYSTEM

RUNNING THE SANDBOX

The Tennessee Five is a sandbox, separated into major and minor locales, with notable points of interest and the characters at each. After this, there is an appendix of the NPCs with their associated jobs or plot points, along with a list of the system's bounties and classified ads that could be found on local bounty boards.

A campaign set in the Tennessee Five begins with a Crew arriving from out of system through the Dyson Memorial Gate. Free FTL jump-stream invites are transmitted like junk mail courtesy of Armilory-Dyson to stress test the gate after its recent completion, and Interstellar Outlaws rarely turn down free rides. Additionally, Crews could also have pre-existing motivations to visit the system, tied into one of the following draws:

- **CRED-CHASING BOUNTY HUNTERS** may have caught wind of the sizable bounty on the Kingfisher or the Iceman.
- **NO-GOOD SMUGGLERS** may be seeking stable work with the Icebreaker Cartel.
- **THRILL SEEKERS AND ADRENALINE JUNKIES** could be looking for more information on the Red Shift Run.
- **TECH-HEADS AND ENGINEERS** might be curious to check out where this new generation of cutting-edge Androids are coming from.
- **HONEST, HARD-WORKING FOLK** may have seen job ads seeking miners, lumberjacks or other labourers posted in galactic classifieds.
- **OPTIMISTIC DREAMERS** may have heard of the legend of Francis Garreau and his lost marvel, the *Silver Thunderbird*.

A visitor's guide to the Tennessee Five, proudly presented to you in association with the Armilory-Dyson Foundation for Interstellar Commerce and Tourism.

USING THIS SANDBOX

The Tennessee Five is divided into the six sections: Dyson Memorial Station, Ohrid, Rothcoe, Anchorage IV, Gallatin and Ediston. Each of these has a series of locations that each contain points of interest. Every point of interest includes descriptions, NPCs and job hooks. Details for each NPC can be found in the NPC appendix on page 203.

Adventures in the system typically start at the **Dyson Memorial Gate,** which has the most clustered job hooks in one place. Start your campaign with the Crew arriving in the system, following one of the leads from the aforementioned list, and see who they end up running into. They might be hungry after a long-flight, looking to get some food at **Rusty's,** want for a proper bed at a hotel like the **Galilee View,** or have a need for engineering services from a place like **Dom's Chop Shop.**

The Tennessee Five is a big place. The locations and people on each planet are not finite; each one has other towns, places, and infinitely more people within them. If the players poke at the edges, don't hesitate to populate these places and bring them to life with your own stories and characters.

In doing this, the Tennessee Five will come to life at your table and provide unique and unforgettable backdrops for your **ORBITAL BLUES** stories.

DYSON STATION

Dyson Memorial Station is a Van Keer gate of monumental proportions constructed to accommodate transport on an interstellar scale. In the void between the ring and terminal proper, ships blink into realspace in the shadow of the gate's captured antimatter like cinematic smash-cuts. Those leaving stretch out with migraine-inducing impossibility, pulled into a directed FTL slingshot before suddenly disappearing. Thousands of people and hundreds of ships come through here every day; a top dock services commercial and business ships, whilst a lower docking bay handles import/export cargo, haulage and deliveries.

001.345.670.47
"DYSON MEMORIAL STATION"
TENNESSEE FIVE SYSTEM
VAN KEER GATE_0034

UPPER DECK

"It's precisely when you have lost your roots that everywhere you go matters hugely."

–Kapka Kassabova

PERSONAL AND COMMERCIAL FLIGHTS TERMINAL

Freighters, haulers, shuttles and personal craft buzz in and out of the docking bays, the searing heat of their thrusters off-setting the inherent chill of scarcely-sealed airlocks. The upper docks are a bustling terminal with rows of uncomfortable plastic seats and wall-mounted telescreens displaying the arrivals and departures of shuttle ships from nearby planets and systems. A Jaxon's Diner and a King's Cafe provide fast-food catering for the long-waits, but it's an otherwise challenging place to spend time.

- New arrivals at the gate disembark here. Station staff behind booth windows at the funnel terminal ask incoming visitors for some ID, along with the reason for their visit.
- Shuttle flights can be caught here to any of the planets in the system. They depart every few hours and cost the equivalent of **1 Credit for a Crew.**
- A **bounty board** sits beneath a wall-mounted TV that shows local news. Scrolling banners proudly declare sponsorship from Armilory-Dyson between the flashes of wanted outlaws' grainy photos on the thick, convex glass. For the given bounties, see page 112.
- At the luggage collection, famous documentarian **Tomas Bordello** (see page 208) is helping his camera operator Jan Nixon pick up their recording equipment after a red-eye flight. They are looking for crews of Interstellar Outlaws to film, planning to create a documentary on the rising trend of intergalactic vagrants playing the gig economy. If they spot anyone checking out the bounty board, they approach, with a few questions for any prospective bounty hunters.

THE GALILEE VIEW

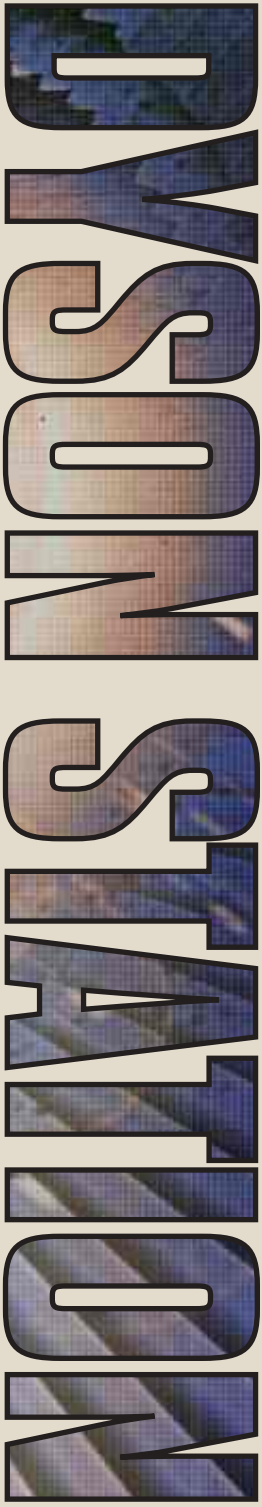
A two-and-a-half star hotel in every way possible, the rooms of the Galilee View reach above the vista of the gate, and offer views out to the wider system. A myriad of sordid affairs, business deals and mafioso negotiations take place within. The staff are paid just enough to look the other way, hear little and clean up without asking questions.

The hotel is currently closed, with crime scene tape strung across the entrance. Station Security Officers are working with ADDCo. forensics, collecting scattered bullet casings.

Questioning locals reveals the following:

- A man broke through the reinforced viewport window of his hotel suite, spacing him and killing him instantly.
- The airlock on the room triggered, but the hotel was evacuated as a precaution. Guests have been relocated to complimentary suites at **Sunrise À Nine** on Gallatin.
- Just prior to a Crew's arrival, a large man was apprehended here in relation to the spacing incident, but resisted arrest and ran. He was shot repeatedly, though he managed to escape after hijacking a freighter from the **Triumvirate Shipping Depot** on the **Lower Decks.**

In the vented room, a suitcase can be found floating a few feet out of the breach. A lost-and-found tag on the handle identifies the suitcase as belonging to a Cam Flores. Within, there's a small medical coldbox, with the prototype Occulance cybernetic eyes secured inside.



MEZZANINE À NINE

Overlooking the shimmering light of the Van Keer Gate through shaded glass, this restaurant offers an oasis of calm and class in the often hectic terminal. When it comes to food available on the Memorial Gate, Mezzanine À Nine serves lobster when others would serve crabcakes, and the restaurant runs on a "*no sneakers, no guns, no T-shirts*" policy. The riff-raff would dine like royalty on the complimentary bread rolls if you let them.

Propping up the bar, the seductive power-couple **Sophia Marine and Emir Salvadore** (page 207) are posing as recently successful bounty hunters, and in a display of bon vivant celebration, will invite a Crew they spot to share in their reverie.

- The pair love to charm people with the story of how they met as rival bounty hunters assigned to take each other out, but ended up falling in love. Now, they work together on high-profile, but ultimately exhausting jobs.
- The duo claim to have been recently successful with a big gig, and looking to take some time off, offer to share some of the work on their stacked docket with their dining companions.

At the other end of the bar, **Leah Murrough** (page 206) is still dressed in her red Galilee View uniform, attempting to drink away something traumatic. Should a Crew come to the bar, she will spill her drink on one of them before running off to the toilet in tears. She can be found in the restroom, lighting up a smoke and shaking with shock.

LOWER DECK

RUSTY'S BAR & GRILL

Formerly the Rusty Thruster, Rusty's has been a space-trucker's satellite dive joint long before the Van Keer gate. Rusty's has it all: an antiquated jukebox, sticky floors, pin-ups on the walls, and weary, space-worn truckers occupying their favourite booths and barstools between jobs. The intoxicating smell of frying meat and onions—real onions at that—comes from its greasy kitchen.

Sandy Earle, an aged space trucker, (page 206) has a seat at the bar, arguing about fish with the handsome young owner, **Tommy Flores** (page 208).

- Sandy says he can taste the difference between Anchorage IV fish and Ohrid fish (which he can, accurately). Between taking orders, Tommy humours him with a selection of small plates to test the claim. Sandy gladly educates curious diners on how to spot the differences in taste, identifiable by the salt and umami texture of artificially-introduced sealife.

- Tommy won't allow Sandy to pay at the end of the little taste test. He feels awful that Sandy's ship was recently stolen from the Triumvirate Depot. Sandy isn't too concerned and insists on paying, but he's a favour to ask anyone who humoured him on his little taste-test lecture.

DOM'S CHOP SHOP

An old-fashioned ship garage replete with spacecraft memorabilia, Dom's is the locally-recommended place to go for outfitting. Built into the original terminal that preceded the Van Keer Gate, this chop shop has serviced freighters since the system was a back-water stop. Catering for the times when ships needed to be prepared for the long-hauls past the heat of dying stars, the freezing cold of ice giants and the rocky thrashings of asteroid belts, Dom's Chop Shop is now a relic from a bygone era of enthusiasts and a DIY fixer's culture.

Smoke pours out of the garage as the mulleted, oil-stained owner, **Dom Crole** (page 204), attempts to put out an electrical fire. A small crowd gathers, though nobody is yet to take up the fire extinguisher attached to the column outside the opposite **Rusty's Bar & Grill.**

► The source of the fire is the engine port of the *Live Wire,* a sleek racing ship front and centre of Crole's main engineering bay. The fire is manageable, but Dom calls for help as he wrestles with his own faulty fire-extinguisher.

TRIUMVIRATE SHIPPING STORE

Though a number of freight companies maintain offices and depots around the Dyson Memorial Gate, Triumvirate's lot sprawls beyond the rest. A carbon copy of every other Triumvirate depot in the galaxy, it has all the hallmarks—plastic sea-blue panelling, sleet-grey floors, and exhausted employees in navy jumpsuits overseeing all the comings and goings from behind clipboards and the controls of lifting trucks.

Station Security are looking further into the theft of an express transit ship from this depot during the escape of the suspected assailant from The Galilee View, but the workers have strict targets to hit and have little time for questions.

► The shift leader has a physical manifest register for the day's comings and goings. The entry for the stolen ship lists only one small piece of cargo, sent from Rothcoe's Colima Strip Mall and bound for a penthouse suite at Gallatin's Sunrise À Nine. Probably just some rich jerk's mail order, who cares?

Outside the depot front, an elderly woman in a tasselled jacket and cowboy hat argues with the underpaid foreman about her lost cargo. This is **Sweet Janine** (page 207), captain of the *Haymaker*, a huge cattle freighter that currently occupies two of the Dyson Memorial Station's docking bays.

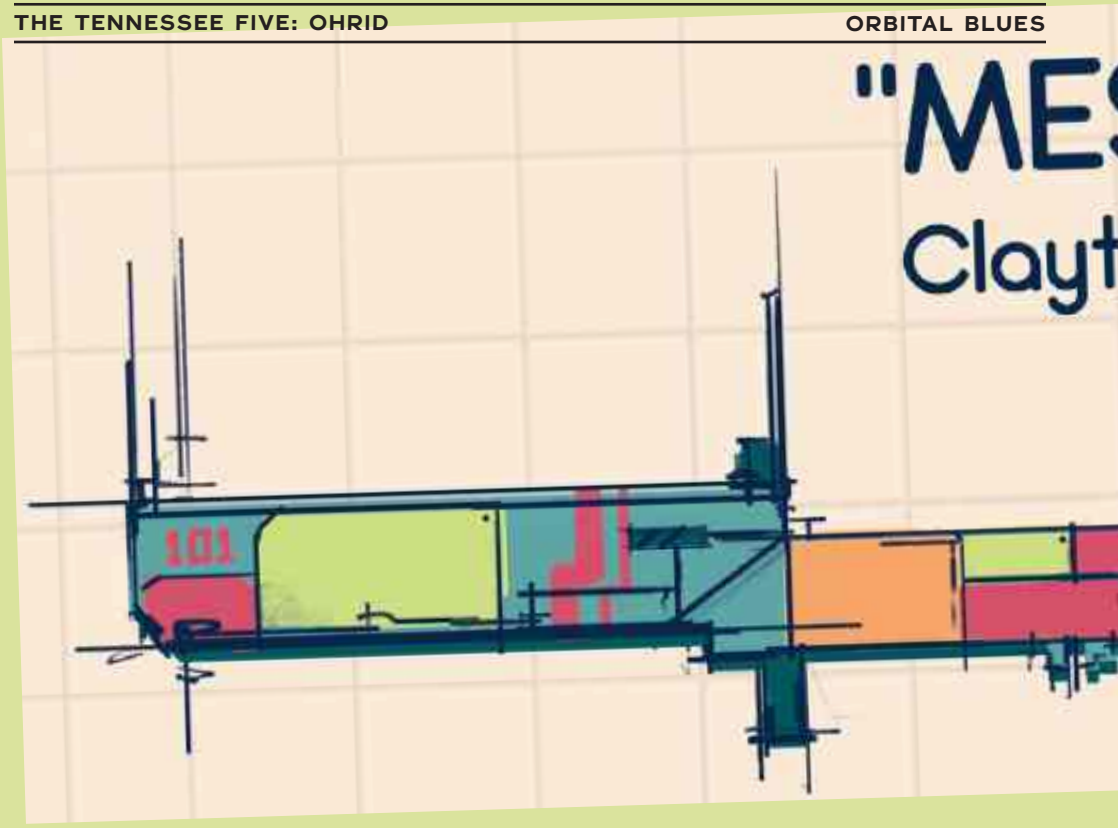
► The lost cargo in question is a cattle freight container with three Rothcoe breeding bulls inside. The freight container is huge, the cargo is valuable and vulnerable, and Janine is swearing up a storm about its inexplicable loss.

Ohrid is a green jewel among the dry, industrialised and austere environs of the Outlaw Frontier. Genetically modified saplings are planted wherever a tree is felled, and nature is allowed to take its course in the planet's temperate climate, assisted by four terraforming-induced seasons. The towns and cities nestled in amongst Ohrid's forests and mountains are homely, with log cabin motels and comfortable suburbs, interlinked with picturesque roads dotted with diners and gas-stations run by humble folk. A frequent holiday destination for many, its natural landscape and bounteous rivers cater for a rural experience rarely found on the galactic fringes.

CAPITAL PORT: CHARLESTOWN

The largest hub of civilisation on Ohrid is Charlestown, an idyllic coastal metropolis situated on a peninsula of the Beaudrille River. The centre of Charlestown is white-collar, with a scant few office blocks and glassy skyscrapers casting thin sundial shadows across the town throughout the day. On the outskirts of town, lumber processing plants, carpentry factories and paper mills churn away around the clock, blessing the surrounding white-washed suburbs with the smell of woodsmoke.

"A tree is a tree. Once you've seen one redwood you've seen 'em all. How many do you need?"
– Ronald Reagan

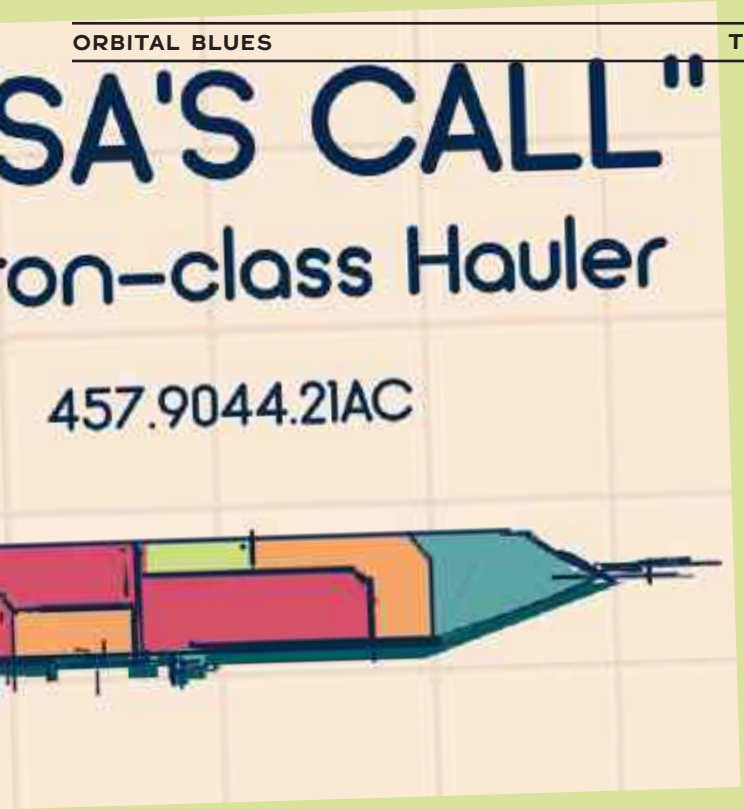


CHARLESTOWN DOCK

An immense ship port that stretches for a couple of kilometres along the river, Charlestown's dock allows industrial fleets of freighters and haulers to come and go without delay. Shuttles from other planets in the system also land and take off from here, and civilian ships will have no problem finding a landing bay in this flat, vast lot of commercial transport. Self-driven white buggies with plastic benches, emblazoned with sponsors from Armilory-Dyson, take shuttle passengers and Crews from their ships to the terminal.

Clad in black with big sunglasses on, **Bailey Hilton** (page 212), sits outside the terminal's Hotpot Coffee shop. She is looking for the tell-tale signs of Interstellar vagrants to blackmail into a dirty job. She will head the same way as a newly-arrived Crew, before rushing into one and spilling hot coffee down them.

► Profusely sorry, she offers a fortuitous free opportunity to fill the numbers on a prestigious tour of the 'Jacks stadium that she is on her way to give—she'll even throw in souvenir photographs and some game tickets.



Outside the terminal, the authoritative silver fox **Heron "MacArthur" Armilory** (page 216)—an Android clone of Armilory-Dyson's founder—is giving a campaign speech advocating for his Charlestown mayoral run. He posits his leadership over the capital city (which also grants the seat of Planetary Governor) would increase corporate investment, create jobs, and seek to reinstate the moratorium on Anchorage IV's rival fishing industry.

► To emphasise his point, MacArthur is providing a free seafood buffet, with fresh catches from Ohrid's sea courtesy of **Fordham Fisheries.** However, diners with a refined palette would be able to tell these are Anchorage IV fish. Anyone pointing this out will be quickly and quietly escorted away from the speech, with MacArthur stating it's unlikely off-worlders would know Ohriddian fish, *even if they jumped from our waters and slapped them in the mouth!*

CHARLESTOWN DOWNTOWN

"Whether we and our politicians know it or not, Nature is party to all our deals and decisions, and she has more votes, a longer memory, and a sterner sense of justice than we do."

— Wendell Berry

TOWN HALL

The centre of administrative decisions on Ohrid, the town hall is an ornate building of white granite, with statues of mountain lions flanking the grand double doors carved from the finest Ohridian lumber.

► As the Crew arrives at the city centre, a protest rages outside town hall. The protestors are rallying against the building of Fort Dyson, a company town below the **Muskoka River Dam**, by Armilory-Dyson. The local sheriff's department is unprepared for civil unrest and are losing control of the crowd, who are hammering on the doors and blocking traffic.

► Inside, the prim and proper **Amy Fordham** (page 212) ignores the din of the protestors. She's the mayor and Planetary Governor of Ohrid. Now, she's on the phone in her office, arguing with her mother Catherine, over Fordham Fisheries' sponsoring of Heron "MacArthur" Armilory in a mayoral run.

CHARLESTOWN LUMBERJACK'S ARENA

The Charlestown Lumberjacks (the Jacks) are the city's baseball team and a favourite in the Outer Rim league, with many fans coming from out of system to watch them play their home games. As a result, the stadium is a major tourist attraction in Charlestown. The Jacks practice here on weekdays, and the stadium hosts tours most days. Games are every other weekend in season, 8 cycles of the year.

- The shiny, veneered coach, **Tim Sandale** (page 218), watches over practice from his office above the pitch. He has sent his secretary, **Bailey Hilton** (page 212), to look for a crew of Interstellar Outlaws. In particular, he is looking for out-of-system transients with few ties to impress with his position in order to take care of a dirty job that he wants little to do with. If that can't be done, he isn't above blackmailing that same demographic into the work.

FORT DYSON'S DUE

In a stance that may confuse Outlaws unfamiliar with the sophistication of the Tennessee Five's Androids and highlight the position of equality they hold, this protest is not born out of humans feeling threatened by an Android workforce replacement. It is in fact born from outrage at the unethical nature of building company towns for free-willed and sentient individuals, despite their artificial nature. The crowd consists of human and Android protestors in equal measure, though it takes a trained eye to spot the difference. For more on Android features, see page 246.

CHARLESTOWN OUTSKIRTS

"Scenery is fine—but human nature is finer."

— John Keats

FORDHAM FISHERIES

Fortunately upwind of Charlestown, the deafening din of its stamping metal assaults the senses before the fish-gut stench. Fordham Fisheries is the largest fish processing and canning plant on Ohrid, and the signpost of a gaudy grinning tuna leaping from a can towers over the plant. The factory itself is off-limits to all but employees, though an annexed office and administration building hosts visitors. The fishery takes frequent fresh catches from boats that dock at its industrial piers, as well as driven shipments from the Charlestown Docks.

- Obtaining ledgers or prolonged observation reveals the imports contain shipments of iced tuna from Anchorage IV—a controversial business decision the fishery will go to great lengths to conceal.
- **Catherine Fordham** (page 215) oversees company operations from her office here. Many of the employees quietly joke she is having an affair with Heron "MacArthur" Armilory given how often he visits her offices, but the truth is simply a relationship of cold, hard credits.

WOODY'S LOGJAM CAFE

A visit to Charlestown isn't complete without breakfast at the original Woody's Logjam. Serving breakfast around the clock, Woody's is an unassuming roadside diner nestled in the trees of the city's suburbs. Despite its humble appearance, it has garnered cult status amongst Ohrid's labourers, hipsters and food reviewers alike.

- The walls are covered in photos depicting the diner's history, from when it first started as a canteen for lumberjacks, all the way to today, wherein it regularly plays host to the Charlestown 'Jacks team for their tradition of a pre-game breakfast.
- Palermo & Co., the contractors building the controversial Fort Dyson in the valley nearby, regularly visit for meals, and a number of their cars and trucks frequently fill the parking lot.
- Crews that eat at Woody's have breakfast interrupted by a ragged and bloodied businessman staggering through the door calling for help. He escaped from **Aaron Houser's** hostage situation at the **Muskoka River Dam Construction Site** yesterday, and has been limping back through the woods since. He has a bleeding shotgun wound on his shoulder, and needs medical attention quickly.

CONTINENTAL OHRID

"Of all the paths you take in life, make sure a few of them are dirt."

— John Muir

BREACHWOOD PINE VALLEY

Rich with mist-peaked timbers, the Breachwood Pine valley is an active tree-felling site in the shadow of the nearby mountains. Buzzsaws, climbing rigs and portable woodchippers are hauled all over in a cacophony of industrial forestry, as the shouts and calls of lumberjacks echo out across the valley.

- Anyone driving out of Charlestown must pass through Breachwood Valley. As they do so, the weather takes a turn for the worse, with rain lashing down through blackened skies, and peals of thunder rumbling over the hills. At the roadside, a frantic lumberjack attempts to flag down any passing cars for help.
- The lumberjack needs hands and able bodies—there is a logjam in the turbulent river that flows through the valley below the road, and three members of his five-man team have fallen in.
- The wider logging site is overseen by the imposing and burly foreman **Raquel Wolfe** (page 219), who arrives on the scene shortly after the Crew. Out of dogged loyalty and in spite of her protestations, her lumberjacks have been working in all conditions to meet a record order from Palermo & Co. construction on behalf of Armilory-Dyson. With this, that fulfilment has to stop—she has orders from the Kingfisher, and she needs to act on them.

MUSKOKA RIVER DAM CONSTRUCTION SITE

A couple hours' drive west of Breachwood, the Muskoka River hydro-electric dam looms dominant over the Falconhead Sierra. The land surrounding the dam proper is long deforested; the architectural foundations of the structure can risk no intrusion. Knowing an opportunity when they see one, Palermo & Co. Construction has struck a deal with Armilory-Dyson to build Fort Dyson, a state-of-the-art village to house exclusively Android labourers that work the surrounding mountain ranges and valleys.

- Opposition to the ongoing construction of Fort Dyson is strong, so security is tight. Only Armilory-Dyson and Palermo & Co. vehicles are allowed through the roadblocks that bar passage to the nearly-completed town.
- It's clear from the half-built foundations and in-progress pre-fabs that the buildings under construction here aren't being built for comfort. Narrow, compact, and cramming as many buildings as possible into an otherwise expansive area, it's clear this development intends to capitalise on baseless prejudices that Androids require less comforts than humans.
- **Aaron Houser** (page 210), a wanted fugitive with a corporate-issued bounty on his head is here, keeping eleven off-world investors hostage in a half-constructed supermarket. He is trying to show the investors the bleak reality of Androids living to work in company towns such as the one proposed here. The investors are more moved by Houser's 12-gauge shotgun than his spiel.

STARCREST RANCH

300 miles northwest of Charlestown, there is a secluded prairie of almost Edenic quality. Luscious green grass rolls in the foothills, and crystal clear spring water runs down from the surrounding snow-tipped peaks to nourish the sweetgrass and wildflowers that blossom below. Central upon this prairie lies the Starcrest Ranch, the personal retreat and hideaway of Tammy-Lee Armilory. From here, she dispassionately controls the fates and fortunes of much of the Tennessee Five's populace through her calls as one of the last independent board members of Armilory-Dyson.

- Access to this location is normally impossible; several surface-to-air missile silos hidden in the surrounding mountain ranges would make molten scrap of any unauthorised vessels, yet **Al Krieger** (page 211) shut them down upon his return. Anyone tailing the courier vessel stolen from the **Triumvirate Shipping Depot** on the **Dyson Memorial Gate** will follow it to here.
- As a Crew arrives, Al Krieger is engaged in a firefight with Tammy-Lee's ADDCo. security detail amongst the burning ruins of the ranch house. If he's going out, he wants to take his creators with him.
- Tammy-Lee is hiding in a bunker beneath the Ranch house. She is monitoring the situation via cameras and is quite composed about the whole affair. Armilory-Dyson shares worth **5 Credits** to anyone who shuts down that maniac trying to kill her.

STARCREST BUNKER

A panic room refitted for hospice, the bunker beneath Tammy-Lee's ranch is the home of the real Heron Armilory. Spotlessly white and gleaming with walls so clean you can see your reflection, this hideaway is a state-of-the-art facility designed around a dual, cruel purpose—the preservation of a man who should be dead, and the unceasing torment of a despoiled legacy.

- The crashing of Al Krieger's stolen ship into the Ranch grounds has exposed the armoured entrance to the bunker. A group of Starcrest Security (Corporate Security Squad, **ORBITAL BLUES** core, page 144) are attempting to fend off a vengeance-driven Krieger, though they're trying to avoid outright killing him. They know that if he goes down whilst in full combative footing, he'll likely explode, and take them and the bunker with him.

- Within the bunker, the emaciated body of the original **Dr. Heron Armilory** (page 215) sits wired into a sleek life-support bed. He is positioned in front of a wall of screens, each showing footage of his many corporate clones. His laboured attempts to avert his eyes lead to slow, subtle movements of the bed, preventing him from ever truly looking away.

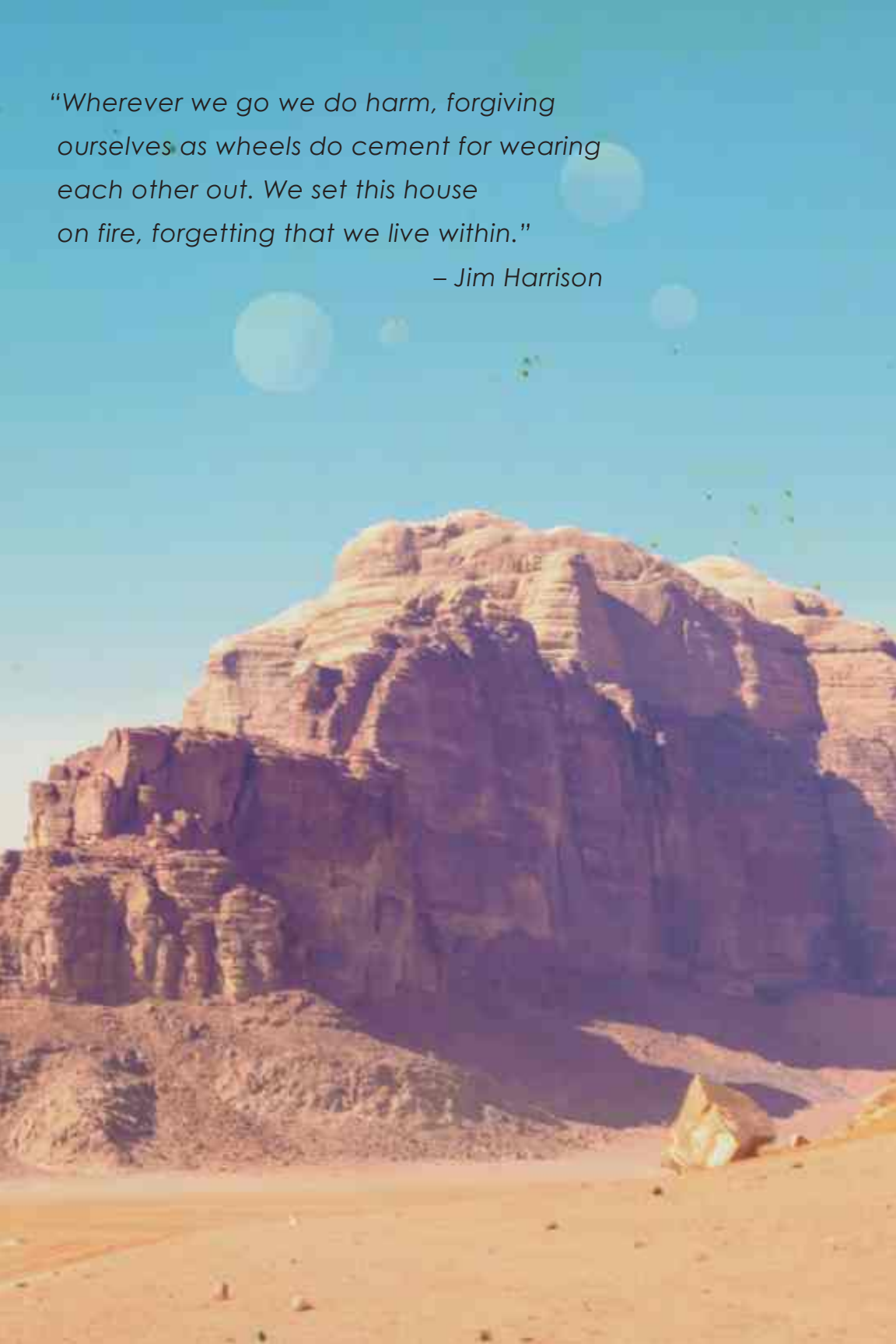
- **Tammy-Lee Armilory** (page 221), clad in riding dress after being interrupted from her morning canter on one of her horses, is hiding in this secured room when Al Krieger assaults the ranch. Krieger wants to take both of them out with him. He considers the nature of his creation an unforgivable crime; a man built to think and feel, but designed to kill, and ultimately engineered to fail once he had served his purpose.

- Should a Crew gain entry to the bunker, Tammy-Lee will offer almost anything to buy their silence on what they have witnessed within. Innumerable Hit Squads (**ORBITAL BLUES** core, page 145) can be dispatched by Armilory-Dyson to ensure a Crew upholds their end of such a bargain, a stern reminder Tammy-Lee will not hesitate to mention.

Take a piss in the sand of Rothcoe and you've made the largest body of water for miles around. A barren and sun-baked rock, Rothcoe has been heavily mined by private prospectors and corporations for as long as anyone can remember, and shows no sign of running dry. The space port capital of St. Matthews supports a citizenry largely composed of opportunists, workers and their families who refuse to leave Rothcoe come hell or high water.

High water never graced Rothcoe, but hell has already come and gone, making an indelible mark upon the planet. Half a century ago, a mining company called MinTech believed they had found a continental plate's worth of precious minerals, and sought to unearth the bounty immediately. Illegally employing displaced private military companies from recently ended corporate wars, MinTech buried cataclysmic military-grade explosives deep in the planet's crust across half of the northern hemisphere.

When the charges were detonated, thousands working on Rothcoe were killed, and Interstellar terraforming agencies had to launch an unprecedented humanitarian effort to prevent the fractured rock breaking from its orbit and becoming a rogue planet. There was no colossal mineral deposit. The company's illicit scanners had been erroneous, and the board had been too greedy and impatient to undertake secondary research. The lawsuits that followed finished off MinTech, yet Rothcoe remains, the scars of its history scattered across the solar winds.

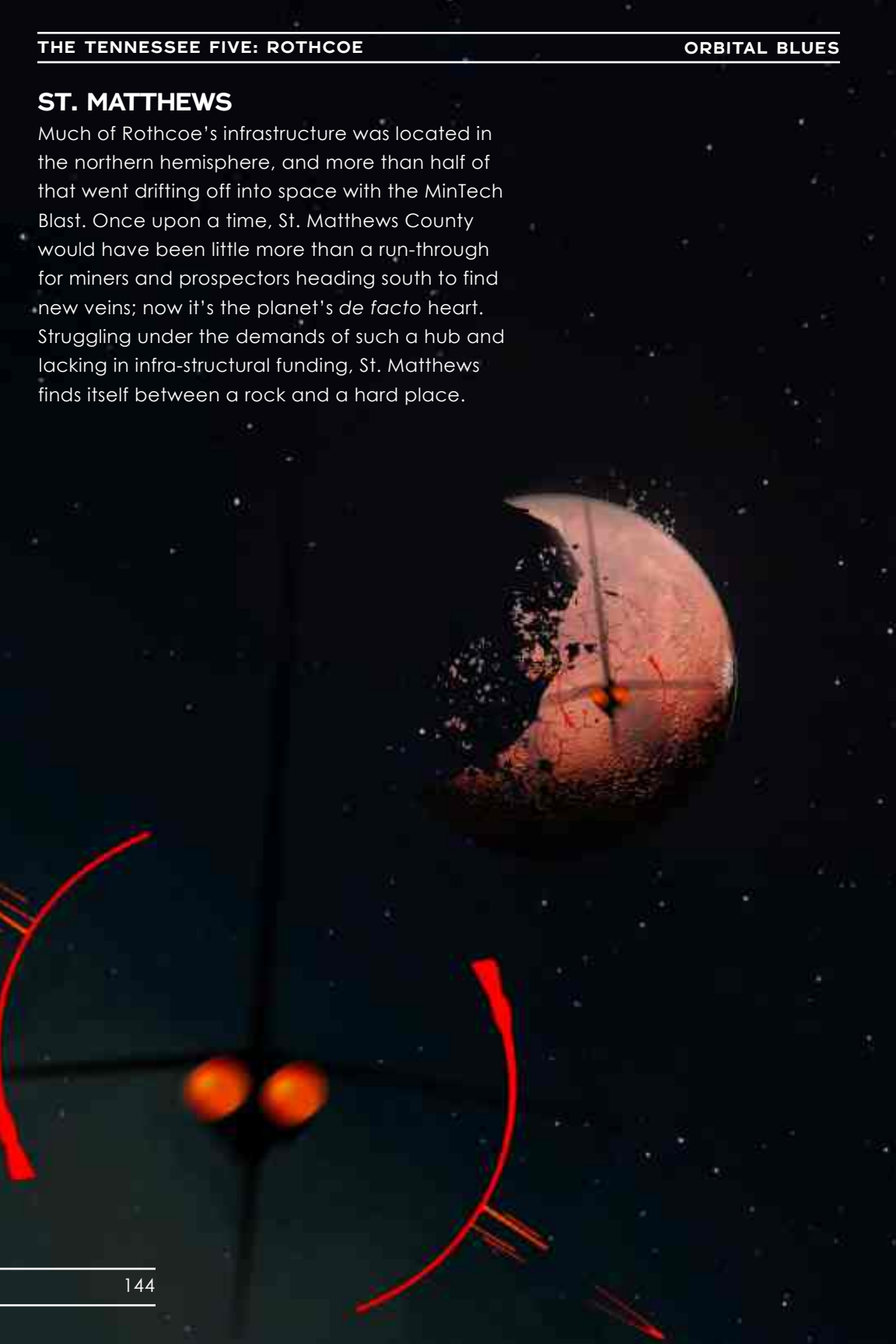


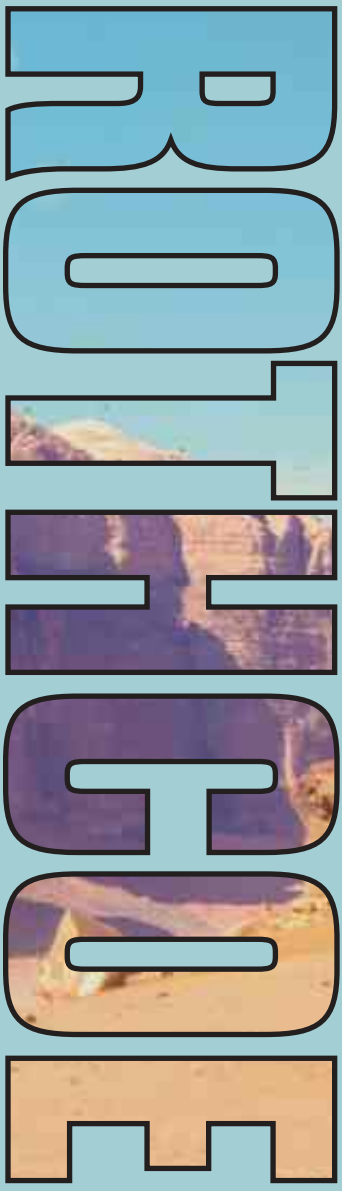
"Wherever we go we do harm, forgiving ourselves as wheels do cement for wearing each other out. We set this house on fire, forgetting that we live within."

– Jim Harrison

ST. MATTHEWS

Much of Rothcoe's infrastructure was located in the northern hemisphere, and more than half of that went drifting off into space with the MinTech Blast. Once upon a time, St. Matthews County would have been little more than a run-through for miners and prospectors heading south to find new veins; now it's the planet's *de facto* heart. Struggling under the demands of such a hub and lacking in infra-structural funding, St. Matthews finds itself between a rock and a hard place.





COLIMA SPACE PORT

Colima Terminal is a threadbare station with the bare minimum of comforts. Rentable cubicles that aren't cleaned often enough provide bedbug-ridden sleeping pods with amenities for stop-overs, whilst a flickering neon sign illuminates an 8/12 convenience store for all your travelling needs.

The Colima Space Port was never meant to be anything more than a backroad stop; its humble landing port permits less than twenty ships and ten haulers at any given time. Since the disaster, this is the planet's main point of contact with the outside galaxy, and the connecting highway roars with freight trucks bringing precious minerals from the planet's many mines to be exported off-world.

- Buses bound for **St. Matthews** leave every hour. On weekday mornings, a shuttle bus takes a gaggle of aspiring actors to the **Diamonds & Dust** film set to work as extras. John Slacks, an underpaid registrar armed with a clipboard, loudly reminds people they cannot negotiate for their pay once there (equivalent to **1 Credit** per day) and they can't leave the set until the bus leaves at sundown. Seeing a Crew, he'll ask if they want to go along—he needs exactly as many as they are to make up numbers for a busy saloon scene.
- **Trigger Austin** (page 229), a young punk in a leather jacket, sits on the bridge above the highway, his dog barking at him from below. He is teetering on the edge, and it looks like he could jump into the oncoming traffic at any moment.

COLIMA STRIP MALL

A saving grace to both the Colima Space Port and to St. Matthews itself, the Colima Strip Mall is the best source of retail and commerce Rothcoe can muster, and offers employment and shopping opportunities to the scant few that aren't here for the mining industry.

- A Jaxon's diner takes pride of place in the centre of the parking lot. The aged and haggard **Stoney Howell** (page 229) manages this branch, but works as a fence for the Icebreaker Cartel. He is not subtle, and can often be seen meeting with greasers and thugs in the parking lot to discuss business.
- Colima Conveniences is the flagship department store here carrying a wide range of goods from Donnager's personal defence range, Doublecross Developments' portable communications collection and Kalson Computing's entire catalogue.

If you need **Crew Equipment** or smaller ship furnishing, you can find it here, or get it on order with the well-advertised 3 day guarantee or your item free!

Inter-station calls
only. CORE CREDS 04

ST. MATTHEWS' TOWN

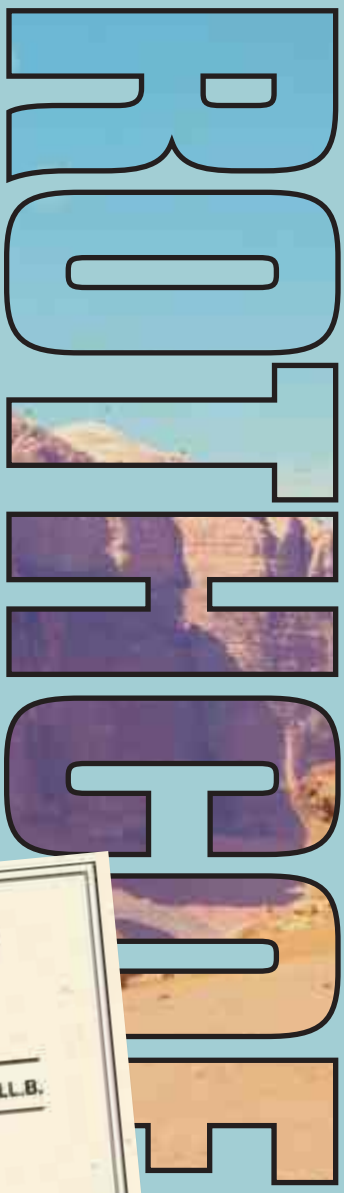
A boom and bust town firmly in its bust era, St. Matthews is a sandblasted city of pueblo-style housing, squat bodegas and mineral processing plants of corrugated metal, ten minutes down the highway from Colima Space Port. Though only a few thousand still live here, those who choose to stay residents of St. Matthews year-round are passionate, characterful people. They are hopeless romantics, or painful nostalgics, at home in a desolate place long past saving.

MAIN STREET

The main drag of St. Matthews is a dusty stretch of asphalt, dotted with gaudy signage—flickering bulbs, blinking neon and sun-bleached billboards are the mainstay motif here. Though there are many open and well-maintained buildings housing everything you would expect to find in a small city—a theatre, hospital and high school to name but a few—there are more closed and shuttered buildings between them. Exacerbated of late by the growing drug crisis with the Coaldust opiate, there is also a noticeable unhoused population who shelter from the high sun in the doorways of the street's boarded-up buildings by day, and gather around back-lot fires come the desert dusk.

- Should a Crew travel through St. Matthews via Main Street, a Rothcoe sheriff has pulled over the speeding sedan of the indignant **Dr. Nadine Brookes** (page 228), and is in the process of placing her in cuffs and reading her rights. She is shouting that it is imperative she gets to the Devil's Ditch Quarry, or thousands of people are going to die.

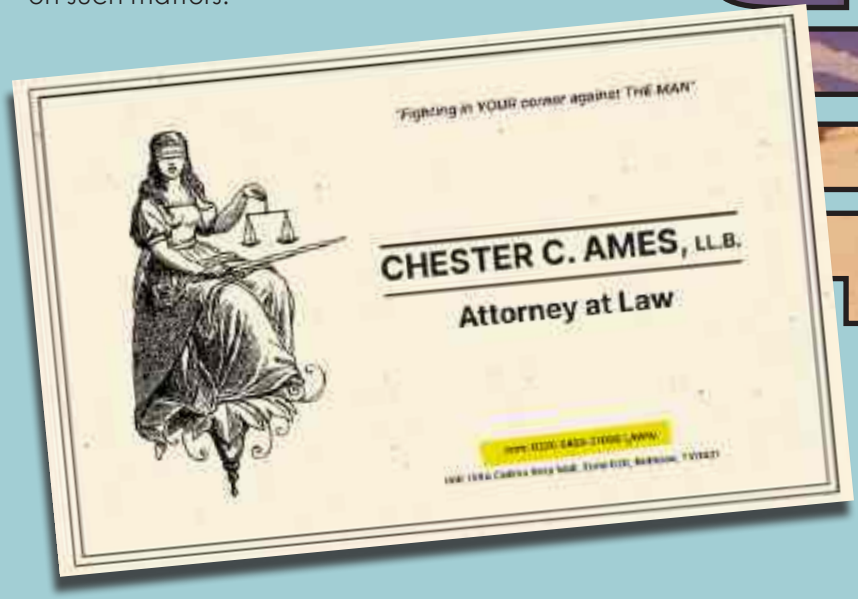
- Further down the road, the motherly **Carmen Rouco** (page 222) is running a soup kitchen and support group for the city's homeless from beneath a large plastic gazebo. Everyone on Main Street will hear the warning shots fired by the ragged **Enzo Roman** (page 226) and his Hyenas as they carry out a vicious harassment on the community service, hollering as they fire guns over the heads of the queuing vulnerable.



AMES AT LAW

The technicoloured ads of Ames at Law are impossible to ignore in St. Matthew's town centre. They show a hawkish man with a straw-coloured quiff pointing at the viewer, boasting of *"Fighting in YOUR corner against THE MAN!"* or claiming to know of *"Intergalactic bills that give YOU the RIGHTS that YOUR EMPLOYER doesn't want you to know about!"*

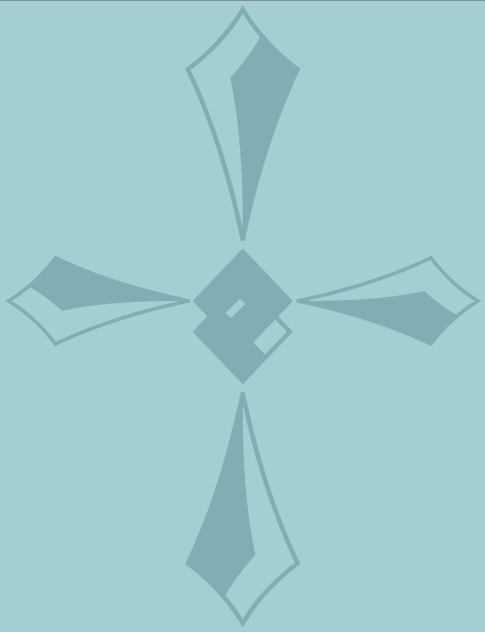
- An address plastered on the bottom of every one of the ads leads to a tacky, white-washed law office downtown with aged office furnishings. There is a gaggle of down-and-outs, disgruntled labourers and petty criminals in the waiting room.
- When a Crew arrives, a sun-burnt and dishevelled **Chester Ames** (page 223) is taking a smoke in the parking lot. A flustered and sweating **Dale Boyd** (page 225) is bothering him, asking for help finding a buyer for a sensitive shipment of valuable livestock. Before heading back inside, Chester sternly reminds Dale he is not paid up, and he needs to book time with him for his advice on such matters.



DIABLO'S BAR

A dive-bar music hall that stands on the precipice of a disused quarry, Diablo's has a place in the musical mythology of the wider galaxy. Here, a number of famous bands got their breakthrough gigs, earning loyal fanbases of transient workers that spread reputations through word of mouth and the lending of bootleg cassettes. Despite the usual clientele of hard-drinking miners and ranchers, there are usually one or two talent scouts from Ediston or beyond attempting to fit in, looking for the next big thing.

- The fabulously-dressed **Raylene Trevino** (page 228) is the new owner of Diablo's, installed by the Icebreaker Cartel after the previous owner had a drunk driving "accident." She has shifted the atmosphere of the bar recently, performing burlesque shows on the nights lacking live bands, though there have been few complaints.
- At night, Diablo's is a hotspot for the buying and selling of **Coaldust,** amongst other recreational drugs that make life on Rothcoe a little more exciting. **Stoney Howell** is the primary source for the town's low-level dealers, at least one of whom will offer a newly arrived Crew the addictive opiate. *First hit's free.*



HOUSE OF THE ENDURING SAINTS

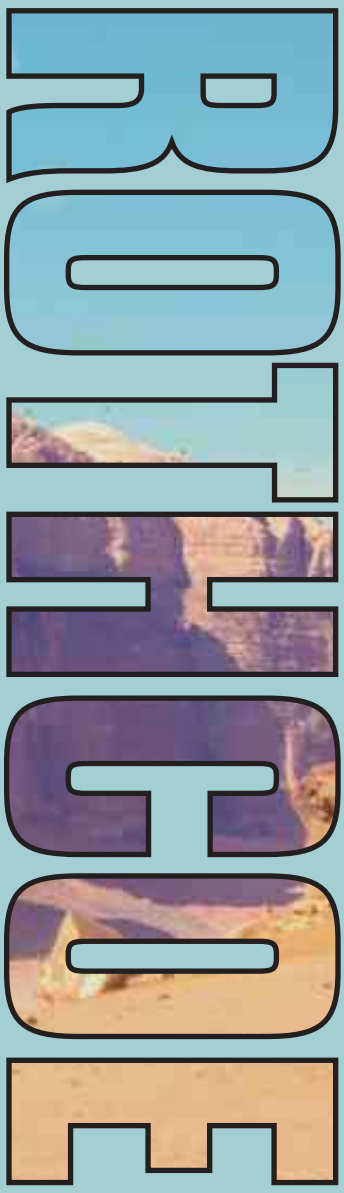
A white-washed wooden church that has stood the test of time since St. Matthews was little more than a lay-by on a gold rush route. The ever-dwindling clergy practise an amalgamation of new-age Christendom here, led by the zealous Father Emory Foster.

- **Father Emory** (page 227) preaches here daily, with many an impassioned sermon lecturing on the evils of greed and consumerism. Emory is a handsome, charismatic Android, and his sermons are filled with anecdotes and personal stories from what he refers to as his long, blessed life on "the humble rock of Rothcoe".
- Hidden behind the confession box, Emory maintains a stash of military-grade weapons for waging a war of vengeance against the remaining individuals he holds responsible for the MinTech disaster.

ROTHCOE OUTBACK

"Once again there was the desert, and that only."

— Stephen King

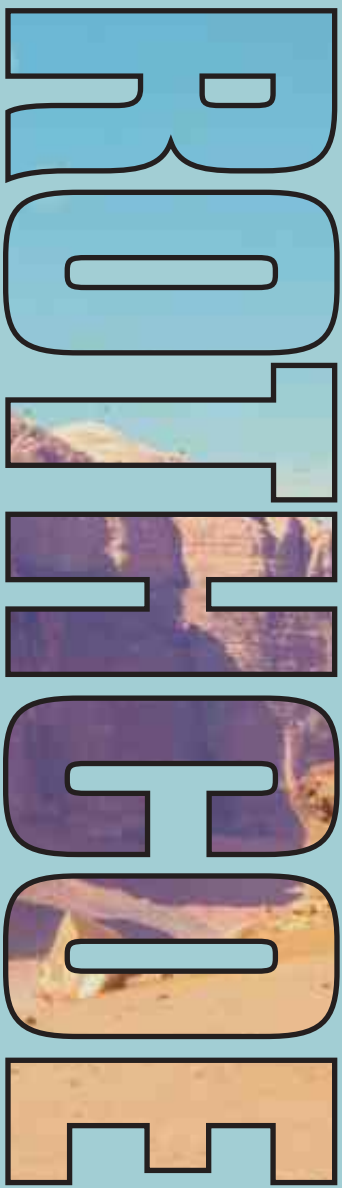


"DIAMONDS AND DUST" FILM SET

An hour's drive out of St. Matthews—just far enough that buildings won't have to be edited out in post—acclaimed director John Everett is shooting his latest blockbuster epic, Diamonds and Dust. The upcoming film heralds yet another outing by Dallas Jackson; a prolific action hero beloved by just about everyone's dad. The film aims to bring the story of Rothcoe's devastation to the wider galaxy, with Jackson starring as an ill-fated gunslinger-turned-prospector who discovers the charges mere hours before their detonation.

► Jaded and craggy-faced actor **Dallas Jackson** (page 225) spends much of his time on-set drinking on the porch of a prop Saloon, his fame and reputation affording him licence to do what he wants when he isn't filming. He has a few older fans amongst the local mining population and cordially signs autographs for them with a smile, but there is a tangible air of resigned sadness to the famed actor.

If any member of a Crew is openly carrying a firearm, Jackson will oddly ask how much they think it would hurt to be shot by it, and if it would be messy enough to look like he was dead—or in his words, a "big ticket write-off."



RED COYOTE MINE

Thirty miles west of St. Matthews, a curiously well-defended depot stands around an old mineshaft, with transport trucks coming and going to the Colima Space Port several times a day. Across the road, a gas station with sun-blistered paint and a meagre store offers fuel and water at an extortionate rate, priding itself on being the last stop before a vast desert. Questions to the few security staff present are met with reservation; they've found a new vein, they say. We're reopening the mine, please stay clear. Visitors are not permitted.

- A dilapidated mineshaft elevator towers above the new construction fencing. High-tech cameras fixed upon the structure indicate something more than just your average mining operations are taking place here.
- Underground, a sophisticated armoured bulkhead prevents anyone unauthorised going further than the elevator exit. Visitors are assessed and questioned via intercom and camera, and only associates of the Icebreaker Cartel are allowed access.
- The facility inside is a narcotics factory for the potent opiate **Coaldust,** which thrives in the unbearably hot and dry environment of the disused mine.
- Dry, twine-like vines wrap around rows of neatly-arranged trellises within, whilst an advanced laboratory beyond the grow dries and powders the harvested plants.
- Every third truck coming from the **Devil's Ditch Quarry** bound for the **Colima Space Port** makes a stop at the nearby gas station and discretely takes tightly bound packages of Coaldust before concealing them inside their mineral crate cargo.
- If the Devil's Ditch Quarry charges have been discovered, the lab coat-clad Botanist **Dr. Brianna Byrne** (page 222) is being held here against her will by a team of Icebreaker Cartel goons (Mob Gang, **ORBITAL BLUES** core, page 142) in order to oversee the production of the Coaldust.

RED SHIFT RUN STAGING GROUND

An immense desert of open plains baking in the sun, the Salt Flats of Rothcoe have been earmarked as the stage for the start and finish line of the Red Shift Run Circuit. Work was underway constructing huge launch gates and seating stands for audiences, but it has recently ground to a halt, leaving the previously bustling worksite with only a skeleton crew of yesterday's unchanged shift. The foreman, a man by the name of Orville Coltrane, has received a transmission from the Kingfisher to evacuate for his staff's safety. The workforce has ceased, putting down tools and demanding to be let back onto the *Le Sabre,* an Armilory-Dyson dreadnought ship hanging within landing orbit to provide materials for the worksite. Small freight drones autonomously fly construction materials off-ship to the ground below, but nobody's picking them up.

- The Kingfisher has received a tip-off that MinTech charges have been discovered at the nearby Devil's Ditch Quarry, which, if triggered, could cause an apocalyptic explosion.
- Orville wants to get him and his crew back aboard, but shuttles have ceased since the workers struck. The Le Sabre's crew have been ordered to hold position whilst Armilory-Dyson make a decision on the Quarry situation, and not to allow any of the labourers back aboard whilst they are on strike.
- The workforce only brought enough food and water down with them for the day. The workers are trying to call any friends or relatives in St. Matthews County to get help with the situation, but they only have the foreman's one rapidly depleting comms unit.

Featuring races at

Colima Gulch
St. Matthews
Karlo Mesa
McQueen Canyon
Quiora Alley
Iona Landing
Gethsemane Point

AUGUST 56
10970.4

SIXTY HOURS OF THE RED SHIFT RUN

Sponsored by

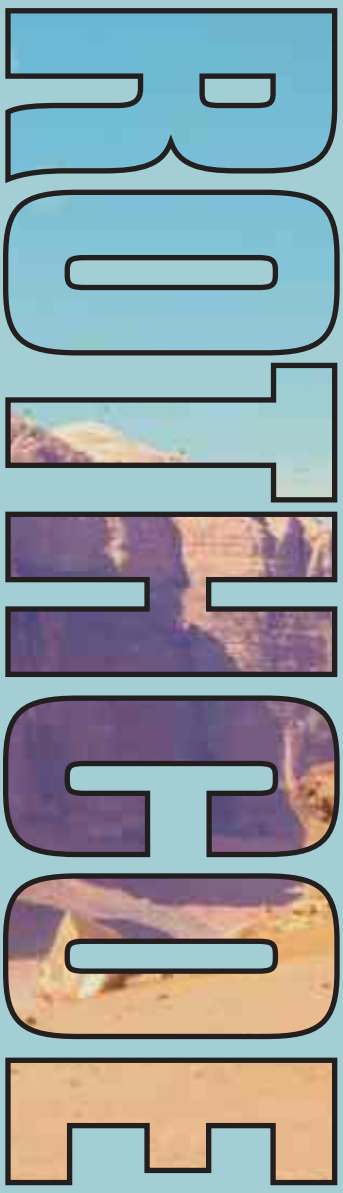
Armilory–Dyson
Mitschk Oil
Quiller Incorporated
Dorian Quay
Petrochem PC
and
Ryan's

DEVIL'S DITCH QUARRY

A monumental crater several miles in diameter, so large that it can be seen from outer orbit, the Devil's Ditch is an active quarry lined with glittering veins of precious minerals shining pastel opulence in the hot sun. Underground is the only place to live out here in the scorching heat, and several hundred dugout apartments lay sheltered beneath squat, flat-roofed buildings. Many connect through subterranean pedestrian streets, with dusty alcoves for convenience stores and a scant few bars. These are dark, comfortable places where many come to get lost amongst the potential riches and the rock. Some only stay for a few months of the year; others for life. The quarry shows no sign of running dry.

AN EXPLOSIVE SITUATION

The miners that uncovered the charges are running out of oxygen, quickly being shut in by ADDCo.'s bulkhead doors that will mean nothing in the face of the cataclysmic explosions. The most likely person who could ensure the charges are deactivated is Stoney Howell, the aged Icebreaker Cartel pusher who worked as a Sapper for MinTech all those years ago. He could ask Armilory-Dyson for a bottomless bag of money for this, and he's likely to. However, he's also on the Icebreaker Cartel payroll, and the Iceman wants those charges. Should the Cartel learn of the situation, they'll ask Stoney to assess them for priming, and hold the Red Shift Run at ransom, pitting Armilory-Dyson's big-budget race against Mitschk Oil's continued presence in the system.



- A group of miners have unearthed unexploded MinTech Charges deep below the quarry. As soon as it was radioed into Rothcoe's sheriff's department, Armilory-Dyson dispatched ADDCo. security in an attempt to control the situation and prevent mass hysteria—they are organising the Red Shift Run nearby, one of the system's biggest events, and it must go ahead.
- When a Crew arrives, a large laser-link cordon has been established around the perimeter of the quarry, and the *Terciopelo,* a sleek ADDCo. cruiser of jade green, is holding position a few hundred metres above the crater.
- ADDCo. Security Rangers (Cop Profile, **ORBITAL BLUES** core, page 144) are patrolling the several mile perimeter of the crater in pairs, mounted on horseback. Additional pairs stand guard at mineshaft entrances, while engineers erect metal bulkheads, sealing off the entrances.
- Many of the quarry staff are being held aboard the *Terciopelo* for a headcount, but it isn't adding up—there must still be miners below ground. Captain Gunnar Lowery is in charge of this operation, and Armilory-Dyson dispatched him due to his uncompromising ex-military grit. He isn't above putting bullets into a couple hundred miners in the desert and making this look like an Icebreaker Cartel job gone wrong if he can't get a handle on the situation.
- Far into the hot, twisting mine, two ominous metal sarcophagi the size of small freighters sit at the bottom of a cavernous spiral borehole. They are filled to the brim with unimaginable ordnance, enough to send the firmament of Rothcoe from here to St. Matthews into orbit.

Anchorage IV is often sold to transients on the merit that it looks like places of Old Earth, but the cold reality is that the planet has an all-encompassing biome akin to the most inhospitable reaches of humanity's cradle. It is an untamed wilderness with tundra filled with stalagmite columns of frozen promine, interspersed with icy seas that yield hardy crustaceans, sea urchins, scallops and trilobites. Civilisation itself is limited to quiet, utilitarian towns and cities with low skylines. These places bask in an average of six hours of daylight, if any. Its population is well-off enough—they work hard for their credits in dangerous jobs posted to remote gas fields, or out on steel grey seas for the brighter months of the solar cycle. In the off-months they live for the moment, taking little for granted and celebrating another year of survival in the heartening glow of close-knit communities.

THE TRAWLER WARS

Forty years ago, when Anchorage IV's promine business was taking off, Ohrid's governance placed a moratorium on Anchorage's rival fishing industry, stating its prosperity was a threat to Ohrid's financial sustainability. Backed up by suspiciously well-timed findings that Anchorage IV's fishing industry was unsustainable for the budding artificially-introduced wildlife, small independents and company trawlers alike had to pull up nets. Four decades later, the moratorium has just expired, and Anchorage IV's maritime industry is re-emerging, bolstered by half-a-century of environmentally-conserved sea life. The oceans now overflow with a seemingly endless bounty of arctic fish and meaty crustaceans, and the trawling folk of the ice giant are taking to the waves once more.

"It's in those quiet little towns, at the edge of the world, that you will find the salt of the earth people who make you feel right at home."

Aaron Lauritsen

POINT SEWARD

Atop the surrounding mountains, the silhouettes of arctic pines are cast against deep cerulean skies that put the town of Point Seward in a terminal dusk. In the valley below, the hazy firefly glow from houses, restaurants and the scattered office blocks invite in the cold and weary from Anchorage IV's steel grey seas and vast frozen tundra.

A reprieve from one of the more hostile planetary environments that terraforming machines can acclimate, Point Seward is the warm, beating heart of the ice giant. Yet it takes a special breed to live in a town like this, where the treacherously icy apartment stoops, wandering bears and whipping blizzards are everyday concerns. To call Point Seward home is to be a glutton for punishment.

COLD WEATHER GEAR

The freezing climate on Anchorage IV necessitates cold-weather clothing. Space suits are insulated against the icy cold of space, but are heavy and cumbersome to walk around in when grounded. Lacking suitable clothes when walking around on Anchorage IV imposes Against The Odds on any checks related to physical activity or movement. Head to the Caldair Outdoor Outlet at Maple Plateau and be sure to describe your Interstellar Outlaw's winter fashion!

BEAR NECESSITIES

In order to best mimic the ecosystem of Earth's polar environments, many arctic mammals have been introduced to Anchorage IV. The long-term ramification of this is now manifesting as a dominant population of aggressive polar bears, who have come to see people as another source of food. As such, the open carry of high-powered fire-arms is a common and encouraged sight on Anchorage IV, and even in the urban environment of Point Seward, people are advised to travel in groups and stay vigilant lest they end up as prey.

MAPLE PLATEAU PORT

An artificially flattened area of metal-plated scrub in the hills above Point Seward give sanctuary to ships and haulers for safe docking. The warning lights of yellow snowplough trucks blink in the gloom, fighting an eternal battle against white-out snowfall, spitting salt and grit in their wake. For the ice-road truckers bringing promine from the Mitschk extraction sites, a precarious road winds its way up the mountains to the dock's sheltered loading bays. For Point Seward's visitors, cable cars run up and down the hillside into the town.

► A Crew coming in to land here on their own vessel will be immediately met with an SOS signal from **Mitschk Oil Extraction Site Delta-114.** Many of the ships coming and going at Maple Plateu are Mitschk-owned, and their reception of the signal is being blocked.

Several hangar-like shelters are built into the nearby mountainside, providing storage warehouses for import and export goods.

► The container in Lot #33 has three cold and distressed bulls inside. Unbeknownst to the skeleton crew of port workers, an aged **one-eyed polar bear,** known to locals as *Ol' One-Eye,* is approaching.

► A row of shops providing basic amenities for new arrivals sit nestled in a sheltered dug out. Amongst these, a Caldair Outdoors outlet caters for winter clothing, a Plasmadyne Pharmacy sells a range of curatives, and a Hot Pot Coffee franchise offers piping hot relief from the biting cold in inadequate cardboard cups.

POINT SEWARD SEAFRONT

"I looked upon the sea; it was to be my grave."

— Mary Shelley

WHITEWASH HARBOUR

A returned contender to Ohrid's fisheries, the Whitewash Harbour is a hub of re-emerging maritime activity. As soon as the planet's fishing moratorium was lifted, cottage-industry weavers set to work remaking the massive trawler nets for long land-locked vessels. Larger tugboats and smaller skiffs alike are being hauled from storage and dry-docks every day, hitting water once more as the people of Point Seward reclaim their once-proud heritage of industrious trawling that has been suppressed for decades.

► Planetary Governor **Anjou Sedeux** (page 230) is the harbourmaster here and is overseeing final preparations to set out on his family trawler, The Luckenbach. His boat requires more hands than he thought, and he stands atop a crate with a megaphone, offering a fair pay worth **2 Credits** to any steady shiphands ready to go at short notice.

GARREAU PROMENADE

A long stretch of tightly-bound timber planks that wind around Point Seward's Whitewash Harbour, the promenade is the picturesque vista often sold to tourists. Central in the cove is a statue of Francis Garreau, an explorer and philanthropist known to many as Anchorage IV's first settler. The statue stares out to sea with a sophisticated face of oxidised copper, an antiquated space helmet under one arm and a legally distinct Mitschk Oil transponder in the other hand. Below, a plaque is emblazoned with the town's motto: *Prosperity For All Who Seek It.*

► A seasonal seafood market selling both cooked dishes and fresh catches is proving popular, but when a Crew arrives, it is having its foot-traffic syphoned by a commotion at the nearby **Tawman & Sons Boathouse.**

TAWMAN & SONS BOATHOUSE

Usually an unremarkable location, one old boathouse amongst many, a great deal of distress and unrest is unravelling here where the trawlermen have unloaded their morning catch. The cold concrete yard behind the boathouse is filling up with onlookers, their faces aghast as they attempt to get a better look at the unfolding horror.

- A macabre sight, the trawler net has been emptied and spilled its typical bounty of cod on the wet concrete, but amongst the fish lay a dozen Android bodies of varied appearances, their navy and milk-white coolants frozen to their skin and matting their hair.
- Clad in Armilory-Dyson marked medical gowns and free of any obvious injuries, these lifeless Androids appear to have been dumped in the ocean recently.
- The crowd's reactions are a mixture of hushed shock to outright sobbing distress. The fishermen of the company work to untangle and separate the bodies from their catch, but it's hard going.
- If a Crew has spent more than a few days in the system or crossed paths with ADDCo. or Armilory-Dyson, at least one of the inert Android bodies is a replica of one of them. Upon close inspection, the likeness is not quite right—subtle features are off, and a red X has been marked behind the ear of each body in some signifier of inadequacy.
- After what feels like an eternity, the Point Seward Rangers will arrive to help, and bag up the bodies to take to the station for a post-mortem. The weather-beaten Sheriff **Veronica Renard** (page 237) promises to investigate this, and requests people return home and try to put this behind them.

POINT SEWARD TOWN

"He had to accept the fate of every newcomer to a small town where there are plenty of tongues that gossip and few minds that think."

— Victor Hugo

POINT SEWARD'S PLAZA

An open square of cobbled stone built around an oft-frozen fountain, Point Seward's Plaza is a quaint space, an unusually bohemian spot amongst the utilitarian port town. A lot of the town's youth hang out here, chatting, smoking and sipping liquor from brown paper bags when they can find adults to buy it for them. Those that can afford it sit at the cool tables of the plaza's plentiful independent coffee houses, chatting the short days and long evenings away as snow-chilled nighthawks.

- Almost always at the window seat of the Bivouac Net Cafe, the tech-head **Juno Audet** (page 232) is a respected institution to many of the young people here. Nobody knows what they do at their booked terminal all day, but the youth think Juno's quiet aloofness and willingness to buy them cigarettes makes them the coolest person in town.

- A commotion ensues in the town centre when a local drunk staggers backwards out from an alley, shouting about a bear going through the dumpsters behind the local Saturn Burger fast-food joint. Many people immediately split, though those with cooler heads begin calling out to ask if anyone has seen **Rafe Bradley** (page 241), a local municipal worker who carries a tranquiliser gun for such an occasion.

THE THUNDERBIRD INN

A working man's watering hole, the Thunderbird is one of Point Seward's oldest establishments. Named after the legendary vessel of Anchorage IV's founder, the sign displays a novel ship of unknown design, sporting obtuse sails and square panels. Inside, a fireplace crackles beneath the din of hearty chatter, and rich ales are pulled from old taps into frosty glass tankards. The clientele is made up of promine miners, frequent haulers from Maple Plateau, and the more recently returned trawlermen. Those who find themselves too far gone to stagger home on the cold, dark nights can get a provincial room for a few credits.

- **Cherry Chapeu** (page 230) is the venerable owner, and can often be found telling bawdy stories with regulars or chasing underage drinkers from the plaza out with an old oar.
- The fraught and greying **Dr. Pawel Insk** (page 236) is hiding here, renting a room and taking his meals amongst the working folk. Nobody associated with Mitschk Oil is going to look for him here amongst their own resentful workers.
- Off shift, Sheriff **Veronica Renard** can be found here, drinking and playing pool, ruminating on her current dilemmas. She plays pool exceptionally well, and is always looking for new challengers to take her mind off things. For better or worse, she often speaks her mind as she plays, muttering her trains of thought. Her current conundrum is trying to find a suitable candidate of her staff to send in pursuit of missing deputy Rafe Bradley, though this is a job she is more than willing to accept outside help on.

ANCHORAGE IV RANGER'S STATION

A narrow wood-panelled office staffed by Sheriff Renard's miniscule and under-funded precinct. Crime rates are fortunately low due to the town's sleepy nature, though breaking and entering and DUI offences are common in the darker winter months. The usually quiet station is currently abuzz with all the officers searching records and ledgers, or jostling for the two dusty terminals in attempts to identify the Android bodies being held in the station's inadequately sized morgue.

In the morgue, a dozen Android bodies lay on tightly-packed together tables. Most are John Does, but amongst them are imperfect, uncanny copies of:

- **Amy Fordham,** current Planetary Governor of Ohrid.
- **Julian Mitschk,** CEO of Mitschk Oil.
- **Juno Audet,** Point Seward resident.
- **Dr. Nadine Brookes,** a geologist from Rothcoe and the least likely to be recognised.
- **A player character,** if the Crew have hindered or investigated any of Armilory-Dyson's dealings.

Outside the station, eight seized snowmobiles belonging to the Icebreaker Cartel await a processing that was disrupted by the catch at **Tawman's Boathouse.**

LAPIERRE CAMP

The collective name for the nomadic families that circumnavigate Anchorage IV, the Lapierre are a group of resourceful transients that follow and work at the many promine extraction sites that spring up and collapse across the ice giant throughout the year. Living in fleets of sledborne cabins, each clan is responsible for a large number of husky dogs that carry their homes across the ice, with the largest of the sleds amongst them being a disused cargo shuttle, *The Seppala,* which is utilised as a mobile town hall for the ever-moving community. Nomadic fishing folk prior to the promine boom, many Lapierre make camp at Point Seward annually, and the maintenance of their culinary traditions make them largely responsible for the food market currently underway at Garreau Promenade. The Lapierre are a friendly and welcoming people, and though they have little to give, they share much with those they trust.

- The Lapierre currently camped outside Point Seward primarily consists of the Flores family, one of the largest clans and the current stewards of the *Seppala.* Besides them, there are around a hundred Lapierre members from smaller families making the seasonal stop at Point Seward.
- **Mina Flores** (page 236) is the matriarch of the Flores family. Her son **Cam Flores** would regularly spend the coldest winters away on Rothcoe with his cousin **Trigger** (page 229), but Cam didn't return on time recently.
- Mina has parked at Point Seward in order to push Sheriff Renard to investigate Cam's disappearance. Before he disappeared, he took a large amount of Credit Bonds from the community fund in the Seppala, and Mina is worried something has happened to him.

CONTINENTAL ANCHORAGE IV

"The Wilderness holds answers to more questions than we have yet learned to ask."

— Nancy Newhall

MITSCHK OIL EXTRACTION SITE DELTA-114

Extraction Site Delta-114 is a jagged, scaffold-clad monolith located in the northern hemisphere. This site would be but one of many on an eye-straining list, but Delta-114 has notability for the processing plant built around the base—a Mitschk Oil asset currently under lockdown by striking promine miners.

- Mitschk recently put out a job posting seeking Androids only. The human workers want a guarantee that they'll be welcome on next season's extractions, which Mitschk won't give. Humans get pneumonia, they break easier, more prone to suing. *Expensive*.
- Scaffolds and walkways extend high up the towering pillar. The miners upon them have put down their tools and taken up long-distance monoculars and hunting rifles, ready to fight strike-breakers they know Mitschk will contract.
- **The Kingfisher** has attempted to radio the site and aid negotiations, but the workers disabled their comms when Mitschk Oil started to override the frequencies with a maddening, high pitched white noise.
- There are 30 workers here eager for evacuation. Many want to be taken to the Kingfisher, having been told that he can arrange protection and relocation for them to avoid repercussions from Mitschk.
- Upon arrival, ten of the workers have already left on snowmobiles sent by the Icebreaker Cartel. The group caught wind of the unfolding situation, and see it as an opportunity to recruit members that have ire for Mitschk.

ICEBREAKER CARTEL COMPLEX

Formerly a geological research base for storing terraforming equipment, this facility has been repurposed as a sprawling, multi-layered complex with regimented warehouse organisation that would put any Triumvirate establishment to shame. Using the base's in-built long-range communication array, the cartel organises black market shipments to enter the system via long-haul space flight. Their paid-off ships then airdrop their cargo on the uncharted plains of Anchorage IV before continuing on with their legitimate schedules. Retrieval gangs on snowmobiles quickly secure these packages and return to the complex, where they are catalogued or sent to Maple Plateau for export, repackaged in many of the Mitschk Oil canisters that leave the planet every day.

THE WAREHOUSE

A labyrinthine compound filled with crates and caches brimming with all kinds of contraband—anything and everything that could contribute to the destabilisation of a star system. Forklifts go back and forth in the cold halls, fulfilling orders from in and out of the system.

- If you want something illegal, some variety of it can be found here with enough searching.
- The workforce is made up of humans and Androids, primarily former Mitschk Oil workers, or those who don't have generational fishing businesses to return to with the moratorium lifting. The sense of angst and frustration here is palpable.

COALDUST GROW

An attempt to emulate the hot and dry conditions required to cultivate the grey Ashvein flowers from which Coaldust is derived, this grow is located deep beneath the warehouse to conceal the immense heat signature it generates. A mezzanine wing located directly above the titanic generators that heat the complex, the air here is so hot and dry, it snatches the very moisture from your mouth. It's very quiet down here.

- Cartel associate Dr. Brianna Byrne has introduced a rare type of bee, Stonebushels, that help pollinate the flowery vines required to make Coaldust. The bees are very territorial however, and only those in protective suits can enter the grow safely. The Stonebushels sting is highly poisonous.
- The security systems on the generator rooms are antiquated and easily overridden with an **Against the Odds Savvy Check.** This would briefly but fatally expose the rest of the compound to the aggressive swarms before the insects succumbed to the cold.

OFFICE & FACILITIES

The above-ground research facility is unassuming, and appearances are kept up to look like a legitimate geological study outpost—at least from the air. On the ground, the "researchers" don't look very academic, and they don't take kindly to visitors. Below ground, a make-shift boardroom, a lodgings corridor, communication centre and head office overlook the warehouse facility.

- The facility is patrolled by Icebreaker Cartel Guards (Pirate/Pirate Crew, **ORBITAL BLUES** core, page 143).
- In the above-ground outpost, a cryogenic sleeping chamber stands long discharged in the central room, and surrounding the offices and labs are being used for excess storage before goods can be moved down to the warehouse below.
- Underground, **the Iceman** oversees operations from the head office, though she's referred to as Dr. Garreau here by her most trusted associates.
- The head office is filled with copies of documents regarding vital system infrastructure, as well as recently collated dossiers on many of the Tennessee Five's richest and most influential figures.
- A central and clearly well-studied document here is a copy of **Dr. Nadine Brookes'** research on undiscovered MinTech charges on Rothcoe. It details how further detonations could disrupt the planet's orbit and create a rogue planet.

ANCHORAGE IV WATERS

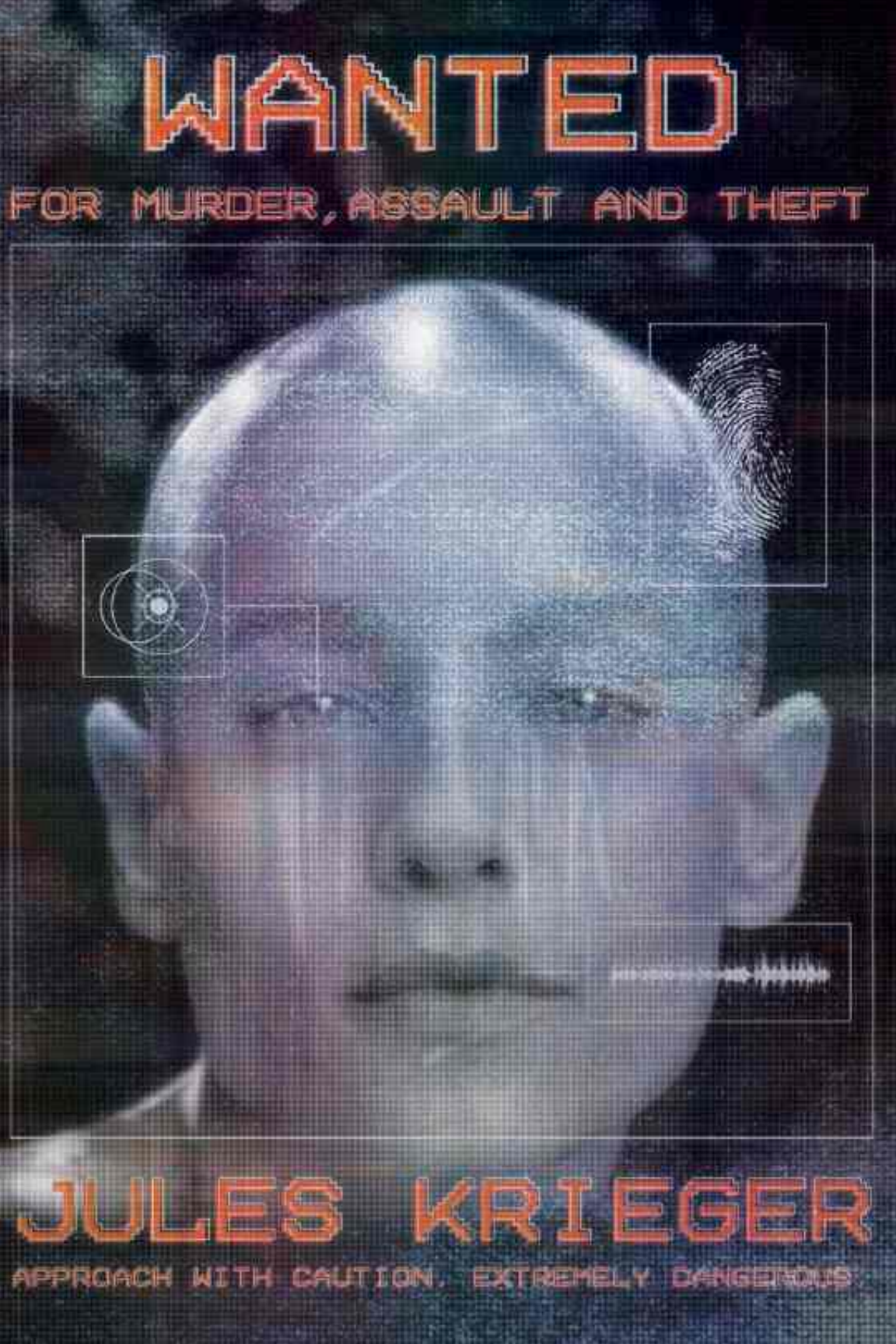
"...to the last I grapple with thee; from hell's heart I stab | at thee; for hate's sake I spit my last breath at thee."

— Herman Melville

LIBERTY'S DAWN

The flagship and ever-moving headquarters of the Kingfisher, the *Liberty's Dawn* defied the Anchorage IV fishing moratorium forty years ago, and has never docked since. The huge factory trawler is well armed with technology usually reserved for spacecraft, including a cloaking device and chaff launchers to hide and defend itself. Inside, a smorgasbord of mismatched radios, computers and scanners in makeshift offices all contribute towards a war effort. The crew plan strikes and protests, overseeing corporate espionage whilst dredging the seas, looking for anything—and anyone—to aid in the fight against Armilory-Dyson and their ilk.

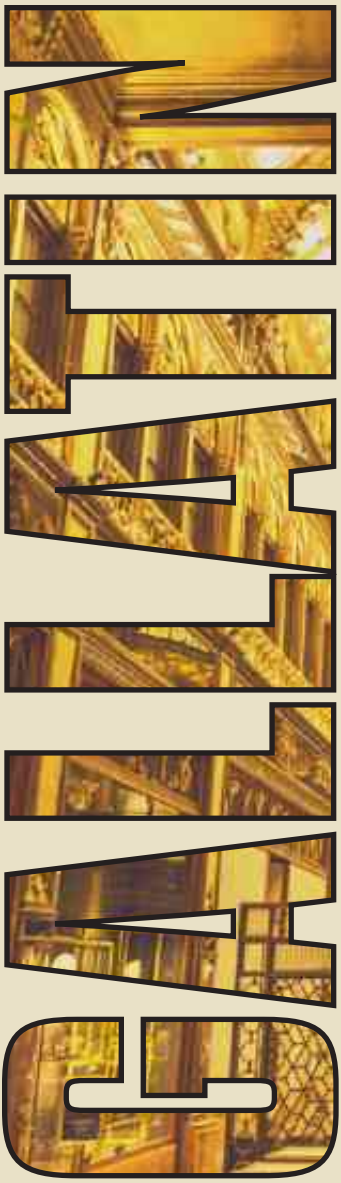
- **The Kingfisher** himself captains the ship. He runs a tight operation with the acuity of a military general, and commands the utmost respect of the crew. There are over a hundred of them on the large trawler, humans and Androids, and they'd all die for him.
- The *Liberty's Dawn* hasn't trawled for fish in forty years—no more than the crew need to survive anyway. She's trawling for the discarded bodies of unused Androids that have been dumped in Anchorage IV's waters by Armilory-Dyson for the last four decades. Were it not for the ship's nets, the Kingfisher would have been just like them.
- At the end of each week, the Kingfisher cremates any inert Androids found, and any survivors are anointed in the ashes and offered to join the Kingfisher's cause and crew. None have declined.
- Though now an institution and a well-respected tradition aboard the ship, performing this grim funeral rite unerringly binds the Kingfisher to Anchorage IV, and prevents him and his trusted crew from taking the fight more directly to Armilory-Dyson.
- The *Liberty's Dawn* is constantly in search of *The Obol,* a well-armoured freighter that the Kingfisher considers a primary asset to destroy in the fight against Armilory-Dyson. In anticipation of such a showdown, a colossal railgun capable of shattering the shields of a Dreadnought-class starship lays concealed beneath a tarpaulin on the ship's prow.


WANTED
FOR MURDER, ASSAULT AND THEFT
JULES KRIEGER
APPROACH WITH CAUTION. EXTREMELY DANGEROUS

THE OBOL

The ghastly mirror of the *Liberty's Dawn,* The Obol is a haulage spacecraft used by Armilory-Dyson to transport "defective" Android bodies from their factory on Ediston to the deep, icy waters of Anchorage IV. The Obol is the Kingfisher's white whale—a macabre spectre of his past that he longs to destroy. He was borne upon it once, dropped into the depths barely conscious of what—or who—he was meant to be. Only the passing *Liberty's Dawn,* then a true trawler, saved his life. Since that day, he has only ever glimpsed the ship at distance, dropping its grisly cache before departure. Though he knows deep in his heart Armilory-Dyson would simply replace it, he longs to destroy it and everything it represents to him.

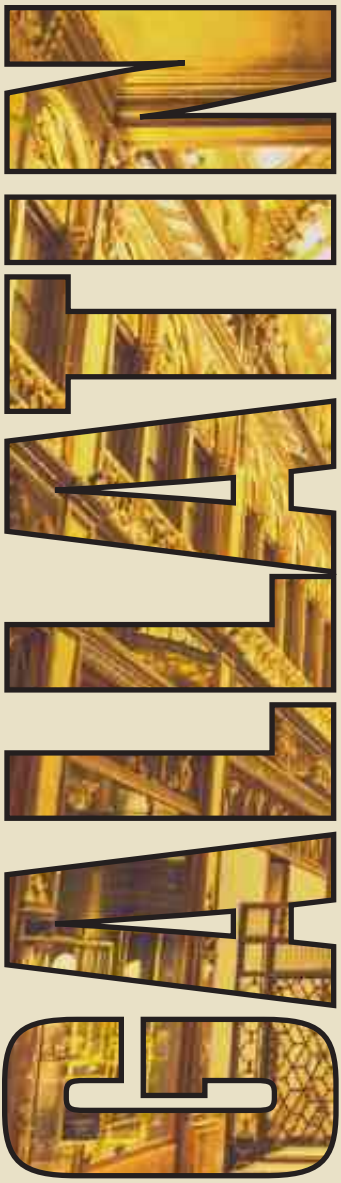
- The Obol is captained by **Jules Krieger** (page 232), a scarred and dogged combat Android who is coyly aware of the zealous hunt that the *Liberty's Dawn* wages against her ship. She enjoys the thrill of the chase, but understands she has a job to do and takes pride in it, simply grateful that her mother company has found a use for her beyond violence.
- The ship is crewed by private military contractors from **Rasslock Braun,** hired by Armilory-Dyson through a number of false-subsidiaries. They have become a tight-knit cadre, fiercely loyal to Jules after years of service, and now owe little to their original employer.



"You can try to comfort yourself that people who are wealthy, they're probably really miserable, that they don't know the ups and downs, the happiness, the contrasts and the passions that I have. But we don't know. Maybe every day is wonderful."

— Anthony Bourdain

A shining jewel of the Tennessee Five, the Gallatin orbital habitat is a place where the high society of the Frontier Galaxy congregate. It is an ultra-modern space station, an ever-ringing cash register of restaurants, cafes, shops and boutiques elegantly and efficiently packed between opulent marble walkways. Above them, stained glass canopies filter artificial light onto the finery below, casting the gentle baroque architecture in the calm tones of a summer evening. Luxury and extravagance can be found here in a more refined and civilised form than most places in the galaxy; it is a place where fortunes ever spiral around the sink of excess, but never truly go down the drain. The rich stay rich, and the poor remain unwelcome.



THE SILVER STRETCH

The outermost ring of the station, the Silver Stretch is the best place the average citizen can hope to afford anything. The streets here are not lined with gold, but the more affordable silver filigree, and businesses or services unable or unwilling to afford Golden Mile rent are relegated here. Still, the cost of such real estate accommodates only the highest-end retailers, and the apartments in the baroque towers above the storefronts fetch prices eye-watering to all but the most successful in the galaxy.

BETTER LIVING COSMETIC CLINIC

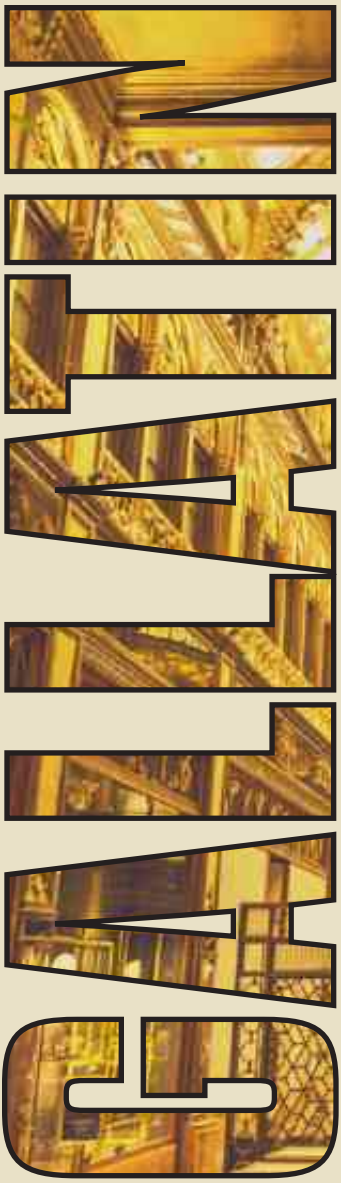
Currently offering cut-price surgeries to improve their reputation after a recent PR disaster, Better Living Cosmetics is a crisp white clinic fashioned with glamorous photographs of their rich and famous clients.

- Any individual looking to zhuzh themselves up, disappear completely or elude law enforcement can exchange credits for a seamless and "affordable" surgical makeover here (**5 Credits**).
- A T5 broadcasting crew is waiting outside to speak to staff of the clinic, investigating the allegations that the wanted fugitive Dr. Pawel Insk was a plastic surgeon here, and that the crime he is wanted for is the intentional jeopardisation of a surgery carried out on billionaire playboy **Julian Mitschk.**

SUNRISE À NINE

A hotel run by the *Comfort À Nine* hospitality franchise, this palatial stopover is the go-to place for those looking to visit Gallatin, and indulge in the luxuries of the station. Rooms are lavish; silken furnishings and marble floors are a staple, along with centrepiece fountains and other unnecessary water features that would incense the average Rothcoe resident that pays a premium for their water allowance.

- The hotel is currently experiencing a culture shock as all the displaced visitors of the **Galilee View** on the **Dyson Memorial Station** have been relocated here. The usual crowd of visiting debutantes, high-rollers and retired elite are sharing their luxury with holidaying families previously bound for Ohrid, rowdy baseball fans coming for the upcoming Eagles vs. Jacks game, or blue-collar vagrants headed for Rothcoe or Anchorage IV.
- When a Crew arrives, the lobby is frozen in shock as the bandage-wrapped billionaire **Julien Mitschk** (page 240) has pulled a gun on a bellboy he believes to have stolen a suitcase from him. If tempers are not calmed, he will shoot the young man in the leg for answers he cannot give.
- Two identical suitcases matching the description that Julian is shouting emphatically at the boy are sitting on a luggage trolley nearby, though most of the crowd are too caught up in the horror of the scene to notice.



SULLEMAN CONTRACTS

The tight, electric nucleus of the Tennessee Five's criminal market, Sulleman's Contracts hides in plain sight amongst Gallatin's luxury. A single staircase in a generic, hole-in-the-wall jewellery boutique named J's is guarded by a suited bouncer, and leads up to an unassuming office with a single desk and chair. Visitors must stand—staying long is suspicious. If you have stolen goods, particularly ones of high value or of interest to the wealthy, Sulleman's will likely know about it, and contact you for a consultation.

Jabari Sulleman (page 238) sits behind the desk, working around the clock on a bulky computer. An acrid cigarette always hangs from beneath his grey moustache.

- High-end stolen goods and valuables can be fenced here. Larger transactions can also be discussed if the seller can provide adequate proof of payment or possession.
- Sulleman will accept goods through the **Sunrise À Nine's** kitchen deliveries, which his people then move under the guise of luggage to an always-booked penthouse in the hotel.
- The computer is connected to countless peace-keeping radio frequencies and bounty boards, as well as a network of bugged cargo ledgers and shipping manifests.

B.O.S.C

THE GOLDEN MILE

"Some people think luxury is the opposite of poverty. It is not. It is the opposite of vulgarity."

— Coco Chanel

RENWORTHY'S AUCTION HOUSE

A grand building of aged limestone, the Renworthy Auction house is a centuries-old establishment that was cut from its foundations on Bruschard-12 and transported wholesale into Gallatin Station at the behest of bygone billionaire and art appreciator Edward Halver. For the half-century since then, it has continued its tradition of providing a place for the galaxy's elite to buy and sell curiosities, antiques and high art.

The Renworthy gala is an annually hosted auction of big-ticket items attended by much of the Frontier Galaxy's elite, and preparations are underway for it to begin in a matter of days after a Crew's first arrival upon Gallatin. Among a number of priceless antiques and art pieces, centrepiece items coming up for sale at the Gala include:

- A flight recorder black box belonging to the philanthropist explorer Francis Garreau, considered by many as the first settler of Anchorage IV. Supposedly never opened, it will be highly anticipated but never arrive for auction, lost in transit. Gasps and gossip ensue before the auction moves on.

  Potential bidders (if found):
  - Dr. John Sheridan (**4 Credits**)
  - Jabari Sulleman (**7 Credits**)
  - Dr. Alice Garreau (**20 Credits** or more, no amount too high)

- Caleb Hannegan's ten-gallon hat. Verified as the iconic white headpiece of the man many consider to be the first Interstellar Bounty Hunter, it is said to be cursed and bring bad luck to the pure of heart and good fortune to the dishonest.

  Potential Bidders:
  - Rafe Bradley (**4 Credits**)
  - Chester Ames (**6 Credits**)
  - Emir Salvadore (**8 Credits**)
  - Chester Ames (**10 Credits**—will subsequently never take it off if won.)

- VIP box tickets for the Ediston Eagles vs. Charlestown Jacks game, courtesy of Joni Lawrence and the Ediston Eagles.

  Potential Bidders:
  - Rafe Bradley (**3 Credits**)
  - Chester Ames (**5 Credits**)
  - Tim Sandale (**8 Credits,** tears them up in front of Joni if won, offers tickets courtesy of the Charlestown Jacks. Escorted out.)

Renworthy's will hire a division of Rasslock-Braun Peacekeepers (Corporate Security Squad, **ORBITAL BLUES** core, page 144) to oversee security of the event, and in an unusual diversion from her usual posting, Jules Krieger and her crew from The Obol will take the job. It is a ruse to get to Rafe Bradley and kill him, openly firing on him after the auction and causing mass panic.

The auctioneer is set to be Heron "MacArthur" Armilory in a PR move that plans to win over the system's elite through a combination of hosting patter platitudes and the subsidisation of Renworthy's usually imposed auction fees, courtesy of Armilory-Dyson.

THE BOOTLEGGER

Appropriating its criminally suggestive name, the Bootlegger is a high-class wine bar where the most common crime occurring is the pretension. The bar prides itself on one of the largest collections of wine in the galaxy, with patrons able to reserve their own alcoves in its sprawling cellar, putting notable wines or particular vineyards on a standing order.

- Ediston Eagles coach **Joni Lawrence** (page 240) is a fixture here. She is currently remotely watching the young Ellen Geary's practice at the Ediston stadium on a blocky screen tablet, and providing quiet, patronising feedback through an attached microphone. Her quiet criticisms in the ambience of the bar are being fed back as a roaring din over the PA systems in Ediston.
- **Dr. Alice Garreau** (page 231) visits the Bootlegger on weekends, owning an apartment above the bar. She has a cordial relationship with the staff, though many of them seem to be abjectly terrified of the young doctor. She takes her drinks alone, often spending a whole day reading through a stack of papers and financial newsletters. Occasionally she has brisk, curt meetings with wealthy-looking individuals.

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Gallatin Board of Commerce
CC 4305

ROOSEVELT'S CASINO

People walk in smiling, excited to lose money. Yet unlike many casinos across the galaxy, they walk out smiling too, because money is just a plaything here. Considered by its upper management as a necessary part of the station's ecosystem, Roosevelt's Casino has been parting excess Credits from the wealthy since Gallatin opened. Though many opportunists have come here over the years in hopes of gaming the rich out of their fortunes, the exorbitant table minimums here keep it an exclusive establishment for only the wealthiest of visitors.

Renowned cyberneticist **Dr. John Sheridan** (page 239) is a regular patron of Roosevelt's, and often wanders between the blackjack and poker tables, rubbing shoulders with old clients and occasionally doing consultations with new ones at the bar.

► Sheridan is a sly old shark, and offers a newly arrived Crew a side bet to guess how many of the players on the high-end poker table have had cybernetic work done. Of the five players, Sheridan fitted two of them personally and can identify the third by a slight amblyopia and discoloration of a cybernetic eye.

Rafe Bradley (page 241) can be found here, having spent much of the stolen credit bonds on a poorly tailored but expensive suit, and a tacky, gold-plated revolver he shows off. He tells people he is a retired cop, though sometimes this story changes to a smuggler or a bounty hunter depending how he's feeling.

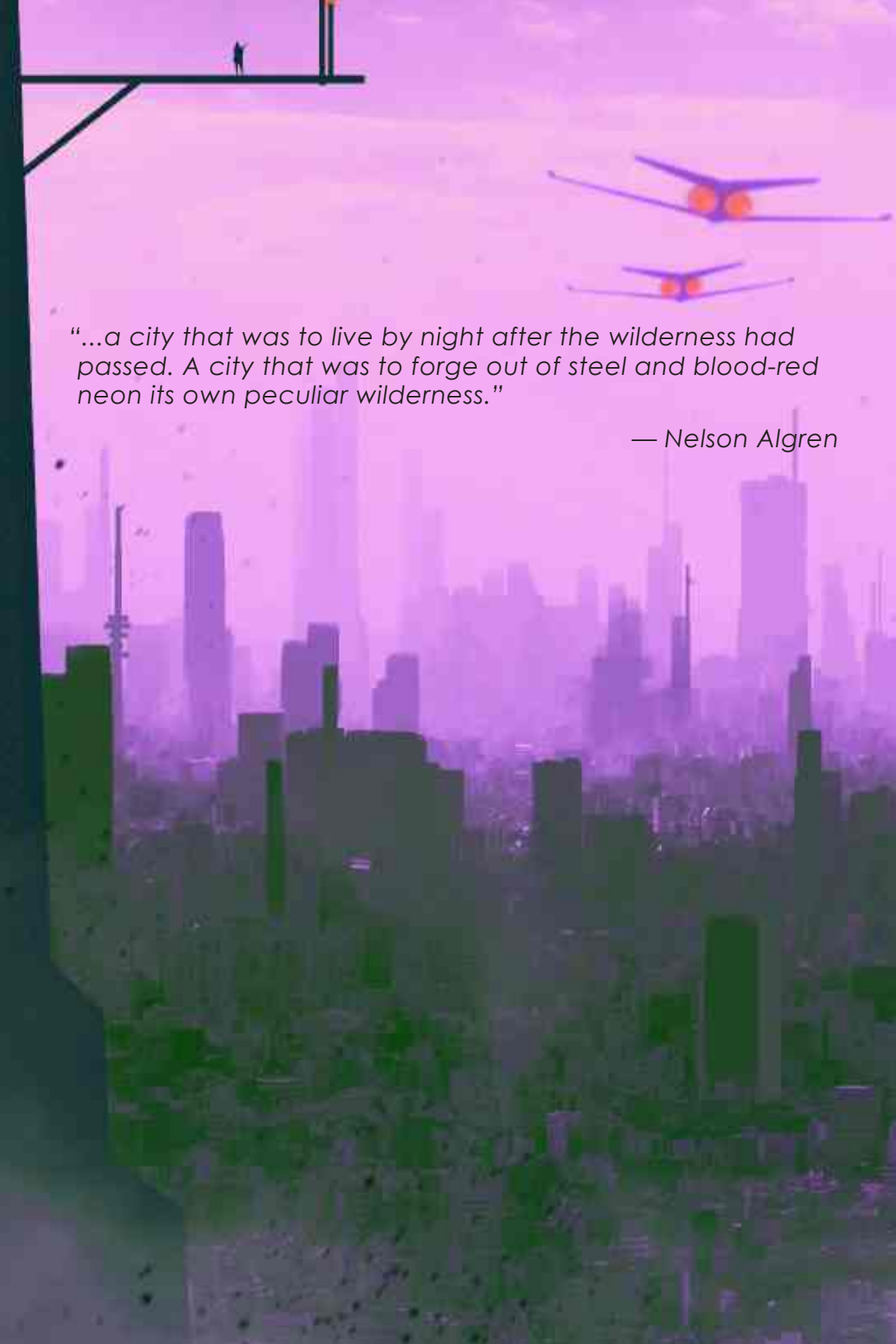
EDISTON

A planet-wide megalopolis ever expanding into scrapheap wastelands of its own industrial refuse and landfill, Ediston is a prime example of the galaxy's greatest ailment; unchecked, unrestricted hyper-capitalism ran rampant. The planet itself is massive, and orbits the sun of Galilee slowly—days and nights are longer. Everyone works longer, or parties longer.

Above the apartment blocks, head offices and factories feed from the steady supply of workers that take the ever-buzzing shuttle ships or clog the highways around the clock. Tumultuous and confusing, vast and labyrinthine, to spend any amount of time on Ediston is to drink deep in humanity's greed and be driven to inebriation. You will live to the fullest, live to regret, or burn up from the inside.

a city of size & scale

Whatever it is, if you can imagine it in a city, it exists on Ediston, somewhere. Between or behind each high-rise is another office, factory, corporate headquarters or landing bay, and shuttleships serve as public transport above the usual cars and buses that wind their way through the domestic towers and beyond. If you need to find something, it's somewhere in Ediston's mega-city sprawl. As with every other planet, but more so with Ediston, what follows is simply a small selection of locations accessible on arrival—a situation at Mitschk Oil's head offices near Terminus East has the area on high alert, and transient crews won't be able to get far.



"...a city that was to live by night after the wilderness had passed. A city that was to forge out of steel and blood-red neon its own peculiar wilderness."

— Nelson Algren

EDISTON

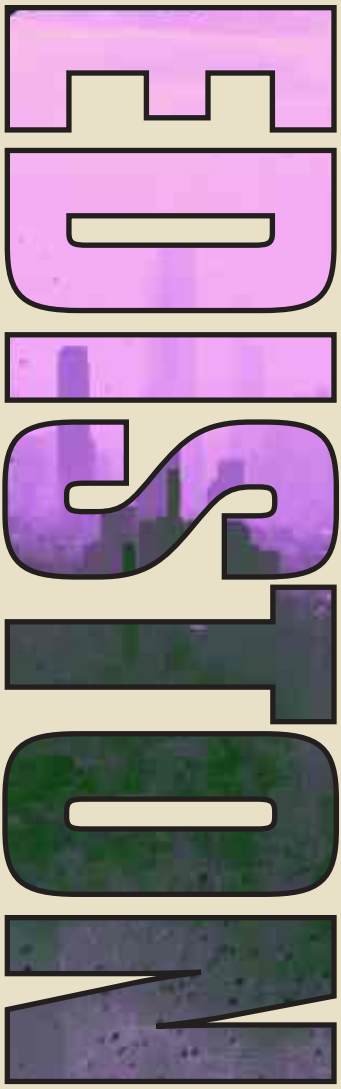
TERMINUS EAST

Larger than the Dyson Memorial Gate in terms of sheer size and traffic, Terminus East is the primary commercial dock of Ediston and sees millions of feet—and billions of credits in goods and exports—move through the port every day. A non-stop bustle of commerce, the amenities and stores available here rival the range of any mega-mart or strip mall, and much of it is duty-free. Built into a sinkhole, it is easy to get lost in the Terminus given its seemingly non-Euclidian design. Gravity plates have turned every square mile of the pit's vertices into landing bays and docking rigs, with tubular elevators taking visitors up, down and around the vast terminal as ships come and go like bees to a hive.

ADDCO. SECURITY TOWER

Built atop a central pillar in the circular depression, ADDCo.'s presence in the Terminus was built to enforce the same controlling psychology of a panopticon tower on a grand scale. A brutalist office of black metal sheeting and jade-green glass, this angular bunker casts a steadfast shadow over the port, reminding visitors of the security corps' ever-vigilant watch.

- Laser-line security systems mounted on the tower scan each ship that enters the Terminus. Though there are a number of illegal technological defences and screens to this, canny pilots best avoid these by simply obscuring themselves behind larger incoming vessels.
- As per the Galactic Vigilante Charter, bounties can be handed in here for processing and payment.



THROUGH-WAY DELTA-FOUR

A controlled funnel through which ADDCo. are temporarily directing the Terminus' foot traffic, this steadily ascending street is designed to accommodate huge amounts of commuters between the Terminus and the Mitschk-West sector of the commercial district above. Rows of escalator platforms constantly run up and down, flanking the main throughway of concession stands and coffee booths for the rushing worker.

- ADDCo. has a heavy security presence here, with armed officers watching over the throughway and escalators, occasionally picking visitors "at random" for stop and search checks. As such, the pickpockets and knock-off peddlers that usually litter these access-streets have made themselves scarce.
- **Spitts Red** (page 245), a municipal worker and sometime smuggler, sees an opportunity here. He's pretending to look busy by the maintenance entrance that a Crew exits from. If anyone's looking uneasy at the amount of security here, he can discreetly offer to get people up into the commercial district for a Credit each via an unmonitored staff tunnel through the Delta-Four Underground.

PLANET OVERVIEW

Planet Name	Planet Type
Edistor	**Industrial**

PLANET DATA
Type: Terrestrial
Temperature: Hot
Atmosphere: Type 1 (breathable)
Hydrosphere: Low
Gravity: Standard
Terrain: Urban sprawl, industrial cityscape
Length of Day: 30 standard hours
Length of Year: 581 standard days
Population: 900 million (est.)
Government: Elected First Minister
Tech Level: Advanced
Major Exports: Technology
Major Imports: Foodstuffs, water

SYSTEM DATA
System Name: Tennessee V
Star Name: Galileo
ORBITAL BODIES
Edistor
Rothcos
Ohrid
Anchorage IV
Gallatin

Edistor

Centre of the Tennessee V system, and home to the powerful Armilory-Dyson corporation, Edistor is a massive, sprawling city-wide planet

History

A rare example of a city-wide planet outside of the Central Systems, Edistor owes its massive size to Armilory-Dyson and its founder, Heron Armilory.

Originally settled years ago by prospectors from the nearby Venture system, the planet was named after Leanna Edistor,the chief prospector of the expedition. The prospectors were drawn to the planet by promising surface scans that seemed to indicate that the small planet may be as mineral-rich as its neighbours.

Unfortunately, once promising surface scans soon proved to be premature as it was quickly determined that this new planet held little in the way of valuable natural resources. However, the planet's temperate weather, and solid soil did make settlement on Edistor easy and soon a small number of cities sprang up over the small planet's northern continent.

As its neighbouring worlds prospered, so too did Edistor, as the planet became the de facto administrative hub of the Tennessee V system.

However, it was the arrival of Heron Armilory that changed the face of Edistor forever. Within just a generation, the small planet had become heavily industrialised, with the multiple small cities becoming linked together into one massive one. Seas of prefabricated buildings seemingly popped up overnight, turning Edistor into a labyrinth of a city-scape.

Jump forward to today and the city-wide planet is split into 8 districts; **The Federal District, the Plaza District, the Commercial District, the Equatorial District, the**

Cooperative District, the Iron District and **the Flats District.** These districts are split into 66 zones, with the lowest zones being the wealthiest areas on the planet and the highest zones being the poorest.

Society and Culture

Each of Ediston's 8 districts and 66 zones seems to have a life, community and personality of its own.

- **Federal District (Zone 1-5):** The Federal District is the administrative and government centre of the planet and of the larger Tennessee V system. The district is home to the headquarters of Armilory-Dyson, and many of the galaxy's biggest corporations have offices here. The System Authority, which oversees the Tennessee V system and the Office of Ediston's First Minister have their offices here, at Trinity Hall. Entry into the Federal District is heavily regulated and armed security forces are a common sight throughout the entire area.

- **Plaza District (Zone 6-11):** The Plaza District is the home of luxury living on Ediston. The richest and most powerful people in the system have apartments and houses in the incredibly expensive living complexes here. Like, the Federal District, security is very tight here and entry is heavily controlled. Like all the richest areas on the planet, the Federal District is climate controlled. Much of the Plaza District can be navigated through above ground walkways and pristine connection halls, meaning the residents here never need to be exposed to Ediston's atmosphere.

- **Commercial District (Zone 12-24):** The majority of the upper middle class of Ediston live and work within the Commercial District. Countless large, but mid-tier, corporations who can't afford real estate in the Federal District are housed here, along with all the personnel who work but do not live in the Federal and Plaza Districts. Life in the Commercial District is cramped but relatively comfortable.

- **Equatorial District (Zone 25-31):** T Equatorial District works to symbolical separate the upper and middle cla districts and the poorer districts Ediston. Spanning the equator of the enti planet, the Equatorial District is a massi band of landing pads, hangar bays a docking ports. While a very select numb of VIPs are permitted to land straight in t Federal and Plaza Districts, most people first port of call on Ediston is t Equatorial District. The customs a processing centres in the district a stretched thin as new visitors pour into t planet every day.

- **Cooperative District (Zone 32-41):** T Cooperative District, nicknamed "Worker City" is a large area that is home to the va majority of Ediston's population. Many the working-class of Ediston never eve leave the Cooperative District, living an working and dying within its bounds. Th Cooperative District is nowhere near well-financed as the downtown district and often suffer from poor infrastructur and support. The Cooperative District also home to much of the black market an outlaw community in the Tennessee system.

- **Iron District (Zone 42-58):** Seas factories and foundries stretching out as fa as the eye can see. The Iron District is wher Ediston's myriad of manufacturing space are located. The Broken Horn Yards, Ilo Fields and Vanto Complex are some of th largest factory areas within the district. Th contanst smoke and radiation churned ou by the cooling towers mix with Ediston' clouds to make Iron District humid, rain and smoggy.

- **Flats District (Zone 59-66):** Nicknamed the "Undercity" and situated at the outer edges of the planet, the Flats District is vast, decaying, industrial wasteland Empty, rusting factories and long abandoned construction projects fill this blackened area. The Flats District has been almost entirely written off by the Edistor government and left to the criminal gangs and dangerous outlaws that roam this area

DELTA-FOUR / MITSCHK-WEST UNDERGROUND

A maintenance tunnel for the upkeep of the throughway's elevators, plumbing and municipal storage, the tunnels beneath the throughway are a labyrinth of access passages to the circuits and arteries beneath Ediston's mega-city sprawl. Where one corridor can be a smoky, clammy heat-sink for a transit rail terminal, the next could be a narrow bridge over a roaring waste-water aqueduct. Navigation is unthinkable without a guide.

- Subterranean access is available to any of the three Commercial District locations from here, providing a route is known.
- When he isn't roaming the streets above, the tattered and unkempt **"Herod" Armilory** (page 243) wanders around down here, "sleeping" in a narrow maintenance locker and subsisting on refuse. He will pull handfuls of old credit bonds from his suit pockets and offer them to those he crosses paths with, asking them to kill *him,* but not *him.*

COMMERCIAL DISTRICT, MITSCHK-WEST SECTOR

"The destroyers will rarely be held accountable. Mostly they will receive pensions."

— Ta-Nehisi Coates

ARMILORY-DYSON MUSEUM OF ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

Upon exiting from Throughway Delta-Four, visitors are immediately assaulted by the glaring visual spectacle of a holographic fixture that looms above a spotless plaza of creme brick. Two disembodied hands, one human, and one biomechanical, connect, interlink and shake in a steady loop of blue light, representing the supposed unity and equality of the system's transhuman society. The source of this display is the Armilory-Dyson Museum, a tourist attraction that celebrates the history and advancements in the field of artificial intelligence.

Notable museum attractions include:

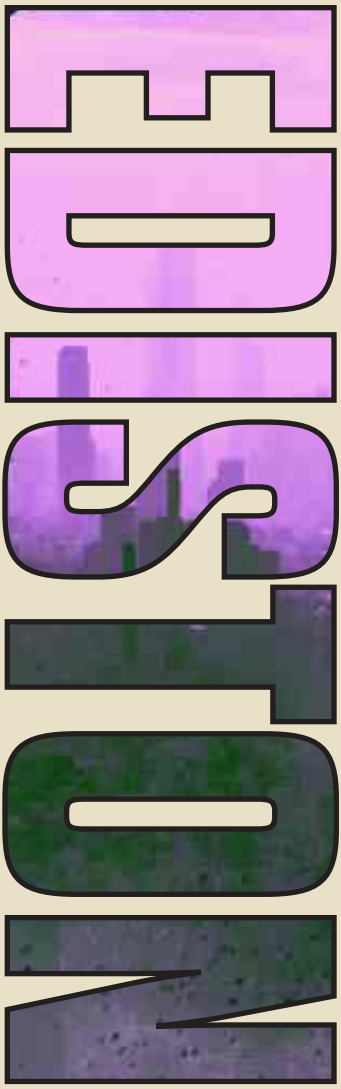
- The first bipedal lumber extraction unit, or "Billie" model proto-Android, built by a young Heron Armilory on the farm he grew up on.
- A prototype of the first independent Thought Matrix Processor.
- An AI ship core, its personality modelled after famous ship-racer and autosports commentator Ulysses Pane.
- A deactivated but still controversial prototype of a seized "Forever Child" Android.
- A series of inert AD-model replicas showing the advancement of the technology throughout the years. The models demonstrate changes in fashion through the eras, alternate between male and female presenting bodies, and the most recent end model is practically indistinguishable from a human.
- Servitrons from the now defunct Everjoy theme park, exemplifying the myriad uses for Android-adjacent technology.
- A collection of outlawed concealed weapon attachments for Armilory-Dyson model Androids. It is thought they were never anything more than proof of concept and never saw installation.

MITSCHK OIL INCORPORATIONS

The head offices of Mitschk Oil's operations in the Tennessee Five, this elegant grey building with its lavish interior decor is the antithesis of the hard, dirty work that funds its existence. Situated central in the district sector named after it, the building is currently cordoned off by several huge blast bulkheads emblazoned with the ADDCo. logo, and several streets in the vicinity have been evacuated.

- At the cordon perimeter, a team of ADDCo. Security bomb disposal specialists are gearing up in hazmat gear to search the building.
- A palette of vintage wine arrived at Mitschk head offices earlier that day, but during delivery a bottle fell from the palette and smashed. The delivery worker who cleaned it up has subsequently been hospitalised due to asphyxiation and burns to his respiratory tract, and ADDCo. have been brought in to investigate.
- The palette of wine is in the boardroom on the top floor, rigged to blow with a starship-grade explosive concealed within. The bottles do not contain wine, but blackfrost, a potent and rapidly evaporating poison produced as a Coaldust byproduct. Causing chemical burns and affecting the nervous system, it causes seizures and suffocation in minutes, but has no effect on Androids.
- Should the explosive detonate, the payload it would spread from the bottles would render the Mitschk-West district uninhabitable to humans for several months and require a vast chemical clean-up.
- If the situation goes public, the Icebreaker Cartel will claim responsibility for it via radio broadcast, calling it the first of many acts of resistance against the corporations that are draining the system dry with greed.
- Even if the situation is resolved, Ediston will remain on high alert and postpone the Charlestown Jacks vs. Ediston Eagles game by a week to perform security sweeps.

Jacks
Vs.
EAGLES



EDISTON EAGLES ARENA

The home of Ediston's #1 baseball team and long-time rivals to the Charlestown Jacks, the Eagles Arena was compactly built directly beside Terminus East to accommodate for the thousands of visitors that attend games and events here. Training is currently underway for the season finals against the Jacks, and though the game is over a week away, a tailgate camp has already sprung up in the far-reaching parking lot behind the stadium.

- Many of the entrances and exits to the stadium are swamped with journalists and reporters from across the system and beyond. They are trying to get the scoop on the rumour that the Eagles have recently paid to have their rising star player, Ellen Geary, uploaded into an Android body.
- The sports paparazzi will be waiting a long time; Eagles staff and players are using a subterranean entrance that connects to **Throughway Delta-Four's** staff tunnels to get in and out of the stadium.
- Increasingly frustrated athlete **Ellen Geary** (page 242) is practising in the stadium all hours of the day. The rumours are true about her upload, and she is inaccurately batting balls at speeds that are blowing holes in the stadium's walls and seating blocks.

From the Federal District to Poi

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NPC Appendix

In this section are entries for all of the forty-six named NPCs found in the Tennessee Five, featuring descriptions, jobs, tasks and any notable features. For ease of use, NPCs are listed under the major locations they primarily appear in, and are sorted alphabetically by first name. The Heron Armilory clones also appear under their given names. Anyone known by a moniker, such as the Iceman, would be found under that name rather than their real identity.

As an example, to find the entry for Dr. Heron "MacArthur" Armilory, he is listed as ***MacArthur Armilory,*** *and though he could be met if a Crew gets into the Renworthy Auction, he is found under the section for Ohrid, given his mainstay appearance at his Charlestown mayoral rally.*

Additionally, there are a number of interlinked jobs that appear throughout the appendix, with different perspectives, approaches or accounts available from different NPCs. These are all marked with recurring prefixes, such as *The Cam Flores Case,* or *Fordham vs. MacArthur.*

DYSON MEMORIAL GATE

DOM CROLE

A mulleted, tattooed greaser with a penchant for expensive cigarettes, Dom lives in an oil-stained tank top and waist-tied boiler suit. A talented mechanic, Crole cut his teeth on the Red Shift Run racing vessel before the Rothcoe Disaster. His passion project, the Live Wire, distracts him from his real job in the chop-shop. Dom used to be the getaway driver for a heist crew, and recently he's had the itch to get back in the game.

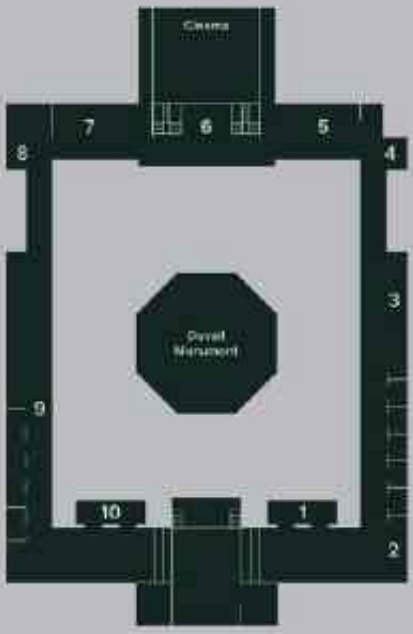
THE LIVE WIRE FIRE

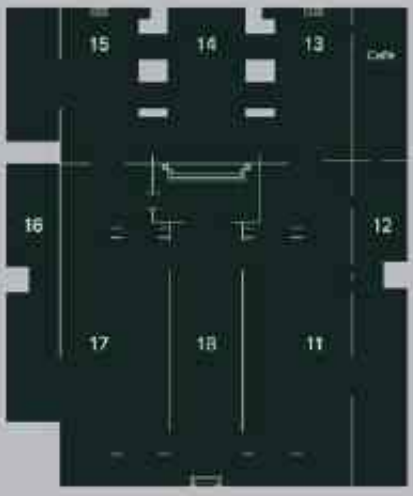
During the fire in Dom's Garace, the jet stream of the fire extinguisher knocks several documents to the floor, revaling annotated architectural plans and maps of the tunnels surrounding the Armilory-Dyson Artificial Intelligence Museum on Ediston. Dom plans to steal an archaic prototype ship core to install on the Live Wire. Should a Crew see the plans, Dom considers them "in the game". He pulls the shutters down and offers to buy their cooperation for an amount equal to **2 Credits** each for their involvement. Plans for the heist are well-laid, but Dom hasn't been able to get in touch with all of his old Crew, and needs bodies. Here's the job:

- On the day of the Ediston Eagles vs. Charlestown Jacks baseball game, the museum will be closed, with the security keeping an eye on the frontage more than the back. Law enforcement will be busy.
- On game days, the museum staff takes advantage of the lull to shift exhibitions and give the building a deep clean.
- Dom has uniforms for the cleaning company that the museum has hired, stashed in a van left in the Eagle's Stadium parking lot.
- Go in as the cleaning company, and take the prototype ship core right off the display.
- Leave via the emergency exit to the municipal tunnels, and using the maps Dom provided, exit to Throughway Delta-Four in civilian clothes. Dom will be waiting at Terminus East in the *Live Wire*.

Once Dom installs the core in the Live Wire it gains a rudimentary AI for its onboard computer. It's very old, and the reason its model is no longer produced becomes apparent—the AI was modelled on the late golden-age ship racer Ulysses Pane, famous for his bellowing tone and bombastic, patronising demeanour. The AI improves a ship's systems by +1, at the cost of the pilot's patience as it reminds them to *"Pay attention, son!"* or *"Look at me when I'm talking to you, boy!"* regardless of their identity.

DYSON MEMORIAL GATE





Plan of the Public Galleries

1 *Heroes of the Nova Star* Exhibition

2 Documents Room

3-6 Art and Poster Galleries

7-8 *Evolution of the Artificial* Exhibition

9 Temporary Sales Stall

10 Hirsch Room

11 Origins of Independent Thought

12 Android Weaponry

13 *Billie* Exhibition

14 Artificial Starships

15 Androids at Home

16 *A Galaxy of Change*: the life and service of Dr. Heron Armilory

17 Understanding our Metal Brothers

18 The Future of Androids

19 Jacobi Hall and Hangar

MoAI

The Museum of Artificial Intelligence

LEAH MURROUGH

A doe-eyed and dark haired young woman, Leah is a colourful art graduate with an ever-growing collection impulsive tattoos adorning her body wherever her uniform covers. Working as a concierge at the Galilee View, she was on the nightshift at the front desk of the hotel, smoking on the promenade during a break when she witnessed one of the windows of the hotel above burst open, voiding a man into space. Leah's never seen a dead body before today. She's in shock, and has been drinking at Mezzanine À Nine's overpriced bar since.

THE CAM FLORES CASE: FLOATING IN A MOST PECULIAR WAY

The evening of the evacuation, Leah booked a handsome young man by the name of Cam Flores into the room that was spaced. No more than a couple hours later, she watched him die. She's been in a daze since, and hasn't been able to compose herself well enough to go to station security with this information.

SANDY EARLE

Sandy used to be a miner on Rothcoe, or so he thinks. He was in an accident a few years ago that left his memory real spotty, and he's just wandered the system working odd jobs since. Now, Sandy moonlights as an express courier pilot for Triumvirate Shipping. Years of working outdoors have left him leathery and photoaged, with a roguish humour and a wicked smile that cuts out from beneath a vintage moustache. He walks with a limp, and has an outdated, if not charming mannerism of tipping his creme Stetson to those he meets. He often swings by Rusty's Bar & Grill between his deliveries, and has a close friendship with the owner, Tommy Flores.

THE COURIER

Sandy collected a package from the Colima Strip Mall drop-off point on Rothcoe, due for delivery to a penthouse suite at Gallatin's Sunrise À Nine. He doesn't know what it was, only that it was mighty heavy. As is his habit, Sandy made a halfway stop at Dyson's to get food at Rusty's, and refuel at the Triumvirate Depot. Sadly, it looks like the criminal that made a run from the Galilee View chose his ride as their getaway. He hates to ask, but it looks like he's going to need a ride. On account of his memory issues and company policy, he has a tracking device for his ship, which should be good to hook up to a Crew's ship. Sandy has **3 Credits** for anyone willing to help with this, but he isn't interested in revenge or anything—just seeing his delivery through.

SOPHIA MARINE & EMIR SALVADORE

For Sophia and Emir, use the Hit Squad profile from **ORBITAL BLUES** Core, page 145.

Third-party contractors for Armilory-Dyson, Sophia and Emir are a dangerous pair of corporate fixers and part-time con artists. Both elegant, well-groomed and ageing like fine wine, the couple have perfected a charming grift of handing off their corporate hit jobs to Interstellar Outlaws in order to spend more of their time and company retainers in the Galaxy's finest dining establishments. Their typical M.O. is to clue marks into their access to a private network for high-profile corporate hits, one that supersedes the Galactic Standard Bounty Boards. They then confess to their marks that they are far too busy with much more dangerous jobs to undertake the task at hand. They will then offer to cut the Bounty Hunter in, have them get their hands dirty, and subsequently disappear. Cheque, please.

AN INSIDE JOB

Sophia and Emir have received a missive from Tammy-Lee Armilory to terminate Al Krieger, the man responsible for the spacing incident at the Galilee View. Knowing Krieger to be one of the last A-D model combat Androids and in no rush to die, the pair are looking to unload the job on an unsuspecting Crew, claiming Krieger is no more than a rogue security officer. The couple have already been paid a small fortune upfront for this hit, but will offer a Crew a cut worth **4 Credits** to see it done. They suspect Krieger headed to Ohrid, but they're not sure why. They insist there's no need to look for them once it's done, expect the money to be wired through upon completion. A Crew will never see them again unless they want to be seen.

SWEET JANINE

A charismatic relic of a bygone era with a disarming smile and grey pigtails, Sweet Janine is an interstellar cattle rancher. Dressed in the trappings of a cowgirl well into her seventies, she is the captain of the lumbering cattle freighter, Haymaker, in which she transports animals across the galaxy with genuine care and passion—even if most are butchered at their destination.

A HINT OF BULLSHIT

Janine was supposed to receive a large cattle freight container from Rothcoe several hours ago, and she's getting antsy. Within were three bulls from the famous Cohen cattle ranch, each of immaculate stock and—believe it or not—worth **3 Credits** each to the right buyer. Triumvirate Shipping have the manifest, but no record of anything leaving Rothcoe, and three bulls don't get lost easily. She's genuinely concerned for the animals wellbeing, and can offer **2 Credits** for the return of each one. Her only lead is that the foreman knows the driver for the delivery—a Rothcoe native by the name of Dale Boyd.

TOMAS BORDELLO & JAN NIXON

Famous for his disarming thick-framed glasses and unkempt hair, Tomas Bordello has a large back-catalogue of ground-breaking documentaries behind him, exploring the oddities and controversies of the galactic fringes. He is a household name, but fate has found him and his fearless camera operator, Jan, wanting for something new. They're looking to get down and dirty with a crew of so-called "Interstellar Outlaws" and find out what's driving so many to pursue this rough and ready lifestyle.

ORBITALLY BLUE: A BORDELLO INSIGHT

Tomas and Jan want to travel with a Crew for a no-holds barred look into the lives of Interstellar Outlaws. They'd like crews to consent to full coverage, but promise to blur faces and distort voices before the documentary airs if necessary. The pair will travel with the crew for at least one Arc, and are willing to tag along to just about anything if they believe the material will be good. Jan will discreetly film the crew or subjects they point out, whilst Tomas will pose pertinent questions to the crew about their lives, pasts, troubles and relationships with one another. Once they have the footage they need, the pair returns to Ediston, and the documentary will air on the T5 Broadcasting Network to critical acclaim a month later, catapulting a Crew to system-wide fame, whether they want it or not.

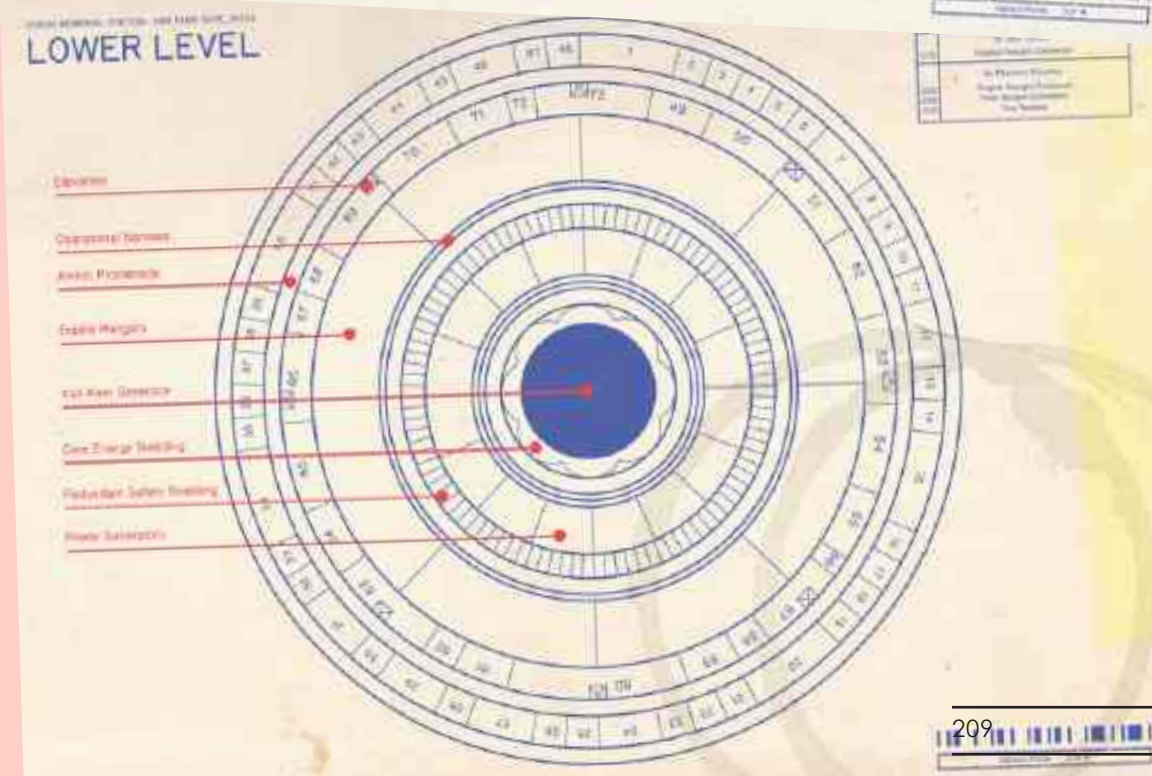
TOMMY FLORES

Rusty's current owner, Tommy, comes from a line of talented Lapierre fishermen on Anchorage IV. A willowy man with curly hair and a studious attitude, Tommy left his home planet to pursue his passion for cooking. Working up to the ownership of the humble Rusty's, Tommy now amazes and sustains the blue collar appetites of the Dyson Memorial Gate with exceptionally well-made diner fare, interspersed with wildly creative seafood favourites when he can get the fresh ingredients.

THE CAM FLORES CASE: O BROTHER, WHERE ART THOU?

Tommy knew his brother Cam flew into the station last night, and the pair were supposed to have breakfast together this morning. This morning, Cam never showed up and Tommy hasn't heard anything. Tommy thinks he had to catch a flight, but he worries that something awful happened considering his brother was stopping at the Galilee View. The cafe's too busy for him to go check himself, so he'd appreciate someone tracking the kid down. Once Tommy learns the truth of what happened to Cam, he'll close up Rusty's and head back to Anchorage IV to grieve with their mother, Mina.

UPPER LEVEL


LOWER LEVEL

OHRID

AARON HOUSER

Overworked and underappreciated, Houser is a paunchy man with a desperate smile, whose life never turned out the way he wanted. An investments manager for Armilory-Dyson, Houser was recently assigned to show a group of twelve out-of-system investors around Ohrid, upselling corporate investment in Armilory-Dyson property developments. Upon learning that Fort Dyson was set to be a company town for Androids, Houser saw an opportunity to take some control in his life, and took the investors hostage at the partially constructed Fort Dyson company town, demanding Armilory-Dyson cease work on the development. Though Houser is a human, his motivation for this newfound radical activism lies in the fact that his ex-wife was an Android, and he tragically believes this righteous display will recapture the attention of a woman who left him, and the system, years ago.

KEEP THE CHANGE

Houser is holed up below the Muskoka River Dam in the construction site of a supermarket. While driving the bus of investors to Fort Dyson, he made a stop at a hunting store and bought a 12-gauge shotgun, which he has used to enforce cooperation from the investors since. Though one managed to make a run for it, Houser clipped the man in the shoulder, believing to have killed him. Now broken, Houser is attempting to convince the investors of the inhumanity of investing in a company-owned town in which Androids live to work. Though he is not particularly charismatic or well-informed regarding the cause he is throwing so much away for, he keeps making sporadic phone calls to his regional manager, demanding a film crew and a long-distance call to his ex-wife Jessica. In response, Armilory-Dyson have placed a bounty worth **2 Credits** on the investment manager, and another **3 Credits** for the safe return of the hostages. They will not negotiate further.

ALGERNON "AL" KRIEGER

A mountain of a man with a neatly trimmed beard and back-combed hair, Al has the grooming and mannerisms of a veteran soldier. In truth, Al is one of the few remaining combat Androids manufactured by Armilory-Dyson before the department was shuttered by interstellar regulatory bodies. Now a legal liability more than anything, he has been kept in operation by Tammy-Lee Armilory to enforce "good conduct" amongst the brokers and corporate thieves she sells Armilory-Dyson goods to. Yet Al was never intended to work this long; he was a prototype, and his neuromuscular bridges are failing, rendering him incapable of controlling his immense strength and burning his thought processors out by the day. Al is dying and desperate, with a net closing fast around him.

THE CAM FLORES CASE: SHUTTERED ASSET

Al killed Cam Flores by throwing him through the viewport window of his hotel window when the force limiters in his trunk-like bionic arms failed. As an Android that can withstand the vacuum of space, Al lived. It was an accident; he only meant to throw the kid around to shake out those missing credits. This messily-handled job will be his last, and he knows it. Al hid out in the Galilee View overnight thinking of what to do, but upon attempting to leave was apprehended by the station security. He high-tailed it, stealing a small transit ship from the Triumvirate Shipping depot in the process. He needs to get back to Tammy-Lee at the Starcrest Ranch to try and explain the accident, maybe plead for a reupload into a civilian body, but it'll fall on deaf ears. A hit order has been issued by the board to Armilory-Dyson contractors in order to clean up the whole mess.

AMY FORDHAM

A rosy-faced and cherubic politician, Amy is completely unlike her shrewd mother. Genuinely interested in the prospects of Ohrid, she lives a stressful life fighting against excess deforestation and over-fishing, and archaic city planning laws that prevent necessary expansions of Charlestown into the city's greenbelt. She is dismayed that her mother would back her rival, the corporate puppet Heron "MacArthur" Armilory over her re-election bid in the upcoming Mayoral run.

FORDHAM V MACARTHUR: THE DIRT

Governor Fordham is running against MacArthur on good, honest policies that will benefit Ohrid in the short and long term. *Boring* policies, to the average voter. Opposedly, MacArthur is tapping into the sentiments of the Ohriddian fishing industry that Anchorage IV should have its moratorium renewed, and that all shipments from Anchorage IV to Ohrid should be stopped to prevent the influence of the Icebreaker Cartel taking root.

Considering her hand forced by her mother's backing of MacArthur, she is looking to pay **4 Credits** to an independent party to strike back. She knows Fordham Fisheries are taking shipments from Anchorage IV, she just needs evidence—photos, ideally. She has placed an ad on the **Bounty Boards** (page 112) to see this accomplished, and can provide uniforms to any would-be private investigators answering her ad.

BAILEY HILTON

A tall, sharp young woman with long blonde hair, Bailey Hilton is the secretary of Charlestown Jacks owner Tim Sandale. A decorated graduate with a wealth of gleaming references, Bailey is brilliant, doubling as Sandale's advisor. She helped the property tycoon go from strength to strength in recent years. Be it through some terrible trauma in her past or simply having been born without one, Bailey is completely bereft of a moral compass, and understands that Sandale is just a stepping stone to bigger things. The way he occasionally looks at her, she sometimes thinks Sandale understands this too.

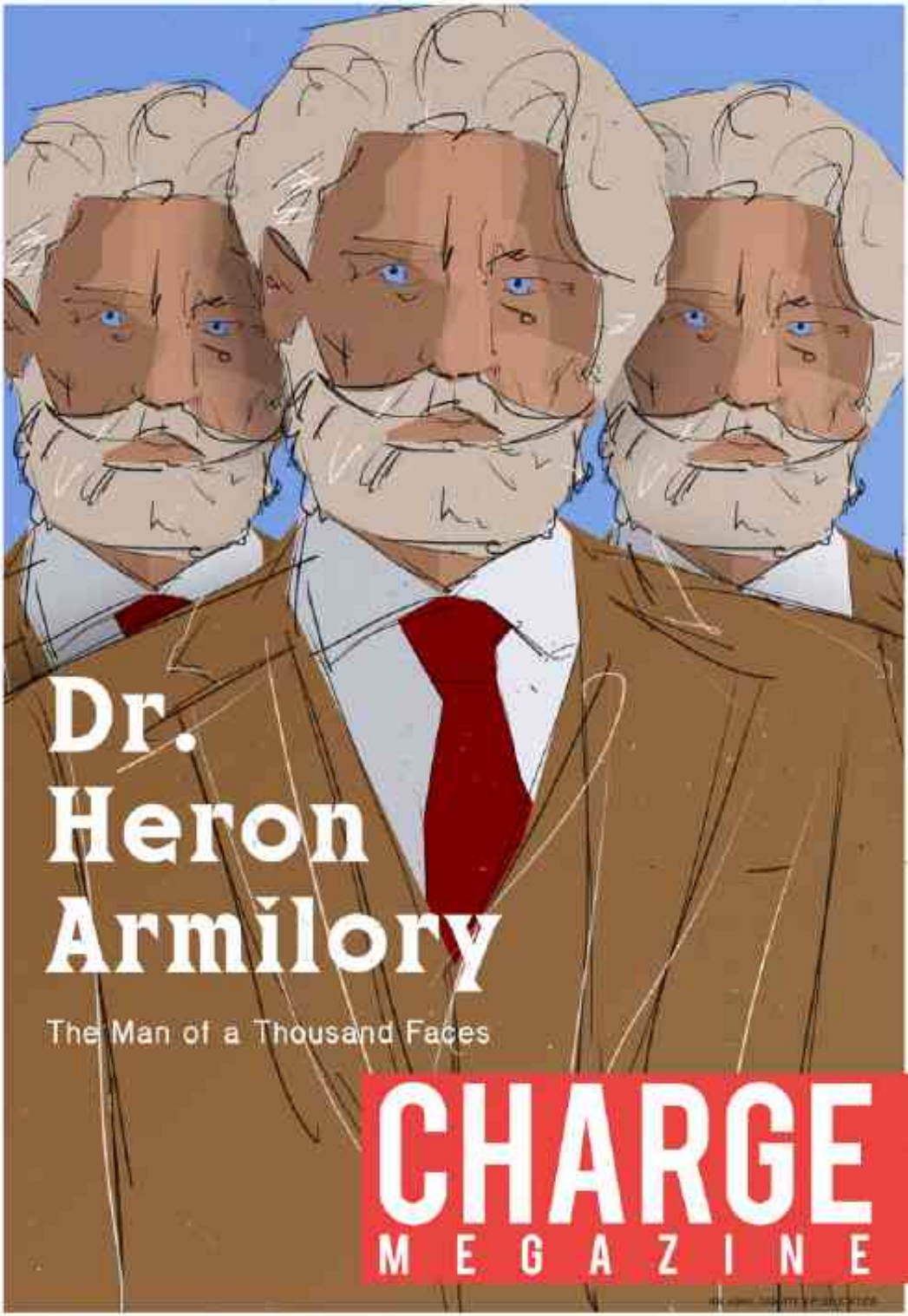
FOOLS WANTED: DIRTY WORK

Bailey's current dispatch is to find Sandale some unwitting characters, such as a Crew, to do his dirty work (see Tim Sandale, page 218). Staging her coffee-spilling incident on a Crew, Bailey offers a stadium tour, souvenir photographs and season tickets by way of apology. Having planted a substantial package of Coaldust in a locker at the Charlestown port, Bailey will use the souvenir photo negatives to doctor evidence of a Crew planting said package. With the tour ending with a private meeting with Sandale, Bailey will make clear that the crew should do what her boss wants, or she'll see to it that those pictures end up with ADDCo.

AMY FORDHAM

for charlestown mayor and ohrid governor

APPROVED BY THE ALLIED COUNCIL OF CONFEDERATE VOTERS


Dr.
Heron
Armilory
The Man of a Thousand Faces
CHARGE
MEGAZINE

CATHERINE FORDHAM

A hard-bitten and purse-lipped businesswoman, Catherine Fordham is the current owner of her family fish-canning business. She is an uncompromising and talented financier and tycoon, but has recently bitten off more than she can chew attempting to play both sides of the schism between Armilory-Dyson and the Icebreaker Cartel. The stress of balancing interests legitimate and otherwise is pushing her further away from her daughter and further into her office drinks cabinet.

FORDHAM VS. MACARTHUR: BOTH SIDES NOW

Catherine is profiting from the Icebreaker Cartel, providing them with a means of smuggling Coaldust out of system via tins of Fordham Fisheries Tuna. Meanwhile, she is backing Heron "MacArthur" Armilory for his upcoming Mayoral run, which will inevitably give more power to Armilory-Dyson, but MacArthur has promised her to fight for the reimposition of the fishing moratorium on Anchorage IV. She sees Anchorage IV's trawling industry as a threat to her legitimate business, but has had no qualms taking shipments from the planet to meet this year's canning quotas.

DR. HERON ARMILORY: THE ORIGINAL

The withered, greying and hawkish founder of Armilory-Dyson, unseen in the public eye for decades. Armilory is alive, but after a kick to the head by one of Tammy-Lee's horses some thirty years ago, he can't speak or move. it may have been a small mercy if the man had been allowed to die then and there. Yet Tammy-Lee keeps him alive in a form of torment, forced to watch live tele-feeds of better looking, smarter clones of him going about company business. Tammy-Lee reports to him daily on which of his patents and schematics she has sold to petty criminals or Armilory-Dyson's competitors. Perhaps he should've thought twice about testing the authenticity of his duplicates on her in their marital bed.

I NEED YOU TO KILL ME

Every single one of Heron's Android duplicates has some subconscious knowledge of their progenitor's fate within them—they were all programmed from his cerebral scans after his accident. In some, that knowledge rises to the surface, and drives them to save the original from Tammy-Lee's torment. If Armilory-Dyson cyber-psychologists catch this flaw before the models are introduced to the public, they are deemed unfit for purpose, and disposed of. In some however, like the legendary "Herod" Armilory, it can take years before the knowledge comes to the fore, triggered by stress or some associative sight or sound.

HERON "MACARTHUR" ARMILORY

An Android copy of Armilory-Dyson founder Dr. Heron Armilory, MacArthur was literally built for politics, and embodies a charisma that the real Heron lacked. Square jawed, broad shouldered and replete with a well-groomed head of platinum hair, MacArthur is every bit the cliché image of a strong leader. He is campaigning for the role of Charlestown's mayor, a seat which comes tied to the position of planetary governor. Given Armilory-Dyson began as a machine parts manufacturer on Ohrid, the planet is divided on whether they consider him a homegrown champion, or a company-built puppet, though the wording of the latter is being carefully walked around in the media to avoid appearing as Android discrimination.

FORDHAM VS. MACARTHUR: THE POLICY

MacArthur Armilory is campaigning on a single aggressive policy—Ohrid's case to reinstate Anchorage IV's fishing moratorium. Originally implemented in good faith to prevent the ice giant becoming a runaway leader in exports whilst Ohrid was equally bountiful, the restriction has since been used to conceal something far more sinister. Thanks to the moratorium, Armilory-Dyson have been able to dump their dirty corporate laundry, namely Android replicas, into Anchorage IV's deep oceans, safe from trawler nets that might inadvertently drag them up. In order to maintain this status quo, Armilory-Dyson have sent MacArthur to win the hearts and minds of Charlestown, and push for a jingoistic reinstitution of the restriction lest their crimes be discovered.

MACARTHUR ARMILORY

for charlestown mayor and ohrid governor

APPROVED BY THE ALLIED COUNCIL OF CONFEDERATE VOTERS

TIM SANDALE

A suave businessman with botoxed cheekbones and blinding veneers, Sandale is a retired property tycoon, recently turned manager of the Charlestown Lumberjacks. He has an empty businessman's smile, shadowed by a sinister aura, and is always sure to remind those he deals with exactly how much of the town's property he owns. He is eager to make a good impression with his first managerial season, though he did not rise from the real estate business to owning a first-league baseball team by playing fair.

TAKE ME OUT OF THE BALL GAME: CHARLESTOWN JACKS WIN

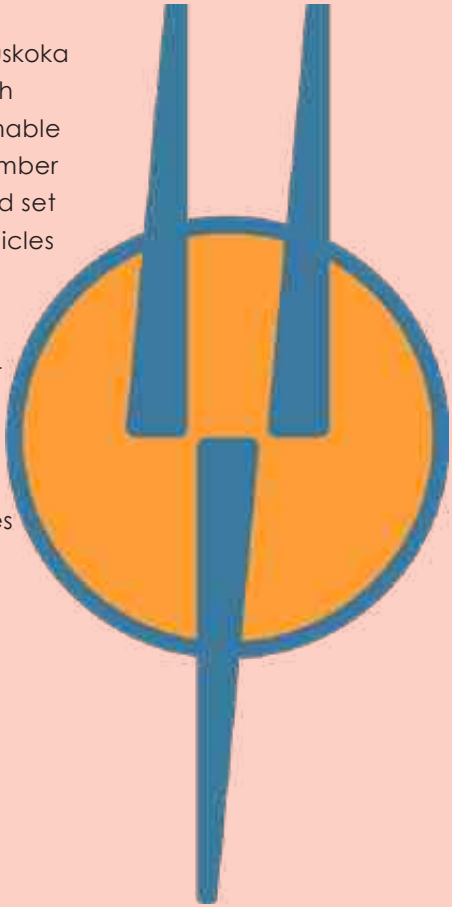
The upcoming inter-system season will come down to the Jacks against the Ediston Eagles. It always does. The Eagles' star player is the young Ellen Geary, a steadfast batter with a promising career ahead of her. Sandale acknowledges she's their best asset, and it would be a terrible shame if something were to happen to her, especially given all the circulating rumours that the Eagles had her uploaded to an Android body recently. He's tasked Bailey Hilton (see page 212) with finding people to handle this, and he doesn't really care how it's done as long as it isn't traceable to him. See to it that she can't play the final game, and Sandale will reward a Crew with a sum worth **5 Credits** for their trouble, along with prime-picks of real estate anywhere in Charlestown.

RAQUEL WOLFE

A well-built and muscular woman with a farmer's tan, Raquel is the hard-working owner of Wolfe Lumber, often found in-field with her company. She always strives to do right by her workers, but accepts no bullshit in return. A proud Android business owner and employer, her dominance in the competitive Ohrid lumber market was hard-fought for and honestly earned, though somewhat assisted by patronage from the Kingfisher, for whom she is a protégé.

KINGFISHER'S FLOCK

Raquel's greatest concern at the moment is the construction of the company town beneath the Muskoka River Dam, which the Kingfisher has tasked her with stopping. She has several barrels of a highly flammable explosive derived from pine sap concealed in a timber shipment, but she is yet to get that shipment in and set it off—only Armilory-Dyson and Palermo & Co. vehicles are allowed through the roadblock.



Wolfe is a trusted member of the Kingfisher's inner circle. If a Crew helps out with the logjam incident unfolding at her work site, she runs the demolition gig by them, and provides them with whatever she can to see it done. Success with such a task will lead to the transmission of tracking coordinates and landing permissions for the Liberty's Dawn being sent to a Crew's ship from the Kingfisher himself, along with a cash reward equal to **3 Credits** from Raquel.

TAMMY-LEE ARMILORY

First a debutante, then a trophy wife, now one of the most powerful women in the galaxy. The eldest daughter of a Rothcoe cattle ranching dynasty, Tammy-Lee has kept her honeyed accent and zero-tolerance attitude towards bullshit since she worked her father's stables. When the family ranch was lost in the MinTech disaster, she left for Ediston to find financial management work with one of the big companies starting up there. There, she caught the eye of Heron Armilory, and saw within him a pliable opportunity. Tammy-Lee's had the same bouffant hairstyle since those halcyon days, and though much about her now is fake, her desire to control the Tennessee Five system and step out of her late husband's shadow is very real.

QUEEN OF THE RODEO

Since her ex-husband's unfortunate "accident", Tammy-Lee has assumed control of Heron's board share and assets; he lacked the foresight to secure those elsewhere before deciding to use her as a litmus test for the authenticity of his duplicates. Now there are very few actions undertaken by the Armilory-Dyson company that do not involve her in some capacity. If a Crew meet her during Al Krieger's assault on the Starcrest Ranch, she is willing to offer **5 Credits** worth of company shares outright to solve the problem. Should a Crew prove their worth and are willing to line their pockets with a tyrant's credits, she can increase the credit reward of any Armilory-Dyson-issued bounty on the Board, and will pay handsomely for the swift capture or confirmed disposal of the following people:

► The Kingfisher: **14 Credits**

► The Iceman: **12 Credits**

►"Herod" Armilory: **5 Credits**

► Juno Audet: **5 Credits**

ROTHCOE

DR. BRIANNA BYRNE

A reserved associate of the Iceman with close-cropped hair and a full body sleeve of floral tattoos, Dr. Brianna Byrne is a botanist who entered into cryosleep with Dr. Garreau when she first came to Anchorage looking for her father. Coming from a heavily industrialised and smog-laden planet, she is disdainful of the way the Tennessee Five exploits its potential for healthy and diverse biomes. She aids Dr. Garreau's cause of destabilising the system through the growth of Coaldust, a potent narcotic from her home planet.

I NEVER PROMISED YOU A ROSE GARDEN

Byrne suspects Garreau's mind has not returned in its entirety after cryosleep, and her lust for vengeance against Mitschk Oil and the Tennessee Five system has become too consuming. Recently having discovered Garreau's plans to seize the Devil's Ditch quarry charges and risk a gravitational destabilisation, she spoke out against Garreau, and has been imprisoned in the Red Coyote Mine to ensure quality Coaldust production continues. Byrne has evidence of Garreau's plans in the form of an annotated copy of Dr. Nadine Brookes' research, and knows how to break the Cartel at its heart with the release of the Stonebushel bee colonies in the complex—she just needs someone to get her out of the mine.

CARMEN ROUCO

The beloved local celebrity often found busking on the corner of St. Matthew's Main Street, Carmen is a smoky-eyed, raven-haired songstress with the muscular physique of a former miner. Her musical success was enough to get her away from the quarries, but hasn't proved successful enough in the mainstream to get her off the barren rock of Rothcoe. She is a frequent favourite at Diablo's, though her gigs have become fewer and further apart since Raylene took over.

BALLROOM BLITZ: ROUCO'S CAUSE

Many of Carmen's friends thought she'd take over Diablo's after the previous owner, Llewelyn Poole, died in a car accident. She was a frequent performer, a favourite of the regulars, and worked the bar most nights. Yet Carmen spends all her money running a soup kitchen for St. Matthew's homeless, and couldn't front the credits to buy the bar from Llewelyn's family before Raylene came out of the blue with the money. Raylene wants an extortionate sum equal to **5 Credits,** and Carmen is open to almost any kind of legal ideas to raise it in order to get her and her Coaldust racket out of Diablo's and St. Matthew's.

CHESTER AMES

A first-rate lawyer with a third-rate hairpiece, Chester Ames is a grifter and opportunist with all the desperate tenacity of a starving dog. He's also blessed with a silver tongue and a twisted drive of moral reparations, hoping to use his law school education to make Rothcoe just that little bit better. He does this not because he is a good person, but rather because his father Teddy Ames was a true blue conman who made a fortune in false insurance claims under the identities of deceased Rothcoe Miners when Chester was a boy.

A LAWYER YOU CAN TRUST

Chester's ads litter cheap advertising spaces across the system, and though they rarely appear in prime positions, their proliferation makes them hard to ignore. Chester is an Outlaw's lawyer, and he's always eager to take on cases against the "system's biggest credit-filled piñatas!"

The devil works hard, but Chester works harder, and in order to keep the credits rolling, he may:

- Connect Crews with his diverse rolodex of former or current clients for any unsavoury work they. Some of Chester's contacts include:
  - Spitts Red, Edistonian smuggler.
  - Jabari Sulleman, black market dealer and high-end fence.
  - The Rothcoe sheriff's department. Ames has enough dirt on them to get a Crew off a major hook at least once.
  - Dom Crole, who he supplied with architectural plans and municipal documents to help with his heist of the Armilory-Dyson museum.
- Contact a Crew offering to represent them against Armilory-Dyson if any of them turn up as discarded duplicates at Tawman & Sons. This could be a class-action case, and he'll want to track down who the other Androids are duplicates of.
- Provide a Crew with evidence of Tim Sandale's properties being filled with asbestos, freeing them from any blackmail-driven work he has put them up to.
- Provide any number of other legal, or legal-ish services and advisory sessions to Interstellar Outlaws who run into trouble with the law.

ORSON CAVALIER
owner and operator guide

ROARKE
INDUSTRIAL SURVEY SCANNER_AAI
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1
2

DALE BOYD

A wide-set, bearded trucker with stunning blue eyes, Dale's a giant who struggles with drink, turning him from friendly local fixture into a volatile danger. His difficult reliance on the bottle was recently exacerbated by the fact his younger brother, Donnie, overdosed on Coaldust bought from Diablo's. This culminated in him lunging at Raylene, who he holds personally responsible for Donnie's death. He's been barred since, but now tries to spend the time he isn't drinking helping Carmen Rouco run her soup kitchen and support group for St. Matthew's homeless.

BALLROOM BLITZ: DALE'S SOLUTION

Dale wants Raylene gone. He doesn't know where she came from or what she thinks she's doing running that bar, but she's got no right. A Triumvirate shipping driver by trade, Dale made his last delivery "go missing", and whilst it might not be easy to off-load, he's looking to sell it to buy the bar for Carmen, who he has fallen hopelessly in love with. The delivery in question is **three Cohen ranch** bulls, which he reckons are worth around **7 Credits** to the right buyer. He's dropped the freight unit containing the bulls in an empty lot on Anchorage IV whilst he tries to find a buyer, but he's so far been unsuccessful. The cattle rightfully belong to **Sweet Janine,** but Dale is unaware of this.

DALLAS JACKSON

The aged actor Dallas Jackson is famous from the reach to the fringes as the silver screen's favourite no-nonsense action hero. But he's getting old and wants out, though his agents won't let him out of the game. They signed him up for Diamonds and Dust under John Everett, and Dallas has learned the contract could extend to a trilogy deal. He doesn't want to do it anymore, and he's sick of the limelight. He doesn't want to age out of fame, but rather go out with a bang.

NO POST CREDITS

Dallas Jackson wants to die. Or more accurately, be thought dead. He isn't married, has no kids that he acknowledges and has always wanted to see what people would say of him after his death. He's looking for a Crew of low moral fibre and the means to help him fake his own demise. Here's his plan:

- Money is no object. Dallas Jackson will use his wealth to buy, rent or hire anything that he or the Crew will need to help fake his death.
- Successful accomplishment of this job will earn the Crew a transfer of funds equal to **3 Credits.**
- If the Crew can help Dallas make an unseen getaway out of the system in the days that follow his "death" he'll pay extra (**+2 Credits**).

ENZO ROMAN

The leader of the Hyenas, a violent gang that operates around St. Matthews, Enzo is a shaven-headed thug who has taken it upon himself to "clean up" the desert town. Up until recently this behaviour was limited to beating up the town's users and vagrants, but after coming across a stash of old guns in the desert, Enzo's threatening behaviour has stepped up in the last few days. He's been driving around with his cronies, firing guns in the air and threatening people with abject violence in hopes of scaring the so-called "undesirables" out of town.

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN…

Prior to finding the guns, Enzo and his so-called "Hyenas" were holed up at an abandoned motel on the edge of town. Since they stepped up their menacing, the sheriff's department has been staking out the motel, and the gang knows it isn't safe anymore. When they make their getaway from shooting at Carmen's soup kitchen, they'll head to the Red Coyote Mine, believing it to be abandoned. What ensues is a dire desert gunfight for the ages, with the outnumbered—but not outgunned—Icebreaker Cartel keen to see off the desperate Hyenas.

FATHER EMORY FOSTER

A middle-aged man, with swept-back black hair flecked with grey, Emory Foster has an authoritative air that would suit a military leader, and his clerical collar is often framed by a denim jacket. Sermons are given in jeans and military boots, and despite this casual air and affable charisma, there can be no doubt about Father Emory's passionate faith—and hatred—for the greedy individuals that brought devastation to his home planet of Rothcoe.

SINS OF THE FATHER

The good father has led his congregation for fifty years, unchanging. He is openly and proudly a continuation Android—his original body was all but destroyed in the MinTech blast, and his brain was replicated in an Independent Thought Matrix by his then-wife, Mary. All these years later and Mary outlived, Emory wages a personal crusade against surviving associates of MinTech for the devastation wrought. He is always on the lookout for hired guns to wage this righteous war of vengeance with him, and his targets are as follows:

- **Stoney Howell,** a former blastminer who laid the charges. He now manages the Jaxon's Diner on the outskirts of town, but Emory knows he's a petty criminal and won't be missed.
- **Lt. Glenn Faulkner,** sourced the military-grade ordnance for MinTech. Retired but still alive, likely somewhere that people retire to, such as Ohrid or Gallatin.
- **Chester Ames.** Through some digging Emory has found out he is the son of Teddy Ames, a conman who profited off the deceased making insurance claims in their names. He believes Chester should suffer for the sins of his father.

Father Emory has no credits to give for this work, but a crew can keep any guns they need from his well-stocked armoury. The real reward he offers is a very impassioned and rousing promise that those who help him will be redeemed of all sin and wrongdoing, granted redemption in death, and promised eternal peace in heaven.

DR. NADINE BROOKES

A shaven-headed woman who walks on a cybernetic leg, Dr. Brookes is a leading expert in her field of geology despite her young age. Equipped with a passionate drive and can-do attitude, Dr. Brookes was hired by the Mineral Brokers Exchange to conduct deep core scans of the planet for insurance purposes almost immediately following her graduation. In the process, Brookes discovered evidence of undetonated MinTech charges, and the conclusion of the thesis that followed is a deeply uncomfortable read. It posits that additional tectonic destabilisation caused by their detonation would disrupt the planet's gravitational mass, creating a rogue planet and threatening the planets of the Tennessee Five with gravitational disruption and apocalyptic collisions.

GOING UNDERGROUND

Dr. Brookes has not stopped campaigning against Armilory-Dyson since they announced the return of the Red Shift Run. Whilst she has been working closely with the Mineral Brokers to locate the charges, Brookes has been repeatedly petitioning Armilory-Dyson to move or postpone the inaugural race until the colossal explosives can be dealt with. With the recent discovery at the Devil's Ditch Quarry, her greatest fears have become a nightmarish reality, and Brookes is desperate for any help she can get in stopping the race.

RAYLENE TREVINO

A energetic and overly-friendly woman often seen in technicolour tassel jackets, Raylene's enthusiasm for bartending and burlesque feels false, and to an astute reader of people, most definitely a facade for something desperate and hungry that lurks beneath. Previously a Coaldust mule, Raylene was installed as the owner of Diablo's by the Icebreaker Cartel to oversee the distribution of the drug amongst the populace of St. Matthews. She knows Carmen Rouco is the local favourite to own the bar, and sees an opportunity to exploit the popular singer to line her own pockets—going so far as to offer her the ownership for an extortionate sum, cutting the Icebreaker Cartel out.

BALLROOM BLITZ: NO EXIT

If Carmen comes up with the money to buy Raylene out, she'll take the credits and run—much to the Icebreaker Cartel's disappointment. Not wanting to overextend themselves to violent repercussions, the Cartel will have a bounty placed on Trevino for no less than **5 Credits**—an ample way for a Crew to pay Carmen back any money she gave up, along with some on the top for themselves. Trevino's getaway will involve a trip to the Better Living Cosmetic Clinic on Gallatin for a full-face make-over, before assuming a residency at Roosevelt's as a nightly burlesque dancer—though anyone who saw one of her shows at Diablo's will immediately recognise her by her unchanged traditional-style spacer tattoos.

STONEY HOWELL

An old MinTech blastminer staggering through his 70s, Stoney Howell has an exposed metal plate in his head and bionic arm—curious additions for a man who refuses to serve Androids in the Jaxon's diner he manages, despite numerous warnings from Head Office. Not content with his wage or his compensation from the MinTech disaster, Stoney has thrown his lot in with the Icebreaker Cartel, fencing goods out the back of the diner and supplying low-level local dealers with Coaldust. Arrogant, he considers himself smarter than the Cartel, and is always looking for ways to skim more off the top of what he handles.

THE TURNING OF THE SCREW

A golden goose recently landed in Stoney's lap, a sealed black box belonging to the explorer Francis Garreau. It came to him by way of two smugglers who, mistaking it for asteroid field salvage, were happy to trade it to Stoney for two Bacon Buster Burger meals and bottomless sodas. Thanks to an internal memo, he knows it's an item the Iceman is keen to acquire, but he'd rather sell it up to them rather than turning it in. Stoney sent it via a Triumvirate Shipping Courier to Sulleman's on Gallatin, in order to have it appraised and sold back to the Cartel via the exclusive black market dealer. Unknown to Stoney, the courier ship it was on was stolen by Al Krieger in his recent getaway at the Dyson Memorial Gate, and the black box remains aboard it.

TRIGGER AUSTIN

A greaser with a lean face, Trigger is a boyish young man who's had all the enthusiasm and passion for life beaten out of him. His whole life on Rothcoe has been spent developing a natural talent behind the wheel, racing his late father's cruiser around the planet's orbital debris. The announcement of the Red Shift Run should have lit a fire in him, but instead he is frozen with grief and despair. His mother owed a great deal of money to the Icebreaker Cartel before she overdosed on Coaldust last year, and now the Cartel want the money from him. Trigger knows he could race in the upcoming Red Shift Run, and at least do well enough to earn the credits, but of late he hasn't been able to get behind the wheel.

THE CAM FLORES CASE: SLOWLY SETS THE SUN

Trigger's thousand-yard stare isn't just from his attitude. He is going blind, day by day. The condition is genetic, the onset was rapid, and there's little to be done. It's robbed him of his natural racing talent, and he's now incapable of walking unassisted without his dog, Buck. Trigger recently met with his cousin Cam Flores, who offered a solution to his problem in the form a cybernetics dealer he knew, but Cam left the planet over a week ago and he hasn't heard from him since. At an all-time low, Trigger is considering taking his own life at the Colima Space Port Highway when a Crew crosses his path.

ANCHORAGE IV

ANJOU SEDEUX

Mop-haired and heavily bearded, Anjou is Anchorage IV's youngest-ever harbourmaster by inheritance, though his father before him did little but keep the docks from rotting away throughout the moratorium. Recently voted in as Anchorage IV's planetary governor but rarely seen out of his yellow raincoat and cable-knit sweaters, Sedeux is respected by the trawlermen of Anchorage IV thanks to his stewardship of one of the dock's largest ships—and ergo, employers—*The Luckenbach*.

REFLECTIONS OF MY LIFE

Should a Crew embark on *The Luckenbach* with Sedeux, they will be witness to an ominous catch by the trawler. A few hours sail out from Point Seward, one of the boat's first catches will include—amongst its plentiful fish—a lifeless, water-damaged Android replica of Anjou himself. Shocked into silence by this, the Luckenback will immediately return to port, only for the unloaded catch at Tawman & Sons to escalate the nightmarish scenario.

CHERRY CHAPEU

The venerable proprietor of The Thunderbird Inn, Cherry was one of the first to leave the Lapierre thirty years ago, settling in Point Seward with her late husband Jerry Tawman and building the bar from unused harbour timber. Following Jerry's death on a hunting trip ten years ago, Cherry has maintained their bar proudly, and is a beloved local institution, famous for her shrill voice and penchant for drinking with her clientele.

OL' ONE EYE

Said only half in jest and never whilst sober, Cherry often talks about wanting to mount the head of the bear that killed her husband Jerry above the bar. She'd had a pot slowly growing for such a bounty for a few years, now worth **2 Credits.** Jerry's hunting pals swore he managed to get it in the eye before it took him down, and Sheriff Renard says she frequently chases a large one-eyed bear away from the Maple Plateau depot.

THE ICEMAN: DR. ALICE GARREAU

The daughter of famed explorer and engineer Francis Garreau should be well over a hundred years old by now, and considering age rejuvenation procedures were in their infancy back then, Dr. Alice Garreau has little right looking as good as she does. The story goes, as known to higher ranking members of the Cartel, that in a dogged search for her father that began a century ago, Garreau found herself stranded in the frozen wastes of Anchorage IV's frozen tundra. Sheltering in a disused research station and running out of supplies, she entered the facility's cryogenic chambers in hopes of being rescued at a later date. Discharged at the pod's maximum runtime of eighty years, Garreau has awoken into a changed system, one where Mitschk Oil reigns supreme, and her father's research into solar sails has been erased by the company she knows to have killed him. With a cryo-damaged arm hanging limp beneath an over-the-shoulder suit jacket, this 30-something, unassuming scientist has embraced the mastermind identity of "The Iceman".

BURNING OIL

Dr. Garreau knows it was an early test run of Mitschk Oil's prospecting scheme that got her father killed. They considered his research into solar sails—renewable energy generators for ships—to be a huge threat to their business. Sending him in the direction of the planet that would become Anchorage IV, they knew it was a largely sunless planet, and the explorer would get stranded there. She seeks vengeance against Mitschk Oil, looking to destroy them for what they did. She knows that the Tennessee Five's security is Mitschk's security, and if the system falls to crime and piracy, it'll be a huge blow to their business. She has been undermining the system through organised crime for the better part of ten years, though recently caught wind of a black box containing her late father's research somewhere in the system. She will stop at nothing to get it.

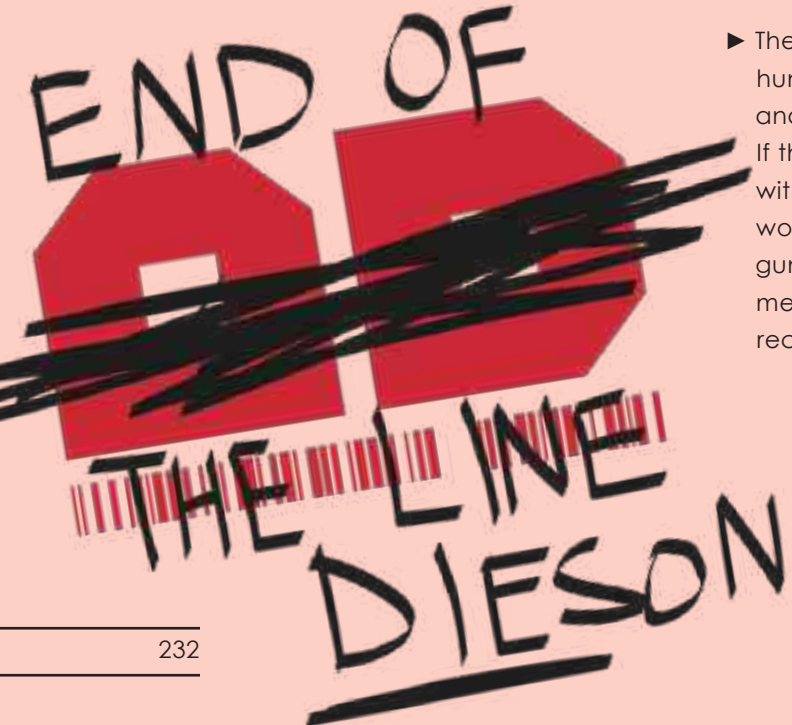
JULES KRIEGER

One of the last combat Androids built by Armilory-Dyson before critical faults were identified, Jules is an athletic and imposing woman with a crew cut and a sharp, square jaw. The captain of *The Obol,* she chooses to ignore the hypocrisy of dumping artificial bodies just like her own in a cold and unfeeling sea. Those thoughts lead to the realisation she will inevitably end up just like them one day, and that's a reality too cold for even her jaded conscience to bear.

ICE COLD KILLER

The Obol only makes disposals when Armilory-Dyson Central requires. The rest of the time Jules runs security audits across Armilory-Dyson-backed operations for Tammy-Lee if Al Krieger (see page 211) is otherwise occupied. With Al MIA, Jules has been assigned to look into the lack of payment for Cam Flores' purchase of the Occulance prototype from Juno Audet. Here's her plan:

- She will first shake down Juno, and upon learning they handed over the goods before payment, she will kill Juno and dispose of her body in the next Armilory-Dyson dump.
- Thereafter, she will begin hunting for the prototypes, and the missing money. If this puts her at odds with Rafe or a Crew, she won't hesitate to go in guns blazing—her position means she faces no recourse from ADDCo.



JUNO AUDET

An Armilory Institute computing graduate with a bob of blue hair, Juno is a fence for blackmarket prototypes on the Galactic Net. Having hacked into Armilory-Dyson boardroom meetings in an attempt to make a quick buck on insider trading, Juno overheard inventory discussions for The Obol's disposal team. Choosing to keep her liabilities close, Tammy-Lee Armilory subsequently employed Juno, and now keeps them paid up to offload unreleased or after-market Armilory-Dyson tech to the Black Market. Juno's most recent sale was of the Occulance cybernetic eye prototypes to Cam Flores, a local Lapierre man who was set to pay in credit bonds left in back-alley drop-off. Juno never received the payment however, and had to notify Tammy-Lee.

A DARK WEB

Juno knew that Al Krieger got sent to shake down those who can't pay, but they didn't want to see that happen to Cam Flores—the pair went to school together. Putting themselves at great risk, Juno issued a hit on Krieger and sent it to contractors Sophia Marine and Emir Salvadore, forging the digital sign-off of Tammy-Lee Armilory and diverting substantial pay for the work from Armilory-Dyson corporate accounts. Unfortunately, Tammy-Lee was wise to this, and Juno finds themselves with a capture Bounty on their head. As for the whereabouts of the Occulance prototypes, Juno knew they were for Cam's deteriorating cousin, and broke usual dealing protocol to give them to Cam in advance of collecting payment. Unfortunately for Juno, it was found by Rafe Bradley first.

THE KINGFISHER

Characterised by the salt and pepper beard that juts down over his fisherman's coat, the Kingfisher is arguably the system's most wanted man. Intended to be a Heron Armilory facsimile, the Android who would become the Kingfisher was dumped in Anchorage IV's waters after being built in a fashion deemed "too intimidating" for purpose. One of the first units disposed of on Anchorage IV, the Kingfisher's Independent Thought Matrix was not correctly disabled before disposal, and he retained enough of his programming to keep the analytical skills and technical acumen of the original Heron. Now possessed of a radicalised mind after being dredged up by the Liberty's Dawn, he wages a war of vengeance against Armilory-Dyson, championing and defending the rights of both human and Android workers in a bid to undermine his estranged creators.

UNION MAN

The Kingfisher has a number of lofty goals and causes to fight for, and he has the connections and resources to back them up. He has a network of foremen and site managers, alongside countless captains and corporate spies. Little happens to the workers of the system that he isn't aware of, and he's always looking for trustworthy Crews to carry out his will across the Tennessee Five.

His primary aims are:

- The destruction of *The Obol*. Pride prevents him from accepting help from any other vessel; he wants to deliver the killing blow with the Liberty's Dawn.
- The destruction of Fort Dyson, which he currently has Raquel Wolfe on.
- The evacuation of Orville Coltrane's construction company in the Rothcoe Outback. *Hell, get as many people off that planet if they really have found MinTech charges.*
- The evacuation of the workers at Mitschk Oil Extraction Site-114.
- To his most trusted, the Kingfisher will entrust the mercy killing of the original Heron Armilory. He has all the original Heron's memories, along with an ongoing connection to the man he cannot quite explain. He feels his suffering; he knows he's in the Starcrest Bunker, and the clearance codes to access the place seem to be inherent knowledge to him.

Those on his payroll can expect a comfortable salary of **2 Credits** per week, on top of any additional pay for services rendered at the Storyteller's discretion.

Important Operating, Safety and Maintenance Instructions
0791 Riovada Hellion
Owner's Manual
001.346.982.07654

THE KINGFISHER'S NEXT TARGETS?
CENTURY STATION
CENTURY STATION

MINA FLORES

Scrawny and sharp-featured, Mina is a frantic energy around the Lapierre camp, mothering children and adults alike. Her son Cam is missing, and she's trying to fill the void and calm the growing sense of worry with a busy schedule. Having recently organised the local food market, she's now planning the caravan's routes over the next year based on Mitschk Oil's latest prospecting forecasts.

THE CAM FLORES CASE: THE CARAVAN

Anyone investigating Cam's disappearance will be met with the utmost cooperation from Mina. Cam went off to Rothcoe to spend the recent winter with his cousin Trigger Austin, and upon his recent return made a hasty visit to his cabin before going off again, stating he was taking a trip to Gallatin with Trigger. Mina's got a spare key to Cam's sled caravan, and searching the compact cabin will turn up some to-do list notes with the following itinerary, albeit undated:

►"~~*Get prosth's from Juno. Contact Dr Sheridan on Gallatin. Keep ??? money from drop off?*~~

►"*Sheridan will do eyes free! Still can't afford hotel on Gal, will wait for Trigger at Dyson Mem. DON'T FORGET—get his new number off Tommy.*"

DR. PAWEL INSK

Gaunt, jittery and rapidly greying from stress, Dr. Insk was a respected surgeon who operated the Better Living Cosmetic Clinic on Gallatin that now finds himself wanted for a large bounty posted by Mitschk Oil. The son of Herman Insk, a promine prospector from Point Seward, Pawel has fled Gallatin and returned to his roots, and often to his late father's favourite table in the Thunderbird Inn. There, he hides away from the Mitschk contractors looking to haul him in.

FIRST CUT IS THE DEEPEST

In what should have been a simple de-aging procedure, Dr. Insk recently operated on Julian Mitschk, the owner of Mitschk Oil. Pavel's father, Herman, was one of the first employees of Mitschk Oil on Anchorage IV, and denied both compensation and pension by the corporation following the loss of his legs in an explosion, drank himself to death in front of the young Pawel. In an act of revenge, Insk butchered Julian's surgery, leaving the formerly handsome playboy grossly disfigured. Insk is not proud of what he's done, but he doesn't regret it either. He earnestly believes that if those looking to turn him in heard his story, they'd let him be.

SHERIFF VERONICA RENARD

Wiry and hoarse-voiced, Renard is more used to dealing with bored kids vandalising old boathouses and drunk miners than she is any kind of real crime in Point Seward. Sharp-eyed but unwilling to look for trouble in her old age, Renard quickly identified representatives of the Icebreaker Cartel when they appeared in town, and reminded them not to shit where they eat, keeping the town quiet and largely free of the Cartel's influence despite its proximity.

CROSSROAD BLUES

Renard has a list of problems as long as her arm. Her deputy Rafe Bradley has gone missing, that tech-head weirdo Juno Audet is practically begging for witness protection—though she won't say why—and now a bunch of Android John Does have been pulled out the ocean and are clogging up her morgue. Point Seward's been a quiet town her whole life, and now she's just trying to make sense of all this. She will inevitably overshare these troubles with anyone who'll play a game of pool and sink a few beers with her.

04
SCIMITAR
SENTINEL

OPERATOR'S
MANUAL

GALLATIN

JABARI SULLEMAN

An arms dealer turned black market kingpin, Jabari Sulleman is a meticulous businessman and book-keeper, who relishes in the challenge of sourcing illegal goods and supplying the wealthy with illicit luxuries. For the last couple of years he has held firm against the influence of the Icebreaker Cartel, operating outside of their dealings, but a recent request from them has perked his interest, and the pride of independence has been set aside in favour of professional curiosity.

LITTLE GREEN BAG

The Icebreaker Cartel have tasked Sulleman with sourcing an antiquated fission core for an old, out of production settler-class sector runner, and delivering it to Julian Mitschk. Dutifully obliging after finding several million credit bonds in his office one morning, Sulleman has fulfilled the curious contract, and arranged for the compact—and fatally radioactive—metal orb to be delivered to Julian during his stay at the Sunrise À Nine right here on Gallatin. As per Icebreaker Cartel instructions, the core is held in a lead-lined suitcase, though anyone opening it without proper protective equipment would be exposed to a lethal dose of radiation that would kill them slowly, and painfully.

DR. JOHN SHERIDAN

Plump and ruddy-cheeked, Dr. Sheridan was a celebrated cyberneticist for Armilory-Dyson during their golden age of innovation. Perfecting synth-skin and the replication of the fine motor functions of the human hand, Sheridan has a very comfortable retirement pot that he is steadily pouring into Roosevelt's Casino. Still genuinely enthusiastic and passionate about work many would consider him too inebriated to perform, he takes on private clients who seek him out, often replacing limbs or repairing cybernetics for Outlaws and Rogues who have the credits to further his hedonistic lifestyle.

THE CAM FLORES CASE: THOSE WITH THE EYES TO SEE

Dr. Sheridan recently took the Occulance synthetic eyes from Cam Flores in advance of fitting Trigger Austin. Upon looking over the tech and being equally challenged and impressed by how far the technology had come since his retirement, Sheridan took on Trigger's case pro-bono as a personal challenge to himself; he just wanted a couple of days to study and calibrate them. Sheridan now has the eyes and a surgical bed ready for Trigger, but no clue where he or Cam have gotten to. In the meantime, Sheridan has made schematic plan copies for the eyes—the mass production of which would solve the tell-tale iridescent eyes of **Androids** (page 246) and make Sheridan an even richer man.

JONI LAWRENCE

A contentious figure in the sporting world, Joni is the current manager of the Ediston Eagles. The daughter of Anchorage IV fishing folk, she was an early investment partner of the Iceman, and she has long profited from the Icebreaker Cartel and the black market acquisitions made to establish it. With a background in corporate espionage and millions made in insider trading since, Joni is unphased in getting her hands dirty to get what she wants. Right now, that's a win for the team she recently bought.

TAKE ME OUT OF THE BALL GAME: EDISTON EAGLES WIN

Joni isn't blind to the problem Ellen Geary is having—she simply doesn't care. Desperate for a solution and a win, she has asked her friend Dr. Garreau for assistance, who has advised her to seek a group of vagrant transients newly arrived in the system. People who will do anything for credits, and those who nobody listens to. Get them to cause a ruckus in Woody's Logjam Cafe, rough up the Jacks players a bit before the game. It'll shake them up at worst, or at best postpone the game to give Geary more time to adapt. Offer them ***5 Credits*** to do this seemingly easy job and never contact them again.

JULIAN MITSCHK

Formerly an exquisitely handsome man with flaxen hair and stunning blue eyes, Julian Mitschk was voted one of the galaxy's most handsome men by a number of publications for many years. Inheriting the fuels giant from his late father Kaspar, he has doubled down and intensified his predecessors anti-union, neoliberal policies, and some insider rumours say he is an aggressive, demanding and ultimately unstable leader for the company in the long term. These issues have been aggravated by his disfigurement during a recent de-aging procedure, with the previously flawless playboy now binding his face in bandages and becoming increasingly prone to violent outbursts.

FILTHY RICH

Julian's unstable temperament is sheltered by his wealth. In the Frontier Galaxy, money talks, and with the amount at Julian's disposal, it's a deafening roar. It excuses him from the kind of common decency and laws that many adhere to, and if Julian shoots the bellboy in the Sunrise, nothing will come of it. His aides will pay for the young man's recovery and likely hand out a life-changing compensation payment as a PR stunt. As for Julian's suitcase, the bellboy simply placed it on a nearby luggage trolley, and lost sight of it. It now sits beside an identical suitcase just out of sight on a lower shelf, though one contains a depleted, though still dangerously lethal fission core. The other, an equally offensive crème-coloured suit.

RAFE BRADLEY

A flinty-eyed man with a stern demeanour, Rafe aspired to be a Point Seward Ranger from an early age. Disliked by Sheriff Renard for being a bully in high school, she consistently failed Rafe's psyche evaluations and denied him a badge for the best part of twenty years. Yet the need to monitor trawler licensing again coupled with an uptake in the local bear population has led Renard to acquiesce recently, and she has deputised Bradley to ensure Point Seward has enough law enforcement without ADDCo. filling the numbers. It's better the devil you know, as they say.

WRONG TIME, WRONG PLACE

Given a large tranquiliser gun and a laminated badge, Rafe was balancing his municipal work as a street cleaner with the duties of being the resident bear wrangler until the recent discovery of a large bag of Credit Bonds encouraged him to take up an extravagant life on the run. The bag Rafe found was Cam Flores' payment to Juno Audet. Assuming it was for something illegal and the owner having little recourse, Rafe has taken the money, splurged it across Gallatin, and is now attempting to make back what he's lost in Roosevelt's.

EDISTON

ELLEN GEARY

A youthful freckled woman with a lean build, Ellen has been touted as the best in the game for Major League Interstellar Baseball. With a batting average at an unprecedented .370, Geary is the kind of once-in-a-lifetime athlete fans tell their children about. Having ran away from home and living rough for a time, Gear was scouted at an impromptu game held in an underpass. Shortly after signing with the Eagles for a previously unimaginable amount of money however, she was taken from her newly purchased apartment in the plaza district, and later woke up in Armilory-Dyson Central in an Android body.

LOST TOUCH

Despite the reputation, Ellen's magic is gone—or rather, it's been taken from her by Joni Lawrence. Not wanting her latest acquisition to age out, Lawrence had the girl uploaded against her will. She is unsure if her inability to bat is maladaptation to her new body, or if she's been shaken by the experience. Either way, unless it improves soon, the Eagles are sure to lose their play-off against the Jacks. Joni currently has her locked in the Ediston Eagles stadium, where's hitting strikes with the force of high-calibre munitions.

EDISTON

HERON "HEROD" ARMILORY

A Heron Armilory facsimile gone wrong, "Herod" is an urban legend in Ediston's Mitschk West district. It's a running joke amongst the city's bums and municipal workers that they've seen "ol' Armilory" in the sewers, but the truth is stranger than fiction. At the opening soiree of the Armilory-Dyson Artificial Intelligence Museum, this Heron facsimile accidentally interfaced with the model of the first Independent Thought Matrix, undoing layers of the appropriate PR programming that Armilory-Dyson code into the clones. Going feral but retaining his memories, the Android escaped into the municipal tunnels, and the company simply built another, and spun the whole affair as a simple "senior moment" in the controlled-press.

I NEED YOU TO KILL ME

Many write the heavily-bearded and dirty Android off as a mumbling bum, but anyone stopping to listen to him will hear an accurate, first-person account from the point of view of the real Heron Armilory; his location under the Starcrest Ranch, the torment Tammy-Lee puts him through, followed by a harrowing plea to put him out of his misery. "Herod" as he calls himself, understands his predicament, and knows he can't do anything about it without money. He has collected loose change and lost valuables from the district's sewers for the best part of a decade, and amassed a small treasure trove worth **6 Credits** for anyone who can do the delirious job.

ryan's
SPADER'S HOLD
KOZY
CORNER
TRAILER
PARK

SPITTS RED

A slick man with dark eyes and a perm, Spitts' real name is Sebastian Redmond, and he's a bonafide loser. But Ediston's full of losers—he blends right in, and nobody looks twice, no matter what he's carrying. A former associate of Dom Crole, Spitts was recently contacted about a potential heist, and to stay alert for any word from Crole on getting a Crew together. Taking a job as a street cleaner in Ediston's Mitschk-West district, he's been familiarising himself with the city's underground passageways, and recently began offering shortcuts through them to unscrupulous commuters. Just watch your step, the smell will stand out if you're heading into the office.

DOWN AND DIRTY

Spitts can offer routes through to any of the buildings in the Mitschk-West district, bringing potential travellers up through manholes or out of fire exits and maintenance tunnels. He's wise to Crole's planned heist of the Armilory-Dyson Artificial Intelligence Museum, though he will ask a crew heading in there to grab him one of the inert Armilory-Dyson model Android replicas for **4 Credits.** A woman, ideally. He just wants some companionship—it's hard to meet someone when you work in the sewers illegally.

SUE GEARY

A tiny, greying woman with freckles and a sing-song voice, Sue Geary lost touch with her wayward daughter when they were both too young. She's seen a girl on the TV lately, a baseball player, who looks exactly like she would look now, and she wants to reconnect with her. She's been trying to get into the Ediston Eagles stadium for the past few days now, but either due to the press or security, she can't get in.

HOME RUN

That woman is her daughter, she just knows it. She simply needs to get into the stadium, or get that girl out. She hasn't been successful doing it on her own though, and she's desperate for some kindly souls to help out. The streets of Ediston don't have many of those however, and despite offering the last thing she has—the keys to her vintage camper van, she hasn't been able to find anyone willing to even listen to her pleas yet.

ANDROID PLAYER CHARACTERS

With the advent of Armilory-Dyson's connection of the Tennessee Five to the wider galaxy, Android technology has ascended from the uncanny valley of service droids and into a bright new era brimming with possibility. Or at least, that's what the advertisements would tell you; the socioeconomic climate of the Frontier Galaxy means your life isn't automatically better because you were part of a patented design. Androids still have bills to pay and a wage to earn. Life is just as much a roll of the dice as any flesh-and-blood down-and-out. With every passing day, more and more Androids choose the path of the Interstellar Outlaw, and whilst they are faithful facsimiles with all the flaws and foibles of humans, they do have some key differences that can set them apart mechanically, and provide for some interesting roleplaying opportunities.

PSYCHE

Cyberpsychologists have identified two sorts of Androids that reflect their state of awareness and the knowledge of their own nature: Actualised and Incognisant.

To play an Android, choose one of the following options instead of your normal Trouble.

IF YOU ARE ACTUALIZED

You are fully aware of what you are. Whether you're at peace with it or not is another matter, but you know you're not human. You're not at risk of psychological compromise if your identity is questioned or nature revealed, and you have full access to the same Gambits and Troubles as a human Interstellar Outlaw.

Gain the Actualised Trouble in addition to the Trouble you gain at character creation. This doesn't count towards the acquisition ratio of two Troubles to every one Gambit.

ACTUALISED

The "memories" and behaviours related to the best and worst parts of you are not really "you", and for better or worse, you know it. They're from data-banks, implanted memories and hard-wired designs.

After adding a Blues from any of your Trouble triggers, add 1 additional Actualised Blues, which you should track separately to your normal Blues.

You cannot spend Heart on Exertion, but you may spend Actualised Blues instead.

IF YOU ARE INCOGNISANT

You're a sleeper: unaware of your artificial nature. Given the rough and tumble ways of the Outlaw life, it's likely to be a matter of when, not if, you experience this earth-shattering revelation of your nature.

Gain the Incognisant Trouble in addition to the Trouble you gain at character creation. This doesn't count towards the acquisition ratio of two Troubles to every one Gambit.

INCOGNISANT

You don't know what you are and it's an identity crisis waiting to happen.

When you take this Trouble, answer two of the following questions:

1. What are your earliest memories?
2. Who do you love, or who have you loved?
3. What are your greatest aspirations?
4. What are your greatest fears?
5. What's your greatest achievement?

Gain 1 **Blues** when:

- ► You question your biological nature
- ► You notice an anomaly in your memory
- ► You notice your emotional connections don't make sense

If an Incognisant Android's true nature is revealed, this immediately triggers **Trouble's Brewing.** After, the Incognisant Android gains the Actualised Trouble. This doesn't count towards the acquisition ratio of two Troubles to every one Gambit.

PHYSICALITIES

Thanks to advancements in synth-skin, prosthetics and miniaturised data-processing, Armilory-Dyson Model androids, or "Adeys", as they're known colloquially, are near-indistinguishable from humans. Nothing is ever perfect however, and they have a few key physical tells set them apart:

- In lieu of a biological metabolism, the systems to process thoughts, food and emotions run hot. Androids are considerably warmer than humans, with Armilory-Dyson's best engineers unable to bring the common model's body temperature below 40°C; the 37°C human body temperature a distant dream. This slightly higher heat makes Androids immediately recognisable when having their temperature measured, or on thermal imaging.

- The manufacturers for artificial eyes have never quite got the glasswork of an iris correct. Android eyes are glossier, brighter and more vivid in colour, lacking in the nuanced hues and textures of a human eye. Retinal scan technology cannot recognise Android eyes, and in certain lights their eyes reflect vivid blue or orange hues.

- Synth-skin leaves no fingerprint, but rather a generic pattern stamped with a repeating numerical ID code, each unique to the manufacturer and model individual. Law enforcement can use this for identification purposes, but Androids cannot interact with any finger-print activated technology.

- Androids breathe exhaustively when they "sleep"—this ventilation process helps regulate internal temperatures and generates energy to recharge their batteries as they sleep, and they require a few hours less sleep than a human. In layman's terms, they snore heavily. An Android can function without their 'sleep' for approximately 20 hours before risk of exhaustive collapse.

Despite these physical tells, Armilory-Dyson Androids can go undetected amongst a population for a long time. Providing they never undergo even a rudimentary medical examination—and many don't—their own nature may even be unknown to themselves. Androids "sweat" an alkali-based coolant, leave behind synth-skin "cells" and hair fibres, and possess a full range of bodily fluids, even if these are palatable disguises for expelled residues, coolants and waste products.

SYNTHETIC AGEING

Androids age differently from humans, another set of ways to tell if someone is an Android:

- Synthetic hair fibres build slowly, it can take years for Androids to grow out hair and beards.
- Synth-skin sags, cracks and creases with age, but does so incredibly slowly. It holds cosmetics incredibly well, requiring heavy-duty make-up removal, but is resistant to the galaxy's many wrinkle or anti-aging creams.
- Androids are built around a catalogue of skeletal chassis ranging between 5'6" and 6'2". Internal framework logistics prevent this from being made small enough to imitate children, and experimental larger models generate too much heat, often scalding others.

Because someone is bound to ask this, can they...?

Yes. Androids can enjoy sex and they can be equally as good, bad, interested or disinterested in it as people can. They're artificial creations, but they still have minds and evaluate situations, ramifications and their connections to others. The Arch-Mind matrix that Heron built to link the key systems is the same unit that gives all Androids truly independent autonomy.

The Museum of Artificial Intelligence Programme of Lectures.

The MoAI is proud to present its upcoming lecture series. Our morning lecture series features guest speakers such as Dana Boltega (*Android Racing*), Nam Lebbon (*Our Brothers, Ourselves*) and Dr Nalini Bhagat (*Medical Androids in History*).

Our evening lecture series also features Monday evening Q & A sessions, with prestigious speakers such as former Systems Ambassador Mazur Tabet, LaSalle Labs Chief Executive Bo Korrain and former Sixth Sector Fleet Special Advisory Liaison Béatrice Durant. These Q & A sessions are all moderated by MoAI Director John Annoleis.

All the lectures are free. Advanced booking is required. Please assemble at the Guide-Lecturer's Notice Board in the main entrance hall, except for those lectures marked by an asterisk (*) on the programme. These are illustrated by vid slides and are held in the Jacobi Hall lecture room.

		Lectures at 11.30 a.m. * Lectures illustrated by vid slides	Lectures at 7.00 p.m.
Mon	2	The Android Brain	Manzur Tabet- Q & A
Tue	3	Art and the Artificial*	Artificial Ethics
Wed	4	Android Racing*	Androids in the Legal System*
Thu	5	Post-processing Innovations	Going Rogue
Fri	6	Museum Tour	Museum Tour
Mon	8	NO LECTURE- PUBLIC HOLIDAY	NO LECTURE- PUBLIC HOLIDAY
Tue	9	Androids in government	Tennessee V in the Galaxy*
Wed	10	The Legacy of Tyber Duvall*	Labour History and Rights
Thu	11	Medical Androids in History	NO LECTURE- PRIVATE EVENT
Fri	12	Museum Tour	Museum Tour
Mon	15	Soldiers of Steel*	Bo Korain- Q & A
Tue	16	Cyborg Developments	Legislating the Future
Wed	17	Spotlight on Innovators*	Spotlight on Innovators*
Thu	18	Our Brothers, Ourselves	Integration and Safeguarding
Fri	19	Museum Tour	Museum Tour
Mon	22	HRCR Policy Discussion	Béatrice Durant- Q & A
Tue	23	Preserving Android History	Blurring the Divide
Wed	24	Artificial Fashion Trends*	Service vs. Servitude
Thu	25	Free Speech in Manufacturing	NO LECTURE- PRIVATE EVENT
Fri	26	Museum Tour	Museum Tour

ANDROID-SPECIFIC GAMBITS

Androids can take any of the Gambits presented in **ORBITAL BLUES** core, but they also have access to a selection of Android-exclusive traits to reflect varying levels of technology and ability.

HARDER, BETTER, FASTER, STRONGER

Must be taken at character creation. This Android is simply built different. With this Gambit, a character's starting stat assignments are +3, +1, +0.

A LIFE WELL LIVED

Must be taken at character creation. You are a continuation of someone who has passed away and uploaded their consciousness into an Android body. Gain an additional **Gambit,** and an additional **Trouble** to reflect a life already lived. Discuss with the Storyteller why and how you died.

BETTER LIVING THROUGH TECHNOLOGY

Actualised Androids only. Technology can be built into an Android biomechanical body, useful for any Interstellar Outlaw. The Android has a single piece of standard-quality Legal **Crew Equipment** built into their body.

BLACK-OPS

Actualised Androids only. You were built by a corp as an agent for some kind of specific purpose, unlikely to be a legal one. You can survive the vacuum of space without adequate protection for a few minutes, and leave no identifiable material behind. In addition, should you be scanned by an officer of the law, your body returns unusual but ultimately passing results. Even if someone is smart enough to notice, most cops are smart enough to stay out of the business of corporate Androids.

INCOGNI-SAVANT

Incognisant Androids only. Must be taken at character creation. You're really good at something, and you don't know why. Maybe it's best not to know. Define your talent. You gain the **Upper Hand** when performing Stat Checks related to it, and routine tests of skill may just become **Trivial.** If your nature is revealed, you lose access to this **Gambit** altogether.

PARANOID ANDROID

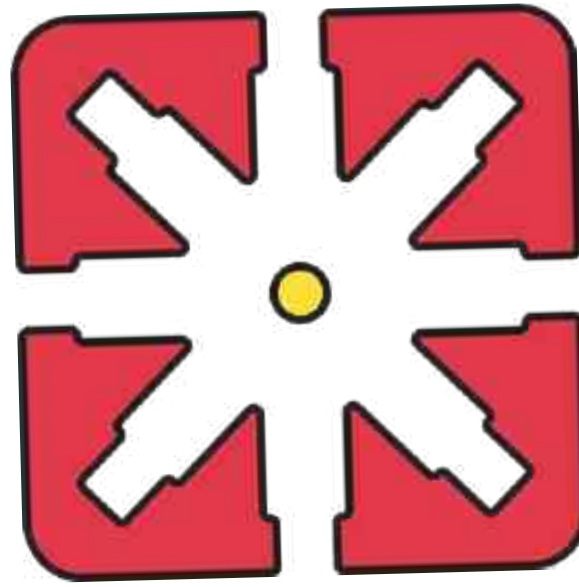
Your data-drives and optics are excessively tuned to scan for any hint of danger. Incognisants present with anxieties and discomforts; Actualised Androids relish in the heightened senses. You gain the **Upper Hand** on any checks related to defending against those scheming or plotting against you. Spotting hidden cameras, concealed items or traps may become Trivial. You can't sit still however, and always pace, tick, tap fingers or present with some other less than conspicuous habit.

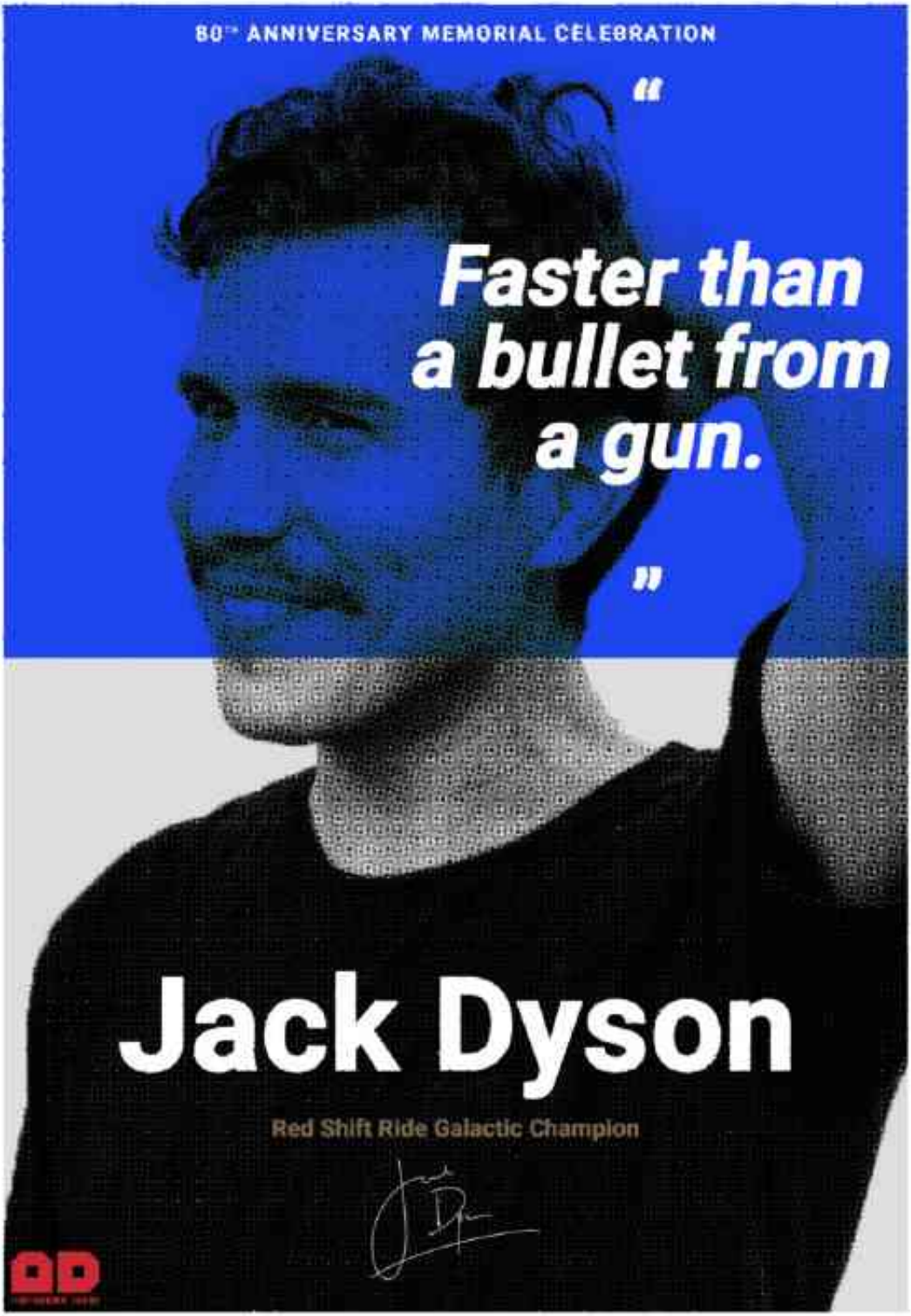
SYNTHESIZER

Perhaps it is something about your design-by-committee facial design, mannerisms drawn from market research or QA-tested vocal range; whatever it is, you put people at ease. Engaging positively or spending quality time with another Crew member can reduce their **Blues** by 1, at a limit of once per Session. People are drawn to you, for better or worse.

SYSTEM SHOCK

Incognisant Androids only. Self-preservation protocols are set to the maximum. Should you find yourself **Knocking on Heaven's Door,** your injuries or a revelation from another character cause you to undergo **Actualisation.** You're literally too shocked to die right now, and return to consciousness with 1 Heart, but lose **Incognisant** and gain **Actualised.**




80TH ANNIVERSARY MEMORIAL CELEBRATION
"Faster than a bullet from a gun."
Jack Dyson
Red Shift Ride Galactic Champion

ROLEPLAYING AS AN ANDROID

In terms of how they may look, act or carry themselves, Androids are just as varied and diverse as humans. They go through their prolonged lives, absorbing context and processing emotional responses to experiences to such a degree they are near-indistinguishable from their flesh-and-blood peers. Self-preservation protocols generate fear or anger, and positive-reward incentives power joy, excitement and pleasure. Cumulative algorithms of processed experiences and hypothetical simulations make for profound and unmistakable facsimiles of passion, love and lust, whilst absences in synchronised bridge transmitters generate grief, sadness and loss.

Despite all of these designed systems born of researchers and engineers attempting to outdo each other's technical brilliance, there are new, unintended behaviours developing in these first few generations of Androids. Though many would consider them flaws, their emergence suggests a step towards an emotional singularity between human and Android.

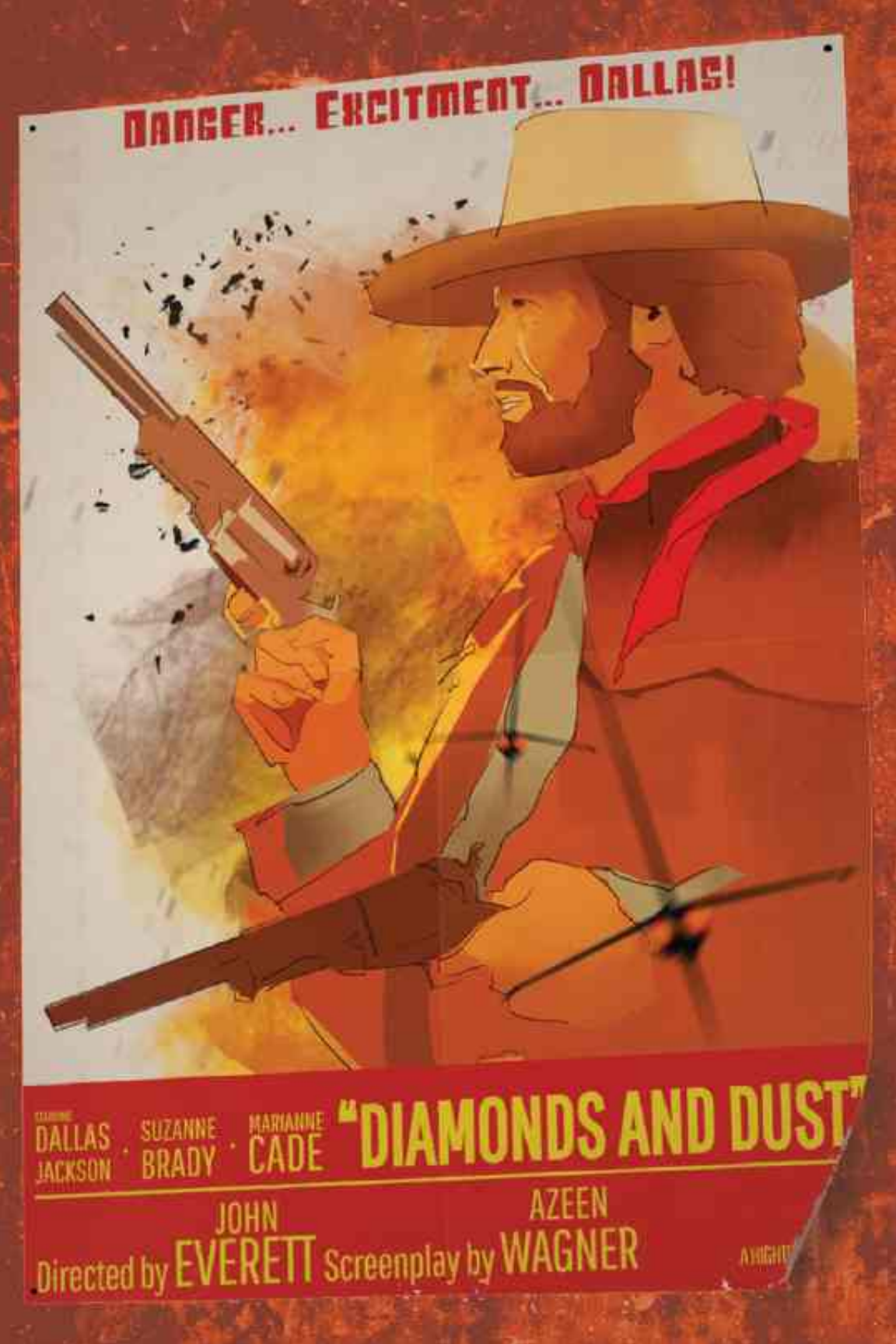
Many older models have developed a fear of their terminal shutdown, when their memory banks are inevitably filled and shutdown failsafes kick in to prevent a state of artificial psychosis. A near-perfect mimicry of the fear of death that accompanies humans as they age, albeit with extra steps.

Meanwhile, in younger models, erroneous self-preservation codes leave some grieving for a sense of legacy they are unable to leave; Androids can amass personal capital and a select few have even ordered successive progeny alike to themselves in

features or personality, but they can never have biological children of their own. Who will remember them when they are gone, and what for? What indelible mark will they leave amongst the stars, if any?

The myriad networks of the Independent Thought Matrix that makes Androids possible also results in Androids that want to live, love, succeed and shine just as much as people do. The causes and roots may differ, but their fears and sorrows are much the same as anyone natural-born. The nature of their existence also burdens them with their own issues, often intangible to the human condition. Whilst Actualised Androids may seek to establish themselves more zealously than their human counterparts, questions will always remain—why, and what for? Who for? On the other side, Incognisant Androids may subconsciously shelter themselves from a difficult truth, intrinsically knowing something is different about them but feeling unprepared or unable to peek behind the curtain.

However you choose to represent and roleplay Androids in your games of **ORBITAL BLUES,** it should be handled with the same kind of respect and consideration as any other character or issue brought to the table. **ORBITAL BLUES** is a game about struggle, loss, love and the unfair and uncertain nature of life. It's a game designed to be engaging and stylish, but also a means to cathartically roleplay overcoming and interacting with such struggles. Be sure to be respectful and considerate of other people's personal play experiences, and never trivialise the topics of identity exploration, dysphoria or depersonalisation that Androids could be associated with.


DANGER... EXCITMENT... DALLAS!
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ORBITAL BLUES

AFTERBURN

Afterburn. *The* Afterburn. It's a colloquialism that fills the gap for a lot of feelings. To live in the Afterburn is to open yourself up to all the joys, all the troubles, and all the dilemmas that the Frontier galaxy has to offer.

ORBITAL BLUES: AFTERBURN is the first sourcebook for **ORBITAL BLUES** and is split into three sections:

- **The Starship Manual:** A fully-illustrated in-world spaceship brochure featuring a dozen classes of characterful spaceships, complete with adverts and flavour text.
- **The Storyteller's Guide:** A varied toolkit to help run games in the Outlaw Galaxy.
- **The Tennessee Five:** A richly storied adventure made up of the planets of Anchorage IV, Ediston, Gallatin, Ohrid and Rothcoe. This huge sandbox contains all manner of heists and opportunities for enterprising Outlaws to make their mark.

Finally, an appendix gives rules for Android player characters, with a selection of Troubles and Gambits.

Saddle up, Spacefolk!

ORBITAL BLUES is a lo-fi space western roleplaying game from SoulMuppet Publishing, exploring the dusty retrofuture worlds of the Outlaw Galaxy. **ORBITAL BLUES** was created by Sam Sleney, Joshua Clark and Zachary Cox.